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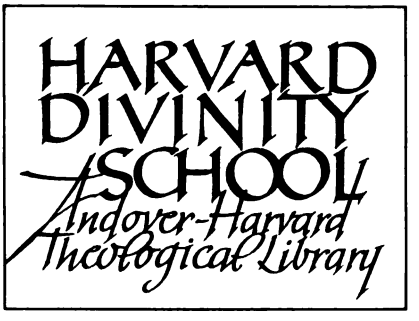
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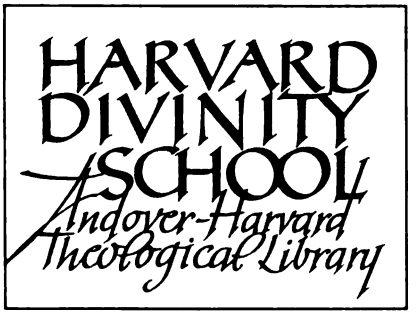
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CHURCH PRAISE:

With Tunes.

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. DOC.,

Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, &c.

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PREFACE.

THIS Hymnal has been compiled by a Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, appointed by the Synod which met at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in April, 1881. The following were members of the Committee :—

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In name of the Committee,

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MUSIC.

THE compilers of the music of CHURCH PRAISE desire to tender their cordial thanks to many composers and proprietors for the use of copyright tunes and arrangements, and in particular to the following:—

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, for her gracious permission to include in this collection the tune "Gotha," composed by H. R. H., the late PRINCE CONSORT.

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"St. Aëlred," "St. Agnes, Durham," "St. Anatolius," "St. Bees," "St. Godric," "St. Mary Magdalene" or "Magdalene," "St. Oswald, Durham," "St. Sylvester," "St. Werburgh" (No. 73), "Sanctuary," "Slingsby," and "Thanksgiving."

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The music of CHURCH PRAISE has been carefully selected, due regard having been paid to the suitability of each tune to the words of the hymn with which it is associated.

The fixed tune system has been adopted throughout the entire work, a system which has not only received the sanction of the highest authorities on church music, but has proved most beneficial in practice.

In a number of cases alternative tunes have been given, in order that old associations may not be rudely severed, and yet diversities of taste be satisfied.

Great care has been taken to secure that the music, while being thoroughly congregational, shall at the same time be stately and solemn in character, befitting the praises of the house of God.

Some few tunes indeed appear which, while they possess little musical excellence, it has been deemed expedient to reprint on account of the hallowed memories which they recall.

The compilers have benefited greatly, in the course of their labours, by the ripe experience and well-known musical ability of Edward J. Hopkins, Esq., Mus. Doc., Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple, who has been ever ready, and that most cordially, to assist when desired. While he is not responsible for all the selections made, he has expressed his entire satisfaction with this department of the work. The harmonies have, in all cases, passed under his critical eye, and been revised wherever necessary, while some tunes have been entirely re-harmonized by him.

All copyright tunes, of which there are very many, appear as harmonized by their composers.

The compilers have further to thank Dr. Hopkins for composing the tunes "Tarring" and "Alexa" for the present work, and for most generously placing at their service his tunes and arrangements in the "*Temple Choral Service Book*," of which they have availed themselves very freely.

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Expression marks have been placed at the hymns, with great care and good taste, by the Convener, the Rev. W. Rigby Murray, Manchester, and it is hoped that, by careful attention to these, a more appropriate rendering of the service of praise will be secured.

To the Ancient Hymns and Canticles it has been deemed sufficient to print chant music only, leaving choirs and congregations to choose such choral settings as are best suited to their requirements, and which are easily procurable at a small cost.

The Anthems, also, appear in vocal score only (chiefly for want of space), but instrumental accompaniments for these, as well as the music for Nos. 27 to 69, can readily be obtained when desired.

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In conclusion, special thanks are due, and are hereby cordially offered, to the members of the sub-committee on music, and especially to Alex. Guthrie, Esq., Liverpool, for valuable assistance in the selection of tunes; and to A. Croil Falconer, Esq., London, for his unwearied and quite exceptional labours as Vice-Convener of that committee, for his assistance in superintending the press, and particularly for his valuable Index of Tunes.

H. M. MATHESON,

Convener of the Sub-Committee on Music.

April, 1883.

"Praise ye the Lord: both young men and maidens; old men and children."

GENERAL INDEX.

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First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
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*Dear Jesus, ever at my side	428	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
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Eternal Source of every joy	500	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
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Far from my heavenly home	382	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
*Father, from Thy throne of glory	430	S. L. Moore
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For thee, O dear, dear country	407	Bernard of Cluny, (*c.* 1145), *tr.* by J. M. Neale
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From heaven the new Jerusalem comes	412	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748) and William Cameron (1751-1811)
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First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
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Glory, glory, glory be to the Father *(Dox.)*	554	*Gloria Patri*
Glory, glory to our King	106	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
Glory to God on high	129	James Allen (1734-1804)
Go labour on; spend, and be spent	360	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Go to dark Gethsemane	74	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
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God hath two families of love	199	John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866) [the Latin
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God of my life, to Thee I call	318	William Cowper (1731-1800)
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God reveals His presence	216	Gerhard Tersteegen (1696-1769), *tr.* by W. Mercer
God, that madest earth and heaven	488	Heber, Bp. (1st v.), Arbp. Whately (2nd v.)
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*God, who made the earth	432	Sarah Betts Rhodes
Golden harps are sounding	97	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd	228	Jane E. Leeson
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	144	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
Great God of Abram, hear our prayer	178	Samuel Davies (1724-1761)
Great God, what do I see and hear?	112	B. Ringwaldt (1530-1598), *tr.* by W. B. Collyer (?)
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	502	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Great King of nations, hear our prayer	523	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
Great Ruler of the land and sea	529	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
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Great the joy when Christians meet	212	George Burder (1752-1832)
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	395	Peter Williams (1771), (v. 1.), and Wm. Williams (1717-1791), (v. 2, 3)
Hail, gladdening Light	497	John Keble (1792-1866)
Hail, the day that sees Him rise	99	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Hail, Thou once-despisèd Jesus	121	John Bakewell (1721-1819)
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	194	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Hallelujah! hallelujah!	89	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1803-)
Hallelujah! joyful raise *(Dox.)*	547	C. Newman Hall, LL.B. (1816-)
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Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs	383	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
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Hark, the herald angels sing	35	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry	358	Anon (in "The Revival" 1859)
Hark! what mean those holy voices	34	John Cawood (1775-1852)
Have mercy upon me, O God	569	*Miserere mei Deus*
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Head of Thy Church triumphant	122	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	422	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-)
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	239	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
*Here we suffer grief and pain	475	Thomas Bilby (1794-1872)
Holy Father, cheer our way	493	Richard Hayes Robinson
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*Hosanna, loud hosanna	436	Jennette Threlfall
Hosanna, to the living Lord	131	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1820)
*Hosanna, we sing, like the children dear	438	George Samuel Hodges
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How beauteous are their feet	157	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
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How bright these glorious spirits shine	409	Scotch Paraphrase
How brightly shines the Morning Star	47	J. A. Schlegel, *tr.* by John Morison Sloan
How few receive with cordial faith	175	William Robertson (?) (-1743)

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
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How shall I follow Him I serve?	53	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	43	John Newton (1725-1807)
How welcome was the call	525	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
*Hushed was the evening hymn	439	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
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I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	278	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
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I heard the voice of Jesus say	159	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
I lay my sins on Jesus	267	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
I left it all with Jesus long ago	164	Anon
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I need Thee, precious Jesus	248	Frederick Whitfield (1829-)
*I think, when I read the sweet story of old	453	Jemima Luke, (Thomson) (1813-)
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I worship thee, sweet Will of God	321	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
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It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine	61	Anon
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Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult	301	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
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*Jesus, from Thy throne on high	441	Thomas Benson Pollock (1836-)
*Jesus, high in glory	442	Anon
*Jesus, holy, undefiled	445	Mrs. Shepcote
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Jesus, I my cross have taken	313	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
Jesus, I will trust Thee	273	Mary Jane Walker
*Jesus is our Shepherd	449	Hugh Stowell (1799-1865)
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	95	C. F. Gellert (1715-1769), *tr.* by Francis E. Cox
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	338	James John Cummings (-1867)
Jesus, Lover of my soul	263	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Jesus loves me! this I know	452	Anna Warner
Jesus, Master, whose I am	304	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Jesus, meek and gentle	342	George Rundle Prynne
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	289	Henry Collins
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*Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	448	Mary Duncan (Lundie), (1814-1840)
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Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	62	Paul Gerhardt (1606-1676), *tr.* by Do. (1703-1791)
Jesus, to Thy table led	240	Robert Hall Baynes (1831-)
*Jesus, we love to meet	450	Elizabeth Rooker Parson (1812-1872)
*Jesus, when He left the sky	451	Anon
Jesus! where'er Thy people meet	219	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Join all the glorious names	45	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move	454	William Hunter (1811-)

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
Just as I am, without one plea	250	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	84	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Lead, kindly Light	393	John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-)
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Let me be with Thee where Thou art	340	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
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Lo, God is here! Let us adore	221	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769), *tr.* by John Wesley
Lo! God, our God, has come	41	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-) [(1703-1791)
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	110	Charles Wesley (1708-1788), & John Cennick (1717-1755)
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	105	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
*Lord, a little band and lowly	456	Martha Evans Shelly (Jackson)
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	54	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	532	John Fawcett, D.D. (1739-1817)
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	147	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	339	Elizabeth Codner
Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead	503	John Keble (1792-1866)
Lord, it belongs not to my care	320	Richard Baxter, D.D. (1615-1681)
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee	291	James George Deck, (1837)
Lord, let mercy now attend us	535	Anon
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant	566	Luke ii. 29-32
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	200	Anon, 8th cent., *tr.* P. Pusey (1799-1855)
Lord of the living harvest	362	John J. B. Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows	205	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Lord of the worlds above	222	Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Lord, remove the veil away	202	Friedrich G. Klopstock (1724-1803), *tr.* by H.L.L.
Lord, speak to me that I may speak	361	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Lord, Thine ancient people see	184	"Hymns for Church and Home"
Lord, Thy Word abideth	172	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
Lord, to Thee alone we turn	259	Albert Eubule Evans
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	223	Joseph D. Carlyle (1759-1804)
Love divine, all loves excelling	64	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	531	John Newton (1725-1807)
Mighty God! while angels bless Thee	136	Robert Robinson (1735-1790)
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	380	H. Kirke White (1785-1806), and F. S. Colquhoun
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	59	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
My faith looks up to Thee	280	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-)
My God and Father, while I stray	317	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
My God, and is Thy table spread?	244	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
My God, how wonderful Thou art	14	Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	299	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)
My God, the covenant of Thy love	316	Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
My heart is resting, O my God	284	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
My life 's a shade, my days	403	Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)
My Lord, my Life was crucified	204	John Mason (-1694.)
My Saviour, as Thou wilt	322	Benjamin Schmolke (1672-1737), *tr.* by H. L. L.
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My soul hath found the steadfast ground	276	Johann Andreas Rothe (1688-1758)
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My times are in Thy hand	324	William Freeman Lloyd (1791-1853)
Nearer, my God, to Thee	343	Sarah Adams (Flower) (1805-1848)
No, not despairingly	247	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Not all the blood of beasts	269	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Not what these hands have done	252	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Now in parting, Father, bless us	236	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Now may He, who from the dead	533	John Newton (1725-1807)
Now praise we God the Father *(Doxology)*	550	Anon
Now thank we all our God	303	Martin Rinckart (1586-1649), *tr.* C. Winkworth (1829-[1878]
*Now the day is over	457	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-)
*Now the daylight goes away	460	Anon
Now the labourer's task is o'er	400	John Ellerton (1826-)

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
Now to Him that loved us *(Dox.)*	540	Samuel Miller Waring
O Christ, our Hope, our heart's Desire ...	96	John Chandler (1806-1876), from the Latin
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head	77	Anne Ross Cousin (Cundell)
O Christ, who hast prepared a place	347	From the Latin, *tr.* by J. Chandler (1806-1876)
O day of rest and gladness	203	Christopher Wordsworth, Bp. (1807-)
O Father, all-creating.....	526	John Ellerton (1826-)
O Father, ever glorious *(Dox.)*	539	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-)
O God, my strength and fortitude	23	Thomas Sternhold (-1549)
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	15	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
O God of love, O King of peace	524	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
O God, the Rock of ages	18	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-)
O, happy day, that fixed my choice	305	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	274	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Oh, be joyful in the Lord	563	Psalm c.
Oh, come, all ye faithful	39	From the Latin, *tr.* by F. Oakeley (1841)
Oh, come and mourn with me awhile	76	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord	570	Psalm xcv.
Oh, for a closer walk with God	345	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	349	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing	130	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Oh, for the peace that floweth as a river...	392	Jane Fox Crewdson (1809-1863)
Oh, help us, Lord, each hour of need	346	H. H. Milman, D.D. (1791-1868) [Con
Oh, let him, whose sorrow	326	Heinrich Siegmund Oswald (1751-1837), *tr.* by F. E.
Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how high	63	John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866) from the Latin
Oh! mean may seem this house of clay ...	56	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow	306	Theodore Monod
Oh, timely happy, timely wise	479	John Keble (1792-1866)
*Oh, what can little hands do.....	459	Anon
Oh, what, if we are Christ's	373	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
Oh, worship the King.....	16	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
O Jesus Christ, the holy One.....	241	Jane Euphemia Browne
O Jesus, I have promised	302	John Earnest Bode (1816-1874) [(1814-1878)
O Jesus, King most wonderful	292	Bernard of Clairvaux, (*c.* 1120), *tr.* by E. Caswall
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	484	Ambrose (340-397), *tr.* by J. Chandler (1806-1876
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	348	Thomas Rawson Birks (1810-)
O Lamb of God, still keep me	351	James George Deck
O Light, whose beams illumine all	51	Edwards Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821-)
O Lord, how happy should we be	325	Prof. Joseph Anstice (1808-1836)
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	19	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-)
O Lord, our God, arise	186	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1853)
O Lord, turn not Thy face from me.....	253	John Marckant (1562-)
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art.....	66	Charles Wesley (1708-1878)
O Paradise! O Paradise!	415	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
O perfect life of love	86	Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
O Sacred Head, once wounded.....	79	Bernard of Clairvaux, (*c.* 1130), *tr.* by J. W. Alexander
O Saviour, may we never rest	354	William Hiley Bathurst (1796-)
O Saviour of the world	567	Latin Hymn
O Saviour, where shall guilty man	67	C. E. May
O, sing unto the Lord a new song	571	Psalm xcviii.
O Spirit of the living God	177	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend	350	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
O Thou, through suffering perfect made ...	521	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-)
O Thou, who diedst to give us life	327	Paul Gerhardt, (1606-1676), *tr.* by C. Winkworth
O ye who in His service raise *(Dox.)*	542	Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778) [(1829-1878
Object of my first desire.....	293	Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778)
O'er the distant mountains breaking	111	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811 1875)
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	182	William Williams (1717-1791)
Of Thy love some gracious token	534	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
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One sole baptismal sign	201	George Robinson
One sweetly solemn thought	390	Phœbe Cary (1825-1871)
One there is above all others.....	65	John Newton (1725-1807)
Onward, Christian soldiers	375	Sabine Baring-Gould)

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Pleasant are Thy courts above	224	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high.....	364	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	536	Thomas Ken, D.D., Bp. (1637-1711)
Praise, O praise our God and King	508	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
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Praise the Lord, His glories show *(Dox.)*	541	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him...	17	Anon (1809)
Praise the name of God most high *(Dox.)*	549	Author unknown (1827)
Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand	522	John Ellerton (1826-)
Praise ye Jehovah ! praise the Lord most holy	10	Margaret, Lady Cockburn Campbell
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Rejoice, and be glad ! the Redeemer has come	476	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
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Round the Lord in glory seated.....	8	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848)
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Salvation ! oh, the joyful sound	190	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	498	John Ellerton (1826-)
Saviour, blessèd Saviour.....	132	Godfrey Thring (1823-)
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	492	James Edmeston (1791-1867)
*Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	468	Dorothy Ann Thrupp (?) (1779-1847)
Saviour, sprinkle many nations.....	188	Arthur C. Coxe, D.D., Bp. (1818-)
Saviour, Thy dying love.....	368	Anon
Saviour ! when in dust to Thee	255	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	231	William Augustus Mühlenberg, D.D. (1796-1871)
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*See ! the good Shepherd, Jesus, stands ...	464	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
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*Shall we gather at the river?.....	462	Robert Lowry, D.D. (1826-) [(1821-)
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Something every heart is loving	294	Gerhard Tersteegen, (1697-1769), *tr.* by E. F. Bevan
Sometimes a light surprises	287	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Son of Man, to Thee I cry.....	355	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1766-1848)
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Souls of men, why will ye scatter.....	176	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
Sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding.....	72	John Kent (1766-1843)
Sow in the morn thy seed	363	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Spirit Divine ! attend our prayers.....	148	Andrew Reed, D.D. (1787-1862)
Spread, oh, spread, thou mighty Word ...	193	J. F. Bahnmaier (1774-1841), *tr.* by C Winkworth
Stand up and bless the Lord	225	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !.....	377	George Duffield, D.D. (1818-)
Still with Thee, O my God	490	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
Summer suns are glowing	504	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-)
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	499	John Keble (1792-1866)
Supreme in wisdom as in power	275	Recast from hymn by Isaac Watts
Sweet feast of love divine	242	Sir E. Denny, Bart. (1796-)
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	210	Isaac Watts D.D. (1674-1748)

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	491	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	81	J. Allen (1734-1804), and Hon. W. Shirley (*c.* 1770)
Sweeter sounds than music knows	48	John Newton (1725-1807)
Take comfort, Christians, when your friends	396	Michael Bruce (?) (1746-1767)
Take me, O my Father, take me	258	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-)
Take my life, and let it be	309	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said	57	Charles W. Everest
Tell it out among the heathen	189	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Tell me the old, old story	162	Katharine Hankey
Ten thousand times ten thousand	118	Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871)
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	402	J. W. Meinhold (1797-1851), *tr.* by C. Winkworth
The Church has waited long	119	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-) [(1829-1878)
The Church's one Foundation	196	Samuel John Stone (1839-)
The day is past and over	494	Anatolius, 5th cent., *tr.* by J. M. Neale, DD.,
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	207	John Ellerton (1826-) [(1818-1866)
The God of Abraham praise	22	Thomas Olivers (1725-1799)
The God of harvest praise	506	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
The happy morn is come	94	Thomas Haweis, LL.D., M.D. (1732-1820)
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	100	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
The King of Love my Shepherd is	69	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
The Lord will come! the earth shall quake	113	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1820)
The race that long in darkness pined	38	John Morison (?) (1749-1798)
The roseate hues of early dawn	352	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
The sands of time are sinking	411	Anne Ross Cousin (Cundell)
The Son of God goes forth to war	378	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1820)
The Spirit breathes upon the word	143	William Cowper (1731-1800)
The strain upraise of joy and praise	574	Latin Hymn
The sun is sinking fast	496	Edward Caswall (1814-1878) from Latin of 18th cent
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	290	J. Scheffler (Angelus) (1624-1676), *tr.* by John Wesley
*There came a little Child to earth	463	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott [(1703-1791)
Therefore with angels	560	*Sanctus*
*There is a better world, they say	466	John Lyth, D.D. (1821-)
There is a blessed home	413	Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (1821-1877)
There is a fountain filled with blood	277	William Cowper (1731-1800)
*There is a green hill far away	467	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
*There is a happy land	470	Andrew Young (1807-)
There is a holy sacrifice	260	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
There is a land of pure delight	414	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748,
There is a name I love to hear	50	Frederick Whitfield (1829-)
There is no night in heaven	417	Francis Minden Knollis (altered)
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	71	Jane Crewdson (Fox) (1809-1863)
*There's a Friend for little children	465	Albert Midlane (1825-)
There were ninety and nine	163	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	520	Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821-)
Thine for ever, God of love	308	Mary Fawler Maude (Hooper) (1848)
This is the day of light	208	John Ellerton (1826-)
This is the day of toil	387	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
This stone to Thee in faith we lay	519	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	115	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone	49	Geo. Washington Doane, D.D., Bp. (1789-1859)
Thou art gone up on high	101	Sarah Elizabeth Miles (1807-)
Thou didst leave Thy throne	40	Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness	211	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	353	Gerhard Tersteegen, *tr.* by T. Wesley
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	332	H. L. L. (1825-)
Thou, who didst on Calvary bleed	357	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
Thou, who didst stoop below	102	Sarah Elizabeth Miles (1807-)
Thou, whose almighty word	191	John Marriott (1780-1825)
Though troubles assail	279	John Newton (1725-1807)
Through good report and evil, Lord	385	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Through the day Thy love has spared us	495	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
Through the love of God our Saviour	333	Mary Peters (Bowly) (1813-1856)
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	386	B. S. Ingermann (1789-1862), *tr.* by S. Baring-Gould
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess	27	Thomas Gibbons, D.D. (1720-1786) [(1834-)
Thy life was given for me	307	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	329	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author or Translator.
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	85	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
"Till He come!" Oh, let the words	238	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825-)
"'Tis finished!" was His latest voice	80	Robert Blair (1699-1746)
To-day the Saviour calls	168	Samuel Francis Smith (1808-)
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To Him that loved the souls of men	137	Scotch Paraphrase
To Him who for our sins was slain	134	Arthur Tozer Russell (1851-)
To Thee, O Comforter divine	150	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
'Twas on that night when doomed to know	243	Scotch Paraphrase, *tr.* from the Latin
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	174	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Wake, awake! for night is flying	116	Philipp Nicolai, (1556-1608) *tr.* by C. Winkworth
*We are but little children weak	469	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
We cannot always trace the way	24	Sir John Bowring, LL.D. (1792-1872)
We give immortal praise	9	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
We give Thee but Thine own	366	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-)
We love the place, O God	226	William Bullock, D.D.
We plough the fields and scatter	501	M. Claudius (1740-1815), *tr.* by J. M. Campbell,
We praise Thee, O God	559	*Te Deum* [(1861-)
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We sing the praise of Him who died	82	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
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Weary of wandering from my God	251	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
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What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	58	Sir Edward Denny, Bart. (1796-)
Whate'er my God ordains is right	331	Samuel Rodigast (1649-1708), *tr.* by C. Winkworth
When all Thy mercies, O my God	28	Joseph Addison (1672-1719) [(1829-1878)
When gathering clouds around I view	73	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
When God of old came down	149	John Keble (1792-1866)
*When He cometh, when He cometh	471	W. O. Cushing
*When, His salvation bringing	472	John King (*c.* 1850)
When I survey the wondrous cross	87	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
When Israel of the Lord beloved	388	Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (1771-1832)
*When mothers of Salem	478	William Medlen Hutchings (1827-)
When morning gilds the skies	485	Edward Caswall (1814-1878) from the German
When our heads are bowed with woe	70	Henry Hart Milman, D.D. (1791-1868)
When the day of toil is done	389	John Ellerton (1826-)
When the dark waves round us roll	334	William Walsham How, Bp. (1823-)
When the last trumpet's awful voice	401	Scotch Paraphrase
When the weary, seeking rest	197	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
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*Who is He, in yonder stall	477	B. R. Hanby
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How few receive with cordial faith	175
I hear Thy welcome voice	173
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Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear	165
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Hail to the Lord's Anointed	194
How beauteous are their feet	157
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Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	179
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The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	207
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Great the joy when Christians meet	212
Hosanna to the living Lord	131
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Not all the blood of beasts	269
Not what these hands have done	252
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Safe in the arms of Jesus	286
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My heart is resting, O my God	284
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Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?	291
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Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult	301
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O happy day, that fixed my choice	305
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow	306
O Jesus, I have promised	302
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God of my life, to Thee I call	318
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How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	43
I worship thee, sweet Will of God	321
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Jesus, I my cross have taken	313
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	44
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	54
Lord, it belongs not to my care	320
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My God, the covenant of Thy love	316
My Saviour, as Thou wilt	322
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O Lord, how happy should we be	325
O Thou, who diedst to give us life	327
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	328
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There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	71
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow	332
Through the love of God our Saviour	333
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	329
We cannot always trace the way	24
What a Friend we have in Jesus	330
Whate'er my God ordains is right	331
When gathering clouds around I view	73
When our heads are bowed with woe	70
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Father of peace, and God of love	337
For Thee, my God, for Thee alone	336
From every stormy wind that blows	344

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—*continued.*

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*Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	431
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Jesus, Lord of life and glory	338
Jesus, meek and gentle	342
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	340
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	339
My spirit longs for Thee	341
Nearer, my God, to Thee	343
O Christ, who hast prepared a place	347
Oh, for a closer walk with God	345
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	349
Oh, help us, Lord, each hour of need	346
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	348
O Lamb of God, still keep me	351
O Saviour, may we never rest	354
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend	350
Revive Thy work, O Lord	356
Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us	468
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Thou hidden love of God, whose height	353
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Jesus, Master, whose I am	304
Lord of the living harvest	362
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	361
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O Jesus, I have promised	302
One more day's work for Jesus	369
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	364
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Saviour! Thy dying love	368
Sow in the morn thy seed	363
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Onward, Christian soldiers	375
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Stand up, stand up for Jesus!	377
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Who is on the Lord's side	379
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Far from my heavenly home	382
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	395
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	383
*I 'm a little pilgrim	440
I 'm but a stranger here	391
Jesus, still lead on	384
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	393
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	5
*Little travellers Zionward	455
Nearer, my God, to Thee	343
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	15
Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river	392
One sweetly solemn thought	390
This is the day of toil	387
Through good report and evil, Lord	385
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	386
When Israel, of the Lord beloved	388
When the day of toil is done	389

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Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep	397
Days and moments quickly flying	512
Hark! a voice! it cries from heaven	399
It is not death to die	398
My life 's a shade, my days	403
Now the labourer's task is o'er	400
Take comfort, Christians, when your friends	396
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	402
The sands of time are sinking	411
When the last trumpet's awful voice	401
When our heads are bowed with woe	70
When the day of toil is done	389
*Where we oft have met in gladness	473

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*Around the throne of God in heaven	425
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"For ever with the Lord!"	405
For thee, O dear, dear country	407
From heaven the New Jerusalem comes	412
*Here we suffer grief and pain	475
How bright these glorious spirits shine	409
I 'm but a stranger here	391
Jerusalem, my happy home	404
Jerusalem on high	410
Jerusalem the golden	408
*Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move	454
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	340
O Paradise! O Paradise!	415
One sweetly solemn thought	390
*Shall we gather at the river	462
Ten thousand times ten thousand	118
The God of Abraham praise	22
The roseate hues of early dawn	352
The sands of time are sinking	411
*There is a better world, they say	466
There is a blessèd home	413
*There is a happy land	470
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There is no night in heaven	417
*There 's a Friend for little children	465
We speak of the realms of the blest	416

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bove yon clear blue sky	421
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ll things bright and beautiful	433
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s with gladness men of old	31
rightest and best of the sons of the morning...	30
rightly gleams our banner	424
y cool Siloam's shady rill	426
hildhood's years are passing o'er us	419
hildren of the heavenly King	394
hristians, awake! salute the happy morn	37
ome, children, join to sing	427
ear Jesus, ever at my side	428
air waved the golden corn	429
ather, from Thy throne of glory	430
or the beauty of the earth	127
'orward!" be our watchword	376
rom Greenland's icy mountains	192
entle Jesus, meek and mild	431
od of glory, God of grace	434
od, who hath made the daisies	437
od, who made the earth	432
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reat Shepherd of the sheep	435
ail to the Lord's Anointed	194
ark! the herald-angels sing	35
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ere we suffer grief and pain	475
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osanna we sing, like the children dear	438
ow loving is Jesus, who came from the sky	443
ushed was the evening hymn	439
heard the voice of Jesus say	159
lay my sins on Jesus	267
love to hear the story	446
think, when I read that sweet story of old	453
would be Thy little lamb	447
I come to Jesus	444
m a little pilgrim	440
sus Christ is risen to-day	92
esus, from Thy throne on high	441
esus, high in glory	442
esus, holy, undefiled	445
Jesus, I will trust Thee	273
*Jesus is our Shepherd	449
*Jesus loves me! this I know	452
*Jesus, meek and gentle	342
*Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	448
*Jesus, we love to meet	450
*Jesus, when He left the sky	451
*Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move	454
Let us, with a gladsome mind	11
*Little travellers Zionward	455
*Lord, a little band and lowly	456
*Now the day is over	457
*Now the daylight goes away	460
Oh, come, all ye faithful	39
*Oh, what can little hands do	459
Oh! worship the King	16
O Light, whose beams illumine all	51
*Once in royal David's city	461
*One is kind above all others	458
Onward, Christian soldiers	375
*Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer has come	476
Safe in the arms of Jesus	286
*Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us	468
*See, the good Shepherd, Jesus, stands	464
*Shall we gather at the river	462
Shepherd of tender youth	46
Stand up! stand up for Jesus	377
Summer suns are glowing	504
Tell me the old, old story	162
*There came a little Child to earth	463
*There is a better world, they say	466
*There is a green hill far away	467
*There is a happy land	470
*There's a Friend for little children	465
Thine for ever! God of love	308
Thou didst leave Thy throne	40
*We are but little children weak	469
We plough the fields, and scatter	501
We speak of the realms of the blest	416
*When He cometh, when He cometh	471
*When, His salvation bringing	472
*When mothers of Salem	478
*Where we oft have met in gladness	473
*Who is He, in yonder stall	477
Who is on the Lord's side?	379
*Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin	474

XII.—TIMES AND SEASONS.

1.—MORNING.

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orth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	483
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esus, holy, undefiled	445
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h, timely happy, timely wise	479
Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	484
uiet, Lord, my froward heart	328
hen morning gilds the skies	485
God, that madest earth and heaven	488
Hail, gladdening Light	497
Holy Father, cheer our way	493
*Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	448
*Now the day is over	457
*Now the daylight goes away	460
One more day's work for Jesus	369
One sweetly solemn thought	390
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	498
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	492
Still with Thee, O my God	490
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	499
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	491
The day is past and over	494
The sun is sinking fast	496
Through the day Thy love has spared us	495

2.—EVENING.

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ll praise to Thee, my God, this night	489
t even, ere the sun was set	486

TIMES AND SEASONS—*continued.*

Hymn

3.—THE SEASONS.

(All Seasons.)

Eternal Source of every joy 500
Great God, we sing that mighty hand 502
We plough the fields, and scatter 501

(Spring.)

Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead 503
We plough the fields, and scatter 501

(Summer.)

Summer suns are glowing 504

(Autumn or Harvest.)

Come, ye thankful people, come 505
Fountain of mercy, God of love..... 507
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea..... 19
Praise, oh, praise our God and King 508
The God of harvest praise 506
We plough the fields, and scatter 501

(Winter.)

Winter reigneth o'er the land..... 509

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* With Music.

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The Tunes, Harmonies, Arrangements, and Adaptations printed in this work are for the most part Copyright, and appear with the sanction of their Composers or Proprietors.

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I NEED THEE	6,4,6,4,7,6,7,4	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D.	254
INFANT PRAISES	6,5,6,5	F. Silcher	440
INNOCENTS	7,7,7,7	Old Litany	212
INNSBRÜCK	8,8,6,8,8,6	Heinrich Isaac, *c.* 1450-1520	325
INTERCESSION	7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5,8,8...	William Hutchins Callcott—the last two strains from Mendelssohn	197
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IMMANUEL	8,8,8,8,8,8	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875...	62
IMMANUEL'S LAND	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,5	Charles Vincent, Mus. Bac.	411
IONA	8,7,8,7. D.	John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	422
IRBY	8,7,8,7,7,7	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875...	461
IRENE	7,7,7,5	Rev. C. C. Scholefield, arranged by Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	389
ISLEWORTH	7,6,7,6. D.	Henry G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.	436
JACOBS' CHANT	Irregular	Rev. William Jacobs	390
JAM LUCIS	L.M.	Ancient Plain Song	479
JAM PASCHA	7,4,7,4,7,4,7,4	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875...	99
JEHOVAH	11,10,11,10	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	10
JENNER	7,6,7,6. D.	Bishop Jenner	407
JERUSALEM	C.M.	A. Croil Falconer	80
JESUS LOVES ME	7,7,7,7,5,6	W. B. Bradbury	452
JOYFUL	7,7,6,6,6,6,7	Thomas Bilby, *ob.* 1872	475

Name.	Metre.	Composer, or Source.	No. of Hymn.
KANE	S.M. D.	Dr. Lowell Mason	147
KENT	L.M.	J. L. Lampe, 1693-1751	227
KIRKBRADDAN	6,5,6,5. D.	Rev. E. C. Walker	132
LACRYMAE	7,7,7	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	240
LANCASHIRE	7,6,7,6. D.	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	192, 526, 550
LANCASTER	C.M.	Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc., 1710-1782	183
LAUDATE, PUERI	7,7,7,7	Frederick G. Edwards	394
LAUDES DOMINI	6,6,6,6,6,6	Joseph Barnby	485
LAUDS (REDHEAD 4)	L.M.	Richard Redhead	480
LEICESTER	C.M.	William Hurst	235
LEIGH	L.M.	A. R. Reinagle, *ob.* 1877	210
LEIPSIC	7,6,7,6. D.	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Ph. D., 1809-1847	437
LEOMINSTER	S.M. D.	G. W. Martin, harmonized by Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	510
LEONI	6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4	Old Hebrew Melody	22
LITTLE ONES	7,7,7,5	William Hutchins Callcott	451
LONDON	L.M.	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	6
LONDON NEW	C.M.	Scotch Psalter, 1635	130
LORETTO	7,6,7,6. D.	Henri F. Hemy	377
LOWLINESS	7,7,8,8,7,7	B. R. Hanby	477
LÜBECK	7,7,7,7	German	297
LUCERNE	8,7,8,7	T. A. Willis	294
LUDBOROUGH	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.	199
LUTHER'S HYMN	8,7,8,7,8,8,7	Johann Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535—adapted by Luther	112
LUX BENIGNA	10,4,10,4,10,10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	393
LUX EOI	8,7,8,7. D.	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	89
LUX PRIMA	7,7,7,7,7,3	Professor G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.	481
LYNDHURST	6,5,6,5. D.	Composer unknown	457
LYTE	S.M.	John Wilkes	382
MADRID	6,6,6,6. D.	Spanish Melody	427
MAGDALEN COLLEGE	8,8,6,8,8,6	William Hayes, Mus. Doc., 1707-1777	66
MAGDALENE	L.M.	Dr. B. Rodgers, 1660, Te Deum Patrem	318
MAIDSTONE	7,7,7,7. D.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc.	224, 455
MAINZER	L.M.	Dr. Joseph Mainzer	300, 364
MANCHESTER	C.M.	R. Wainwright, Mus. Doc., 1747-1782	55
MANNHEIM	8,7,8,7,4,7	German	166
MARLBOROUGH	11,10,11,10	Composer unknown	392
MARYTON	L.M.	Rev. H. Percy Smith	336
MAYENNE	7,7,7,7,7,7	Claude Goudimel, 1510-1572	270
MAYFIELD	5,6,6,4	Composer unknown—Arr. by A. C. F.	432
MEINHOLD	7,8,7,8,7,7	German	402
MELCOMBE	L.M.	Samuel Webbe, Senr., 1740-1817	12, 219, 384
MELITA	8,8,8,8,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	528
MENDELSSOHN	7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Ph. D., 1809-1847	35
MERCY'S HOUR	6,4,6,4	Dr. Lowell Mason	168
MILAN	Irregular	Ancient "Stabat Mater"	538
MILES LANE	C.M.	William Shrubsole, 1758-1806	109
MISERERE	7,7,7,7. D.	Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.	255
MISERICORDIA	8,8,8,6	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	250
MIZPAH	7,7,7,7	Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827	535
MONKLAND	7,7,7,7	German, arranged by John Wilkes	508
MOREDUN	12,10,12,10	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	217
MORLAIX	7,6,7,6	Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752-1817	406
MORNING LIGHT	7,6,7,6. D.	G. J. Webbe	194
MORNING STAR	8,8,7,8,8,7,4,4,4,4,8	Ascribed to Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608	47
MOSCOW	6,6,4,6,6,6,4	Felice Giardini, 1716-1796, Lock collection, 1765	129, 191
MOUNTMELLICK	6,5,6,5. D.	T. R. G. Jozé, Mus. Doc.	444
MOUNT OF OLIVES	6,6,4,6,6,6,4	Dr. Lowell Mason	280
MOUNT VERNON	8,7,8,7	Dr. Lowell Mason	488
MOUNT ZION	7,7,7,7,7,7	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	272
MUNICH	7,6,7,6. D.	German Chorale, attributed to Johann Hermann, 1620	248

Name.	Metre.	Composer, or Source.	No. of Hymn.
NAAMAN	10,10,10,10	Sir Michael Costa—Arr. by W. H. Callcott	126
NARENZA	S.M.	Ancient Chorale, Kölner Gesangbuch	225
NASSAU	7,7,7,7,7,7	Johann Rosenmüller, 1652	310
NATIVITY	C.M.	Henry Lahee	125
NEARER HOME	S.M. D.	J. Woodbury, arranged by Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	405
NEUMARK	8,8,8,8,8,8	Georg Neumark, 1621-1681	353
NEWCASTLE	8,6,8,8,6	Henry L. Morley	67
NEWTON FERNS	8,7,8,7	Samuel Smith	17, 456
NICÆA	11,12,12,10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	1
NOEL	C.M. D.	Traditional Air, re-arranged by Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	36
NORTH COATES	6,5,6,5	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.	442
NORTHUMBERLAND	C.M. D.	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	378
NOX PRÆCESSIT	C.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin	148, 507
NUN DANKET	6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6	Johann Crüger, 1598-1662	303
NYMPHAS	8,7,8,7,8,7,7	Frances Ridley Havergal, *ob.* 1879	551
OH, HOW HE LOVES	8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4	Hubert P. Main	458
OH, SO BRIGHT	8,3,8,3,8,8,8,3	Composer unknown	466
OLD HUNDREDTH	L.M.	Genevan Psalter, 1554	213, 536, 537
OLD 44TH	C.M. D.	Day's Psalter, 1563	401
OLIVET	S.M. D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.. *ob.* 1875	101
OMBERSLEY	L.M.	W. H. Gladstone	205
ONE MORE DAY'S WORK	7,6,5,5,6,4,6,7,6	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D.	369
OTTERBOURNE	L.M.	Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809	479
OTTO	C.M.	Sabbath Tune Book	257
ORIEL	8,7,8,7,8,7	Ancient "Tantum Ergo"	517, 548
PALMÆ	L.M.	William George Cusins	78
PALMYRA	S.M. D.	Felice Giardini, 1716-1796	421
PARACLETE	8,8,6,8,8,6	A. Croil Falconer	150
PARADISE, NO. 1	8,6,8,6,6,6,6,6	Joseph Barnby	415
PARADISE, NO. 2	8,6,8,6,6,6,6,6	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	415
PASCAL	8,8,8,6	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	250
PASSION CHORALE	7,6,7,6. D.	Hans Leo Hassler, 1601—harmonized by J. Sebastian Bach, 1729	79
PASTOR BONUS	6,5,6,5. D.	Composer unknown	449
PATMOS	7,7,7,7	Frances Ridley Havergal, *ob.* 1879	460
PAULINZELLE	8,7,8,7. D.	John Hopkins	8
PAX DEI	10,10,10,10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	498
PAX TECUM	10,10	G. T. Caldbeck	285
PENITENCE	8,6,8,6,4	Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.	160
PETRA (REDHEAD 76)	7,7,7,7,7,7	Richard Redhead	272
PHILIPPI	6,6,4,6,6,6,4	Johann Georg Ebeling, 1620-1676	7
PILGRIMAGE	8,7,8,7,4,7	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.	395
PRÆNESTE	10,10,10,10	Palestrina, adapted by Prof. Taylor	239
PRAISE	7,7,7,7,7,7	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	127
PRAISE, MY SOUL	8,7,8,7,4,7	Sir John Goss	20
PROPIOR DEO	6,4,6,4,6,6,4	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	343
PURLEIGH	8,8,6,8,8,6	Arthur Henry Brown	66
QUAM DILECTA	6,6,6,6	Bishop Jenner	226
RAMOTH	7,7,7,7. D.	J. Baptiste Calkin	259
RAVENNA	7,7,7,7	Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1752-1817	193
REDEMPTION	8,7,8,7,4,7	Charles Gounod	110, 167, 534
REGENT SQUARE	8,7,8,7,4,7	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	2
REJOICE AND BE GLAD	11,11,13,13	Composer unknown	476
REPOSE	L.M.	F. R. Statham	397
REQUIEM	8,7,8,7,7,7 / 8,7,8,7,8,7	Wilhelm Schulthes	153 / 228
REQUIESCAT	7,7,7,7,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	400
RESCUE THE PERISHING	11,10,11,10,11,10	W. H. Doane	365
RESIGNATION	6,6,6,6. D.	Berthold Tours	322
REST	C.M. D.	William Hutchins Callcott	284
REST	8,5,8,3	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	154

Name.	Metre.	Composer, or Source.	No. of Hymn.
REYNOLDSTONE	7,7,7,7,7,7	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.	238
RICHMOND	S.M.	Henry G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.	323
RISEHOLME	8,8,8,4	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	260
RIVAULX	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	3
ROCKINGHAM	L.M.	Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., 1787	87, 243
ROUSSEAU	8,7,8,7. D.	Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712-1778	456
RUTH	6,5,6,5. D.	Samuel Smith	504
RUTHERFORD	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,5	Lausanne Psalter	411
ST. AELRED	8,8,8,3	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	315
ST. AGNES	10,10,10,10	James Langran	236
ST. AGNES, DURHAM	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	292
ST. ALBAN	7,7,7,7. D.	French Melody, St. Alban's Tune Book	255
ST. ALBINUS	7,8,7,8,4	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	95
ST. ALKMUND	L.M.	Ancient Melody	68, 214
ST. ALPHEGE	7,6,7,6	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	406
ST. ANATOLIUS (DYKES)	7,6,7,6,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	494
ST. ANATOLIUS (BROWN)	7,6,7,6,8,8	Arthur Henry Brown	494
ST. ANDREW	8,7,8,7	E. H. Thorne	301
ST. ANGELUS	11,10,11,10,9,11	Joseph Barnby	383
ST. ANN	C.M.	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677-1727	511
ST. ANN	C.M.	Dr. Croft, arranged by Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	378
ST. ANSELM	L.M.	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.	360
ST. ANSELM	7,6,7,6. D.	Joseph Barnby	407
ST. ASAPH	C.M. D.	Giornivichi	409
ST. ASAPH	8,7,8,7. D.	W. S. Bambridge, Mus. Bac.	108
ST. AUGUSTINE	S.M.	Pierre Abelard, 1120	133
ST. AUSTIN	7,7,7,7. D.	Moravian Tune Book	255, 293
ST. BASIL	8,6,8,6,8,8,6	A. Croil Falconer	327
ST. BARNABAS	8,8,8,6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	250
ST. BEES	7,7,7,7	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	60
ST. BERNARD	C.M.	W. Richardson, Merton Tune Book	58, 249
ST. BLANDINA	9,8,9,8. D.	F. C. Chattock	237
ST. BRIDE	S.M.	Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc., 1710-1782	269
ST. CATHARINE	L.M.	Claude Goudimel, 1510-1572—altered	502
ST. CATHARINE	7,6,7,6. D.	Rev. Reginald F. Dale, Mus. Bac.	362
ST. CECILIA	6,6,6,6	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.	341
ST. CECILIA	8,8,8,6	Gordon Saunders, Mus. Bac.	350
ST. CHRYSOSTOM	8,8,8,8,8,8	Joseph Barnby	289
ST. CLEMENT	7,7,7,7,7,7	Charles H. Steggall, Mus. Doc.	355
ST. CLEMENT	9,8,9,8	Rev. C. C. Scholefield	207
ST. COLUMBA	6,4,6,6	H. S. Irons	496
ST. CONSTANTINE	6,5,6,5	Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.	342
ST. CROSS	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	76
ST. CUTHBERT	8,6,8,4	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	146
ST. CYPRIAN	10,10,10,10	John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	245
ST. DAVID	C.M.	Ravenscroft's Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621	152, 265
ST. DENYS	8,7,8,7,4,7	Adapted from a Gregorian Chant	473
ST. DUNSTAN (REDHEAD 47)	7,7,7,7	Richard Redhead	70
ST. DUTHUS	L.M.	A. Croil Falconer	483
ST. EDMUND	6,4,6,6,6,4	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	391
ST. ETHELDREDA	C.M.	Bishop Turton	204
ST. ETHELWALD	S.M.	Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.	381
ST. FABIAN	7,7,7,7. D.	Joseph Barnby	263
ST. FLAVIAN	C.M.	Day's Psalter, 1563	349
ST. FRANCES	C.M.	G. A. Löhr	296
ST. FULBERT	C.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	93
ST. GABRIEL	6,6,4,6,6,6,4	Rev. Edward Seymour, 1874	46, 138
ST. GEORGE	S.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	208, 373, 525
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR	7,7,7,7. D.	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.	91, 505
ST. GERTRUDE	6,5,6,5. D.	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	375
ST. GODRIC	6,6,6,6,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	201

Name.	Metre.	Composer, or Source.	No. of Hymn.
St. Helen	10,10,10,10	Walter Hately	311
St. Helen's	8,5,8,3	Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., 1874	278
St. Hilda	8,7,8,7. D.	Joseph Barnby	121
St. Hugh	C.M.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	54, 503
St. Ignatius	7,5,7,5. D.	Joseph Barnby	513
St. James	C.M.	Raphael Courteville, *ob.* 1674	143, 316
St. John	6,6,6,6,8,8	Ancient Church Melody	185, 206
St. John, Westminster	C.M.	James Turle, *ob.* 1882	234
St. Jude	8,7,8,8,7	Charles Vincent, Mus. Bac.	306
St. Lawrence	L.M.	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.	516
St. Leonard	C.M.	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	256
St. Lucian	8,7,8,7,7,7,4,4,7,7	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	533
St. Luke	L.M.	J. F. Lampe, 1746	261
St. Mabyn	8,7,8,7	Arthur Henry Brown	176, 258
St. Madoes	7,7,7,7,4	Joachim Neander, 1640-1680	90
St. Magnus	C.M.	Jeremiah Clarke, 1670-1707	100, 137, 552
St. Mary	C.M.	Archdeacon Pry's Book of Psalms, 1621	175, 253
St. Mary Magdalene	6,5,6,5. D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	319
St. Matthew	C.M.D.	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677-1727	359, 520
St. Matthias	8,8,8,8,8,8	Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.	491
St. Michael	S.M.	Day's Psalter, 1563	145, 186, 15[illegible] 372
St. Mildred	6,6,6,6,8,8	Charles H. Steggall, Mus. Doc.	45
St. Nathaniel	C.M.	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	13
St. Nicolas	11,10,11,10,10,10	Joseph Barnby	332
St. Oswald	6,6,6,6	E. F. Rimbault, LL.D., 1816-1876	172
St. Oswald, Durham	8,7,8,7	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	386
St. Patrick	7,7,7,7. D.	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	98
St. Paul	C.M.	Nahum Tate, 1700	337
St. Peter	C.M.	A. R. Reinagle, *ob.* 1877	43
St. Peter's, Westminster	8,7,8,7,4,7	James Turle, *ob.* 1882	20, 114
St. Philip	10,10,10,4	Joseph Barnby	195
St. Raphael	8,7,8,7,4,7	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	236, 338
St. Regulus	10,10,4,6	A. Croil Falconer	171
St. Saviour	C.M.	F. G. Baker	27, 96
St. Sepulchre	L.M.	George Cooper	521
St. Stephen	C.M.	Rev. William Jones, 1726-1800	52
St. Sylvester	8,7,8,7 and 8,8,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	512
St. Theodulph	7,6,7,6. D	Melchior Teschner, 1615	120, 194
St. Theresa	6,5,6,5. D	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	424
St. Thomas	8,7,8,7,4,7	Ancient Church Melody	532
St. Ulrich	7,6,7,6. D	C. H. Purday	267
St. Werburgh	8,8,8,8,8,8	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	73
St. Werburgh	6,4,6,4,6,6,4	Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., 1873	247
St. Vigian	6,6,6,6,6,6	A. Croil Falconer	307
Sabbata	C.M.	St. Alban's Tune Book	464
Salem	6,7,8,6,8,8,11	Composer unknown	478
Salisbury	C.M. (with Doxology)	Ravenscroft's Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621	190
Salvator	8,7,8,7. D.	J. P. Jewson	492
Salzburg	7,7,7,7. D.	Johann Rosenmüller, 1652. Harmonized by J. Sebastian Bach	232
Salzburg (Haydn)	C.M.	Johann Michael Haydn, 1737-1806	165
Sanctuary	8,7,8,7. D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	108
Sarum	8,8,8,4	Hymnarium Sarisburiense. Adapted by John Hullah	317
Saxby	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A.	140
Saxony	L.M.	Ancient German Chorale	113
Sebaste	Irregular	John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	497
Sefton	L.M.	J. Baptiste Calkin	347
Self-surrender	10,9,9,9,3	Composer unknown	164
Seraphim	4,4,7,8,8,7	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879	26
Sharon	8,7,8,7,4,4,7	William Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710-1779	540
Shropshire	L.M.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	524

Name.	Metre.	Composer, or Source.	No. of Hymn.
.....	8,7,8,7	Italian Melody	419
RS, WAKE	8,9,8,8,9,8,6,6,4,8,8	Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608	116
IY	8,6,8,6,8,6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., *ob.* 1875	312
.....	6,5,6,5 (12 lines) ...	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879.....	376
VARK	C.M.	Christopher Tye, Mus. Doc., 1559 ...	128
VELL.....	C.M.	H. S. Irons	404
LL	8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4	Charles H. Steggall, Mus. Doc.....	488
.....	8,8,8,8,8,8	Composer unknown	491
NOS	8,5,8,3.....	Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart. 1821-1877	154
EIGH	8,7,8,7,7,7	C. S. Jekyll	495
PEFFER	S.M.	Professor G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.	157
ARD.....	8,7,8,7...	Attributed to Hans Leo Hassler, 1601	298
SION.....	8,8,8,4.....	James Turle, *ob.* 1882	24
TUTION.....	8,6,8,6,8,6	Ira D. Sankey	77
Y	C.M.	John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	149
LAND	S.M.	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879.....	288, 363
I CORDA	C.M.	George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759	28
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LA	8,8,7,8,8,7	Henry Smart, *ob.* 1879.....	542
.....	8,9,8,8.....	Charles H. Steggall, Mus. Doc.....	416
S CANON.....	L.M.	Thomas Tallis, *ob.* 1585, Archbishop Parker's Psalter, 1561	489
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ANTHEMS.

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*Arise, shine, for thy light is come	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.	24
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How lovely are the messengers	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	36
How lovely are Thy dwellings fair	Louis Spohr, Mus. Doc.	52
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*I will lift up mine eyes	J. Clarke-Whitfeld, Mus. Doc.	10
*Jesus, Word of God Incarnate	Charles Gounod	17
*Lead, kindly Light	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	26
*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	23
Lift up your heads	George Frederick Handel	31
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*My voice shalt Thou hear	Sir John Goss	14
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Oh, great is the depth	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	41

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O Lord, how manifold	Joseph Barnby	62
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*Oh, love the Lord	Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	13
*Oh, praise the Lord	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.	5
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*What are these	John Stainer, Mus. Doc.	20
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain	George Frederick Handel	34

Note.—The Music to most of the Anthems in the foregoing Index, as well as various settings to the words of many of them, may be procured of Novello, Ewer & Co., 1, Berners Street, London, W.

EXPRESSION MARKS.

p. *piano*, soft.

pp. *pianissimo*, very soft.

f. *forte*, loud.

mf. *mezzo forte*, half, or moderately loud.

ff. *fortissimo*, very loud.

cres. *crescendo*, increasing, gradually growing louder.

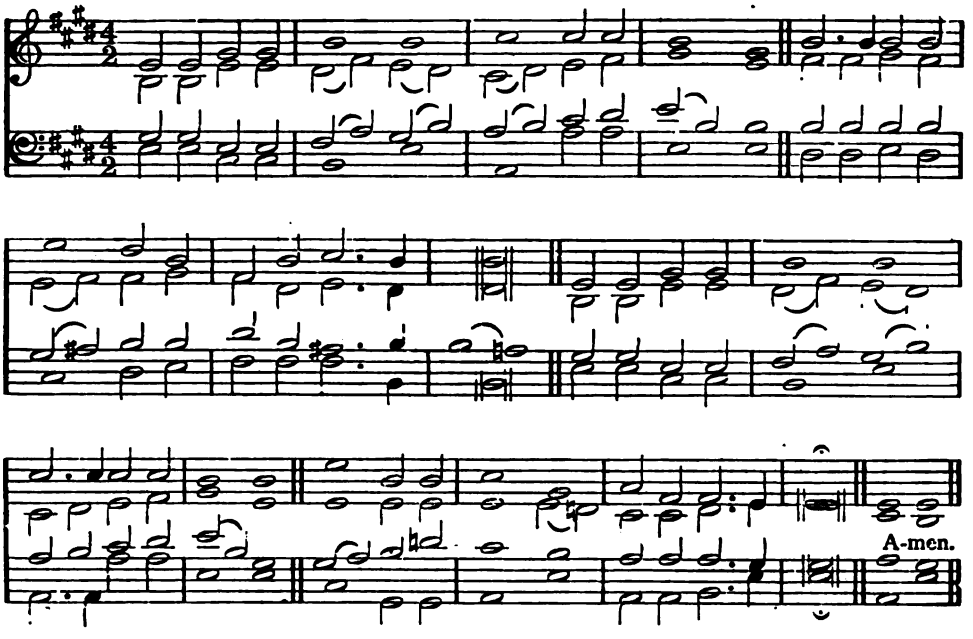
dim. *diminuendo*, diminishing, gradually becoming softer.

rall. *rallentando*. slackening the pace, gradually slowing.

N.B.—Organists and choirmasters are particularly requested to give effect to the expression marks in the *words*, and to adhere to the tunes set to the hymns.

HYMNS.

I.—The Holy Trinity.

NICÆA. 11,12,12,10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

1 *"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."*

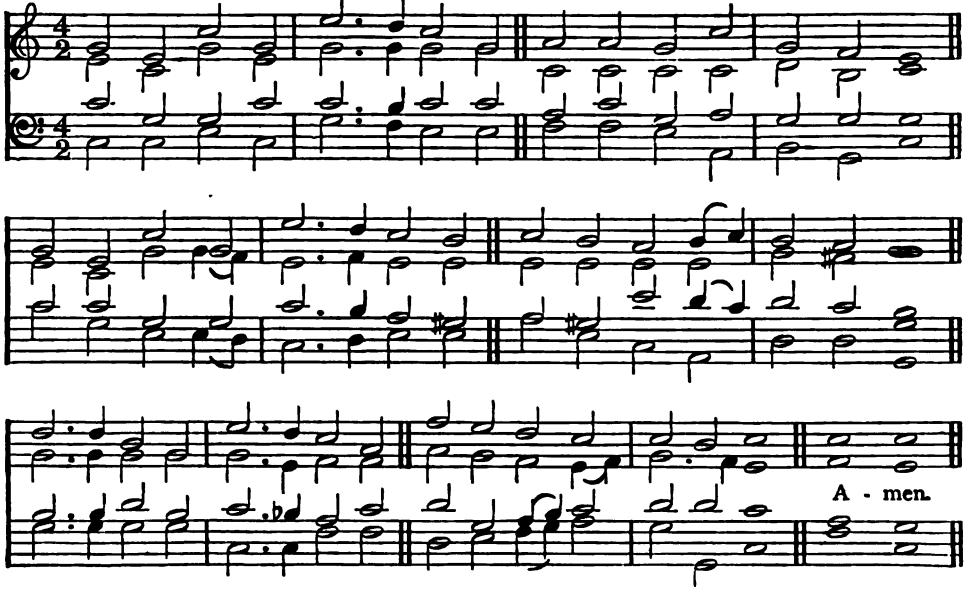
1 *p* HOLY, holy, holy, (*cres*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
p Holy, holy, holy, (*cres*) merciful and mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 *p* Holy, holy, holy! (*cres*) all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 *p* Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
mf Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 *p* Holy, holy, holy, (*cres*) Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
p Holy, holy, holy, (*cres*) merciful and mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

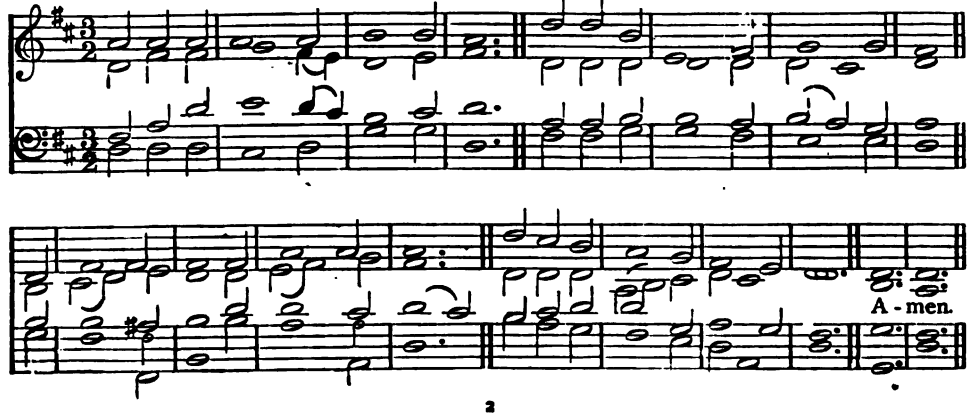
REGENT SQUARE. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HENRY SMART.

2 "*Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.*"

1 *mf* GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
f Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 *mf* Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
f Glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 *mf* Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring
f Glory, glory
To the King of Glory bring!

4 *f* "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honour, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings.
ff Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

RIVAULX. L.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

3

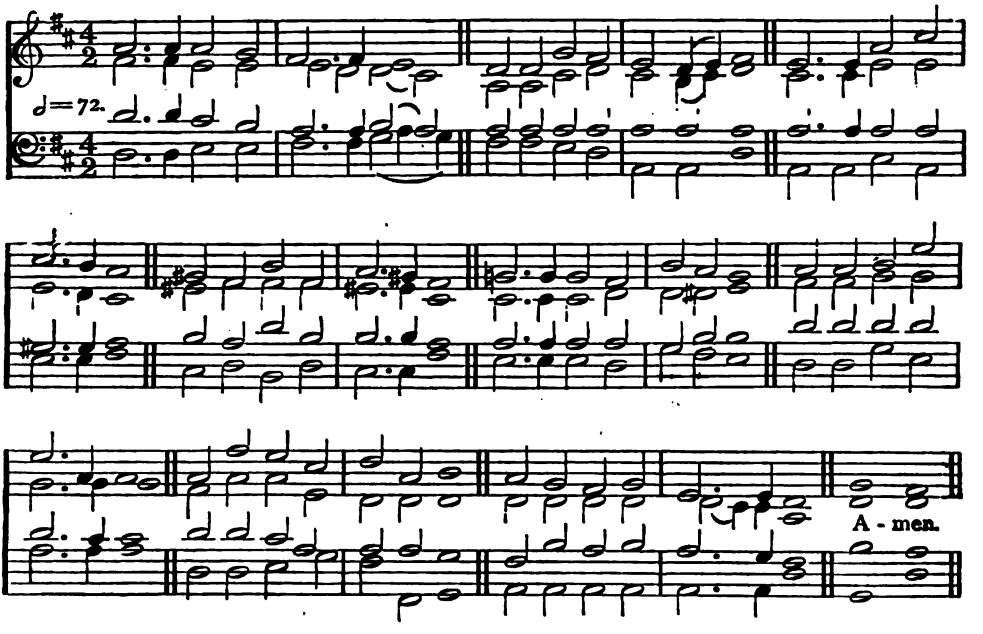
"God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness."

1 *mf* FATHER of heaven! whose love pro-
found
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 *mf* Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 *mf* Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 *mf* Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
cres Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
cres Grace, pardon, life to us extend. Amen.

TERSANCTUS. 7,7,7,7. D. E. SILAS.

4

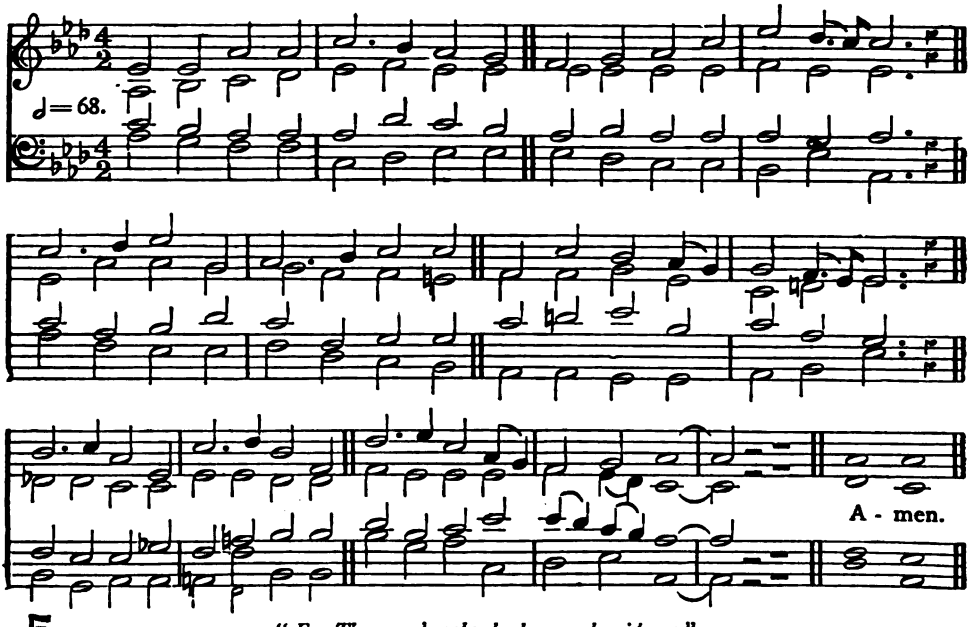
"Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."

1 *p* HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
cres All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with sweet accord,
dim "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

2 *mf* Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One JEHOVAH evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
cres From that world by Thee redeemed,
f Sing we here with glad accord,
dim "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 *mf* Holy, holy, holy! All
cres Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!" Amen.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

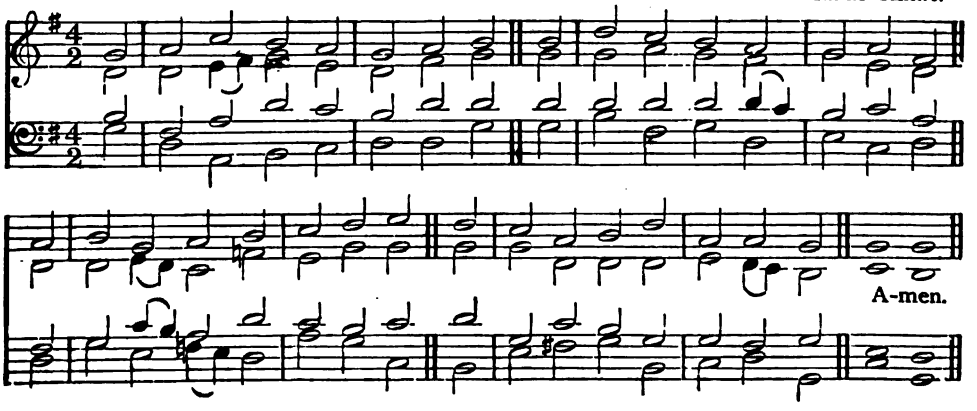
FENITON COURT 8,7,8,7,4,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

5

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."

1 *mf* LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
cres Yet possessing
Every blessing,
f If our God our Father be.

2 *p* Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 *mf* Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
cres Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy.
Amen.

LONDON. L.M. HENRY SMART.

6

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens . . . praise ye Him, all His angels: praise ye Him, all His hosts."

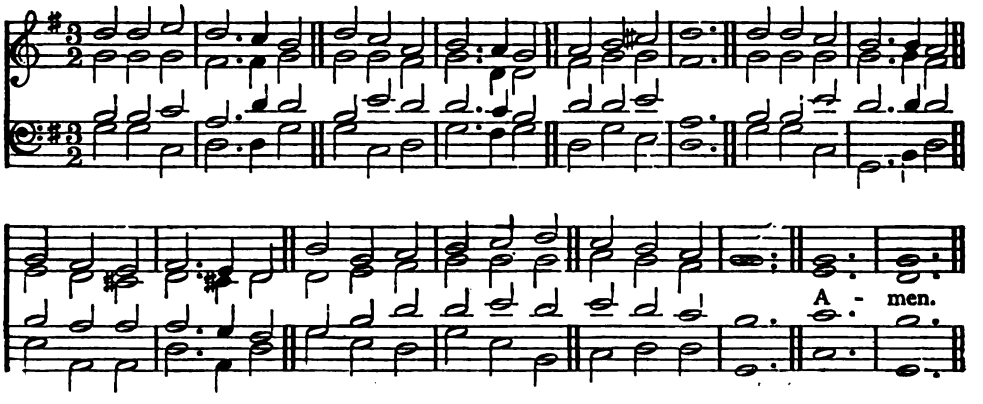
1 *mf* WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the great Jehovah own.

2 *f* Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 *p* O holy, holy, holy Lord,
cres Thou God of hosts by all adored;
f Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 *f* Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 *f* Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.
Amen.

PHILIPPI. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. J. G. EBELING.

7

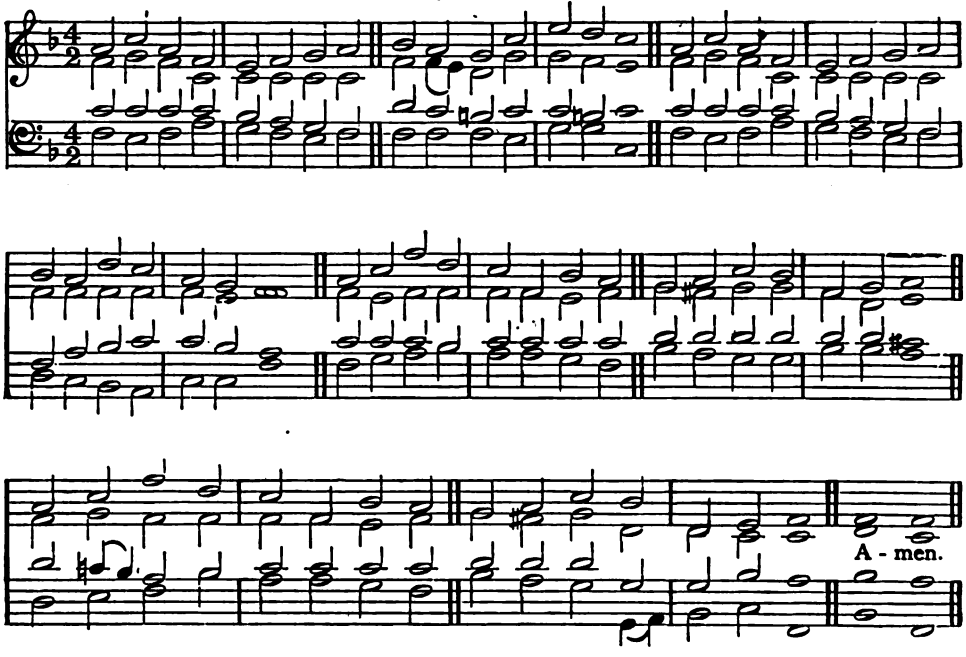
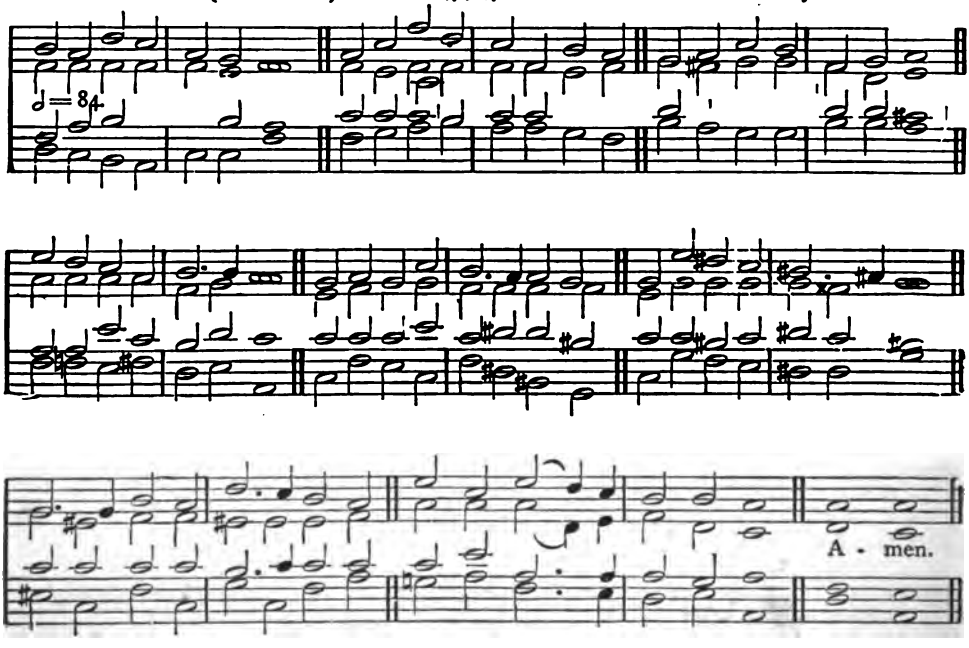
"I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy majesty."

1 *f* COME, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 *f* Come, Thou Incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 *p* Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
cres Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 *f* To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

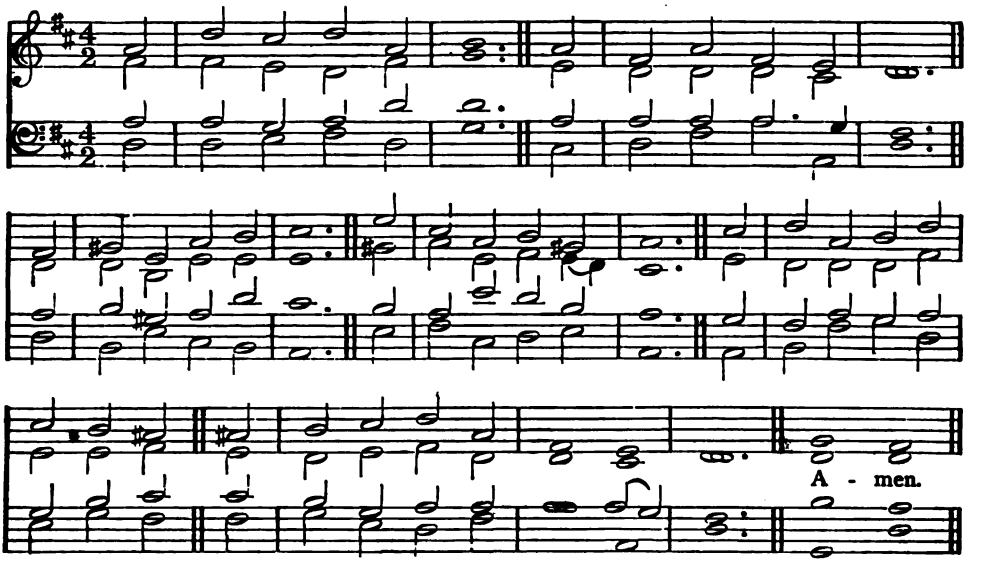
DEERHURST (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. J. LANGRAN.

PAULINZELLE (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. JOHN HOPKINS.

8 *"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory."*

1 *mf* ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:—
f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

2 *f* Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 *mf* With His seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—
f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
rall Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Amen.

CROFT'S 148TH. 6,6,6,6,8,8. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

9 *"To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever."*

1 *mf* WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son,
p To die for sins that man had done.

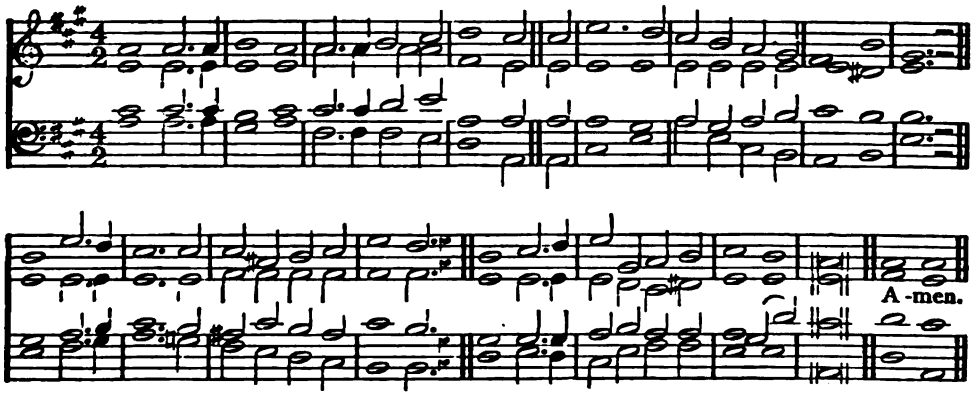
2 *mf* To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
p From everlasting woe:
cres And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

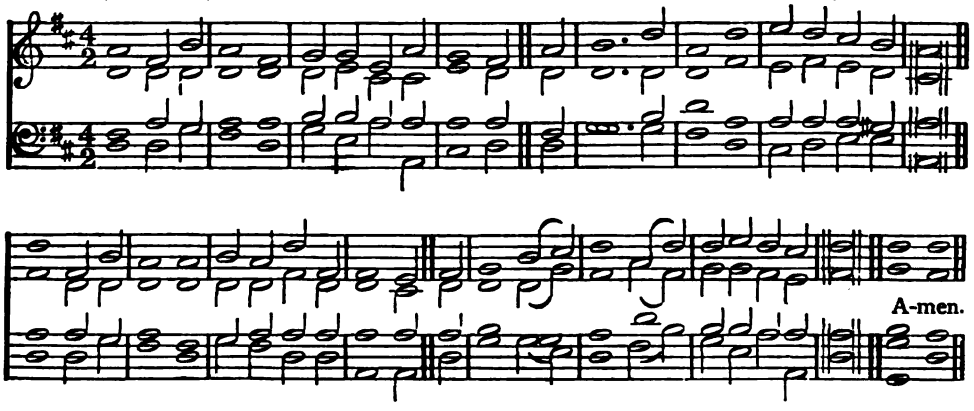
3 *mf* To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
p Makes the dead sinner live:
cres His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 *mf* Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
p And the mysterious One:
cres Where reason fails, with all her powers,
f There faith prevails, and love adores.

Amen

JEHOVAH (*1st Tune*) 11,10,11,10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



AUCHINCAIRN (*2nd Tune*). 11,10,11,10. J. K. SCOTT.

10

"Sing forth the honour of His name; make His praise glorious."

1 *mf* PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

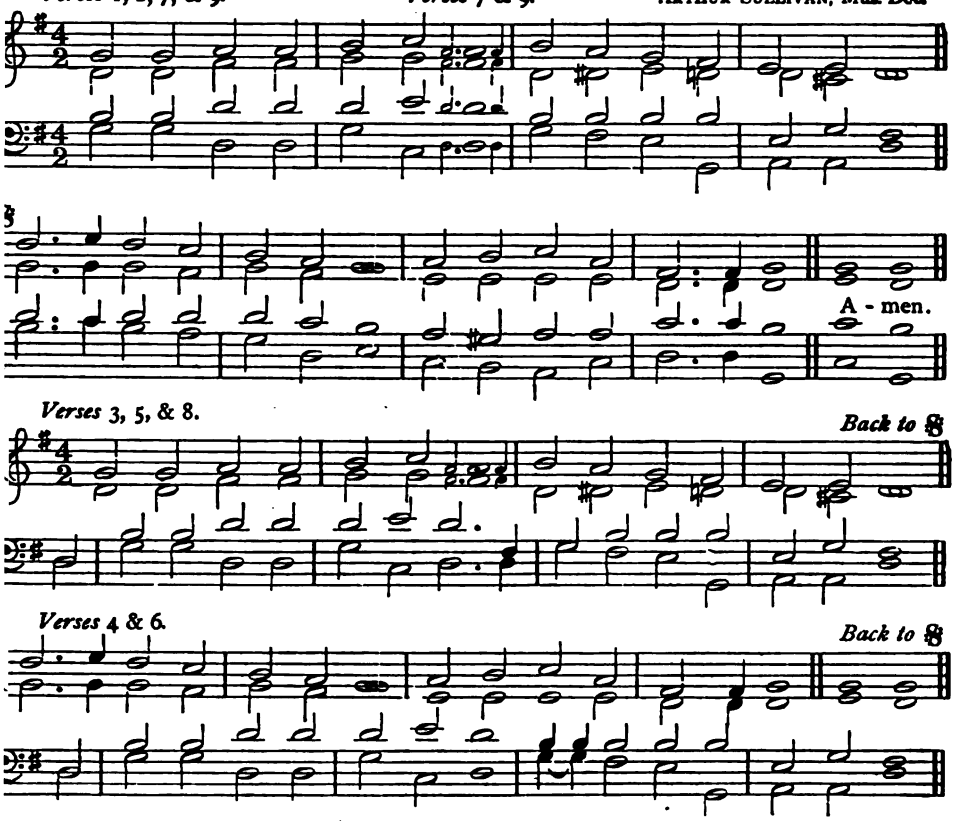
2 *mf* Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
p Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
cres And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 *mf* Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
cres All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 *f* Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One! Amen

II.—God: in Nature, Providence, and Redemption.

EVER FAITHFUL, EVER SURE. P.M.

Verses 1, 2, 7, & 9. *Verses* 7 & 9. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

11 *"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever."*

mf LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

mf Who by His all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

mf And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

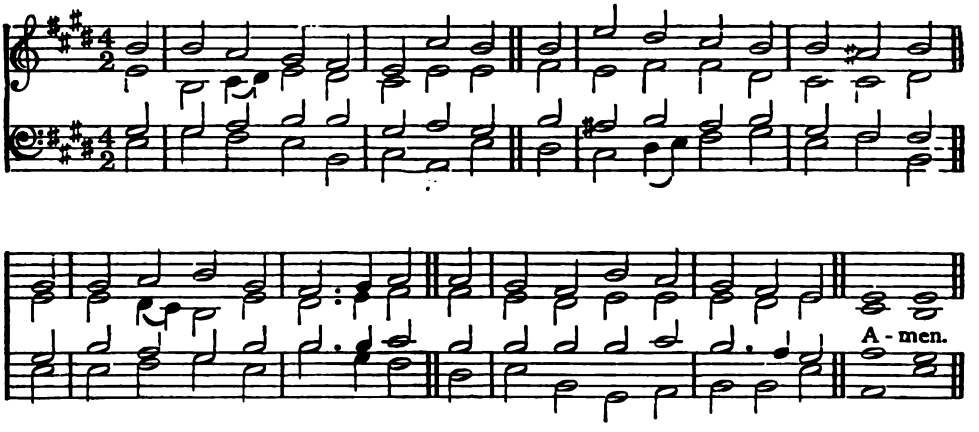
mf The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 *mf* His chosen people He did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 *p* He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 *mf* All living creatures He doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

9 *mf* Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.

12

"Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works."

1 *mf* GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
cres Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

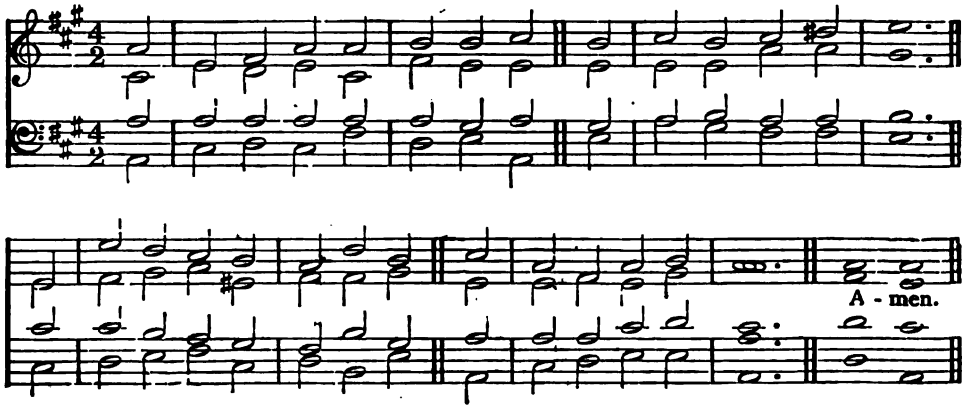
2 *mf* Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 *mf* He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
cres Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 *mf* He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 *p* He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
cres Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 *mf* Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
cres His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
Amen.

ST. NATHANIEL. C.M. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

13 *"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."*

1 *mf* GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

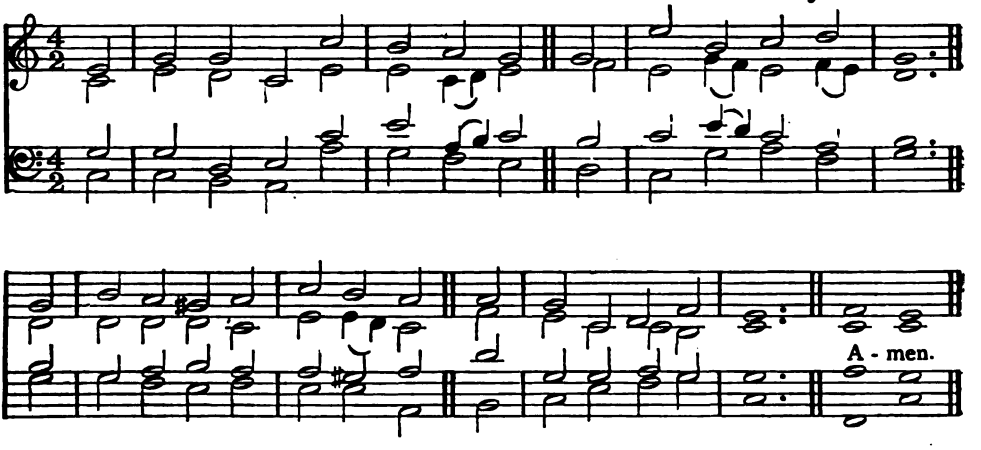
2 *mf* Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 *p* Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
cres Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 *mf* Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace;
p Behind a frowning providence
cres He hides a smiling face.

5 *mf* His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
p The bud may have a bitter taste,
cres But sweet will be the flower.

6 *mf* Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cres God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.

14 *"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."*

1 *mf* MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depth of burning light!

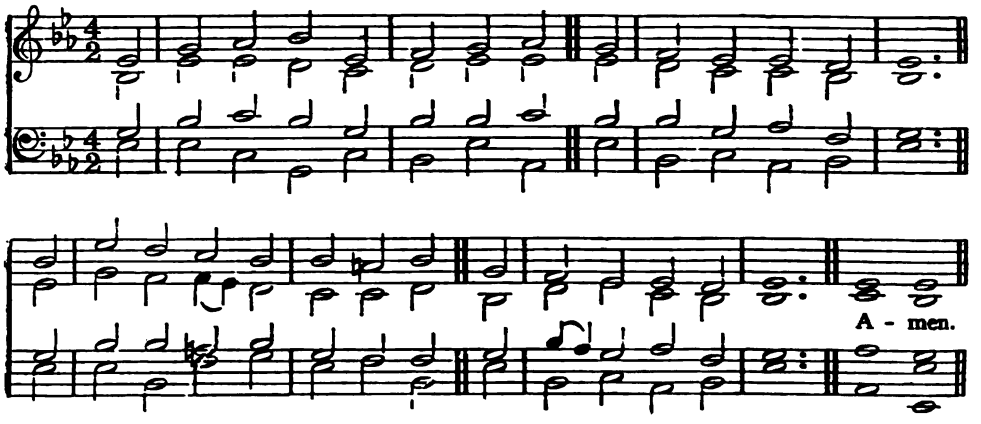
2 *p* How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

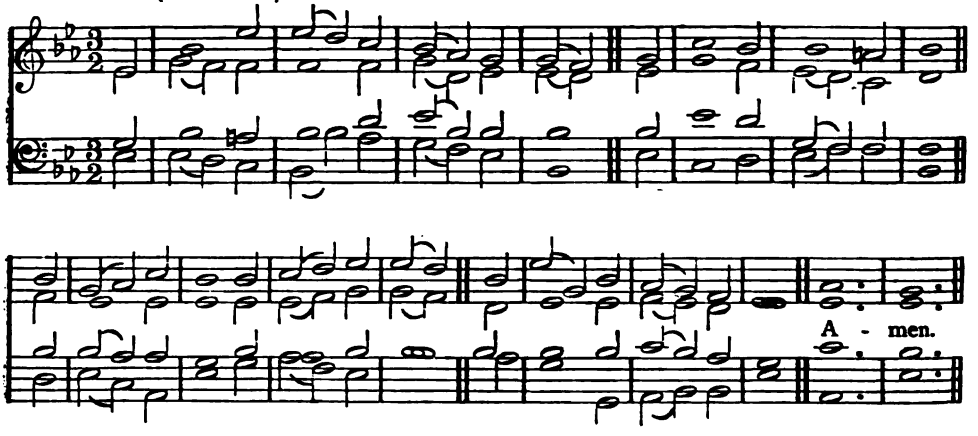
3 *mf* How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 *mf* Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
dim The love of my poor heart.

5 *p* No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

6 *mf* Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
p Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
cres And gaze, and gaze on Thee! Amen.

DUNDEE (*1st Tune*). C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

ABRIDGE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



15

"And Jacob called the name of that place Bethel . . . and he vowed a vow."

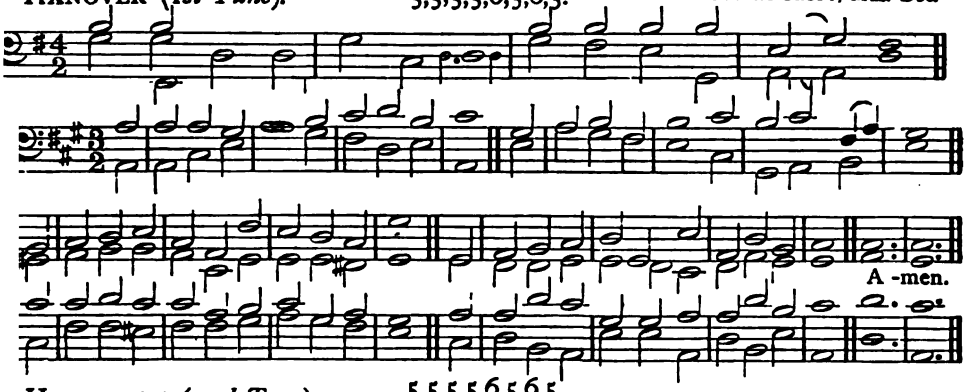
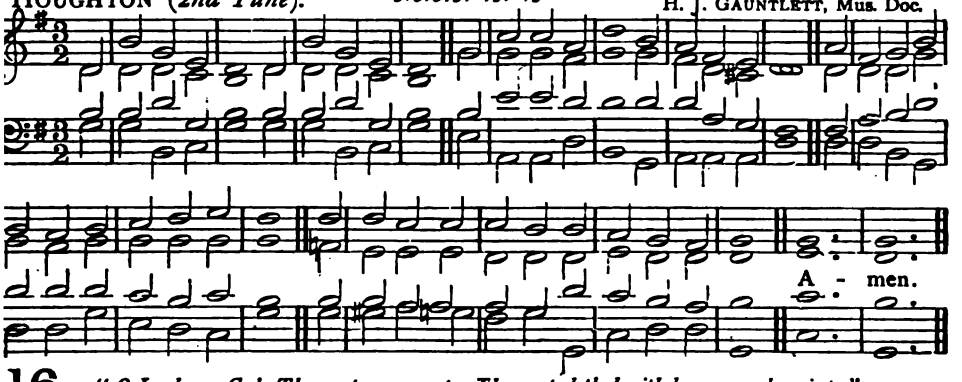
1 *mf* O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 *p* Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
cres God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 *p* Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
cres Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 *mf* Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
p Till all our wanderings cease,
cres And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 *mf* Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore,
cres And Thou shalt be our chosen God
f And portion evermore. Amen.

HANOVER (*1st Tune*). 5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

HOUGHTON (*2nd Tune*). 5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

16 *"O Lord, my God, Thou art very great Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."*

1 *f* OH! worship the King
All-glorious above!
Oh! gratefully sing
His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

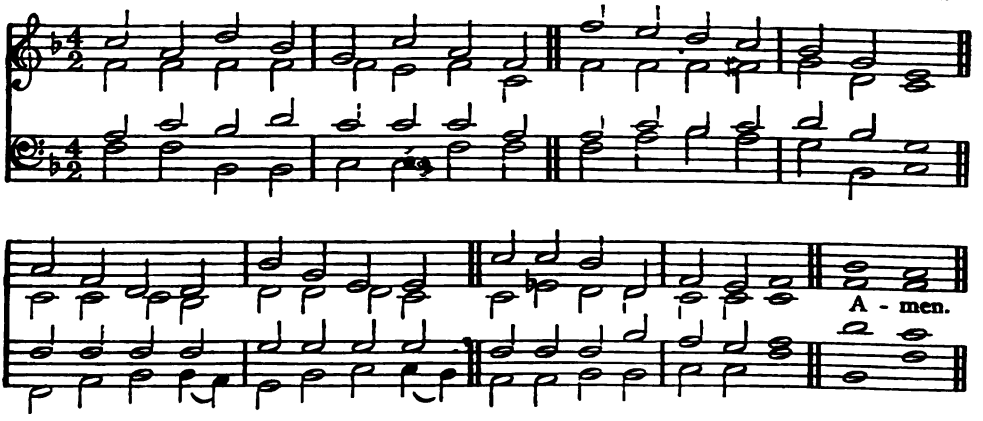
2 *f* Oh! tell of His might,
Oh! sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 *mf* This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 *mf* Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 *p* Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cres In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
mf Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 *f* O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
p With true adoration
cres Shall lisp to Thy praise! Amen.

NEWTON FERNS. 8,7,8,7. SAMUEL SMITH.

17

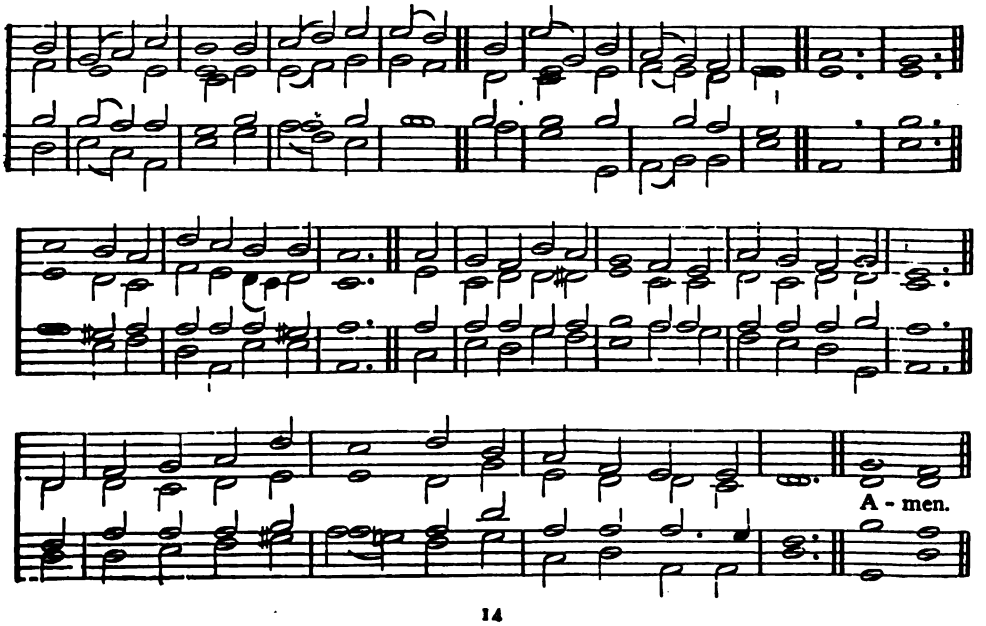
"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights."

1 *f* PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 *f* Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 *f* Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
cres God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 *f* Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

CEYLON. 7,6,7,6. D. SAMUEL REAY.

18

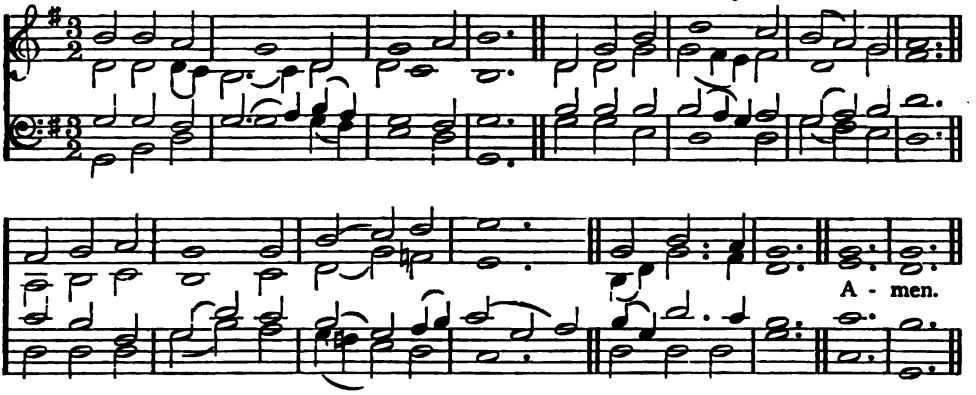
"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

1 *mf* O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 *p* Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 *mf* O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten!
On us Thy goodness rest!
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed!

4 *mf* Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

ALMSGIVING. 8,8,8,4. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

19

"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

1 *f* O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be!
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 *mf* The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
cres Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
f Who givest all.

3 *mf* For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
And all the blessings earth displays,
cres We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 *p* Thou didst not spare Thine only Son
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cres And freely with that blessèd One
f Thou givest all.

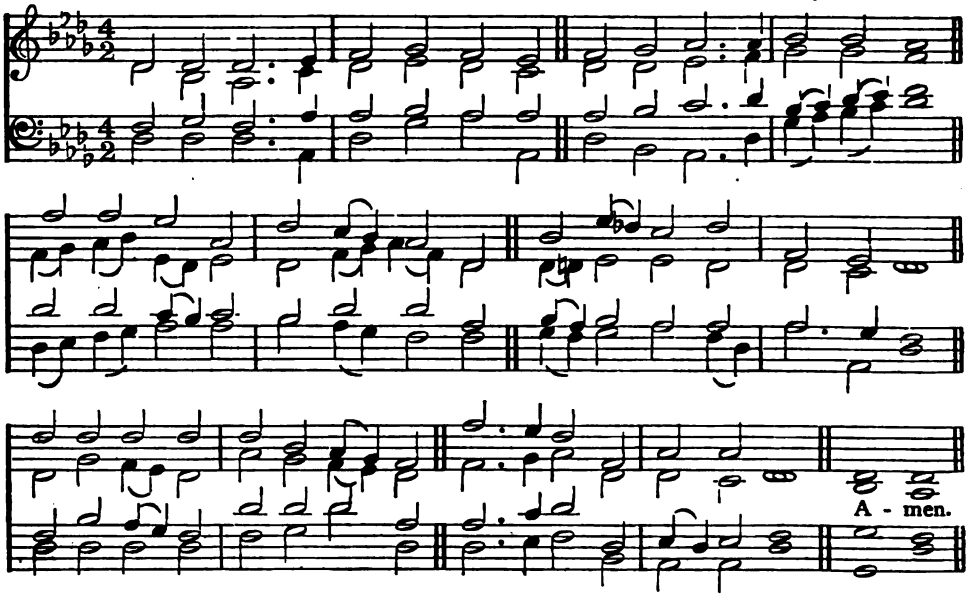
5 *mf* Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 *cres* For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
dim Father, what can to Thee be given,
p Who givest all?

7 *mf* We lose what on ourselves we spend;
cres We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
f Who givest all.

8 *mf* Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Most gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

9 *mf* To Thee, from whom we all derive,
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
p Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
f Who givest all! Amen.

ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7,4,7. JAMES TURLE.

20

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

1 *mf* PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

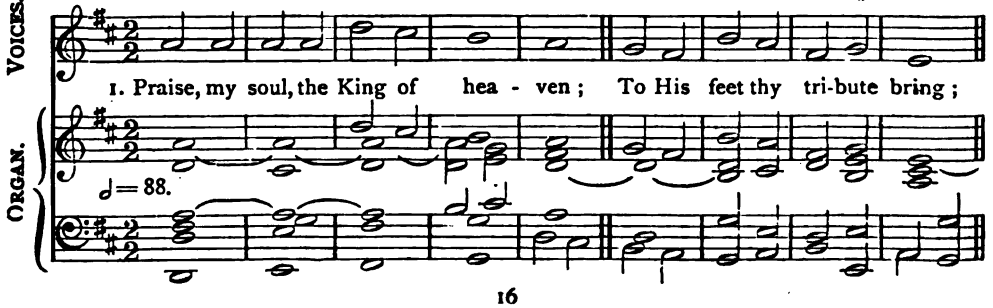
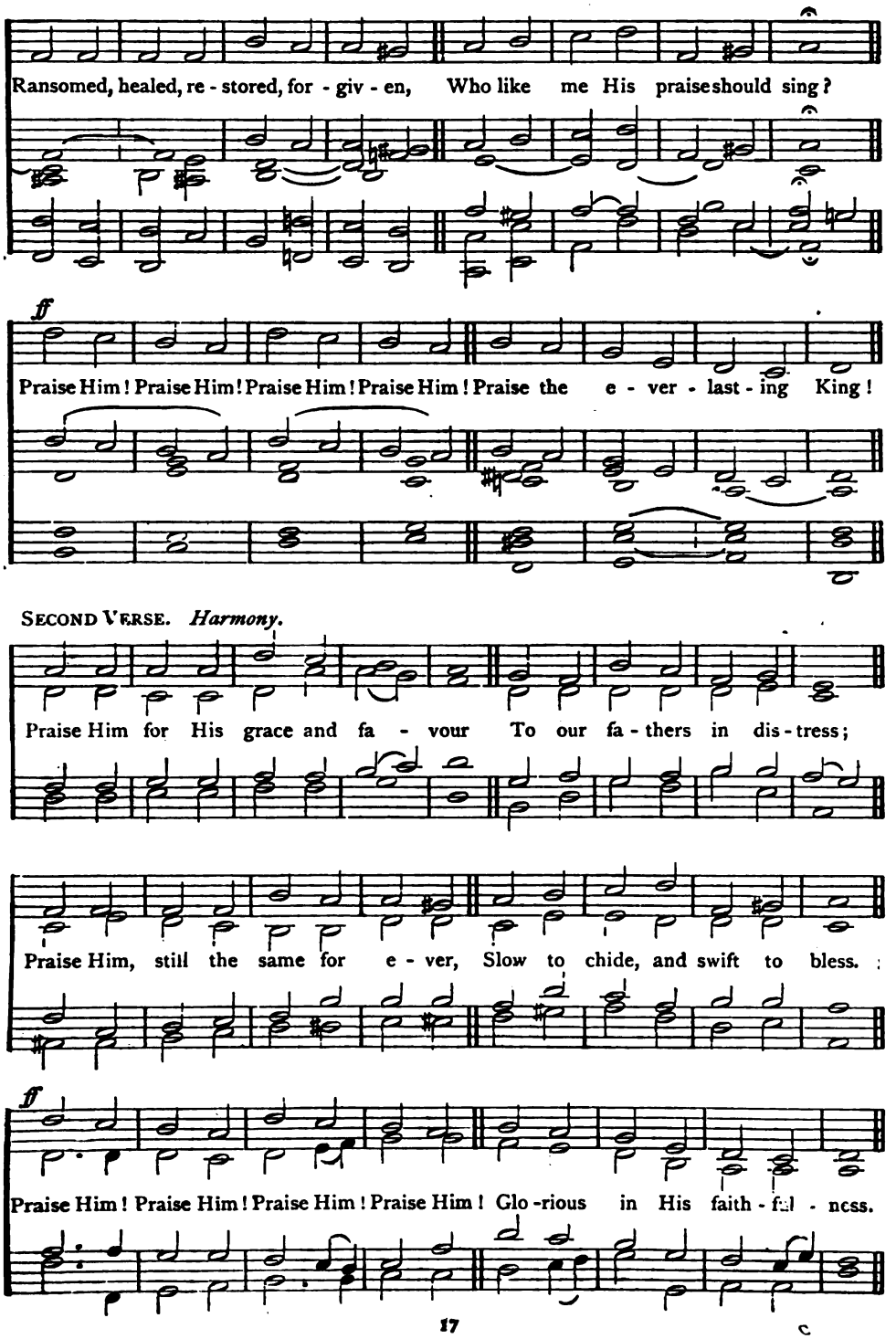
2 *mf* Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 *p* Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 *p* Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
cres God endures unchanging on.
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One!

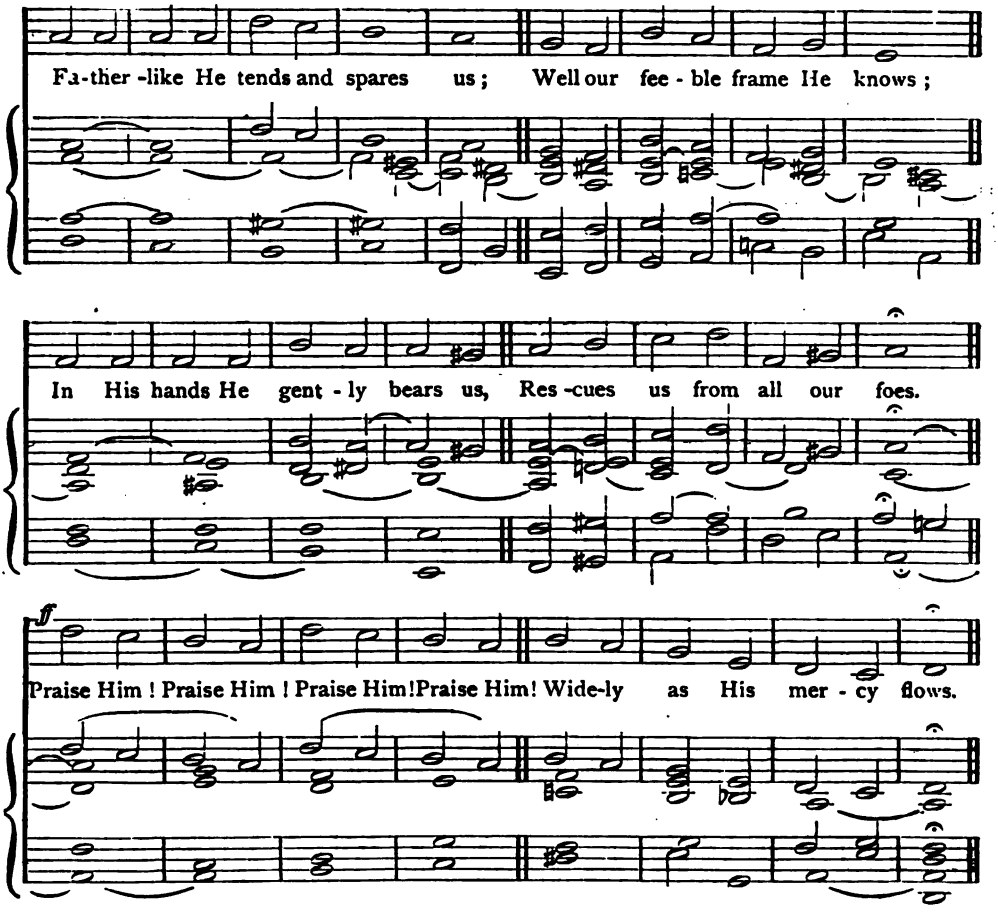
5 *f* Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!
Amen.

PRAISE, MY SOUL (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7,4,7. Sir JOHN GOSS.

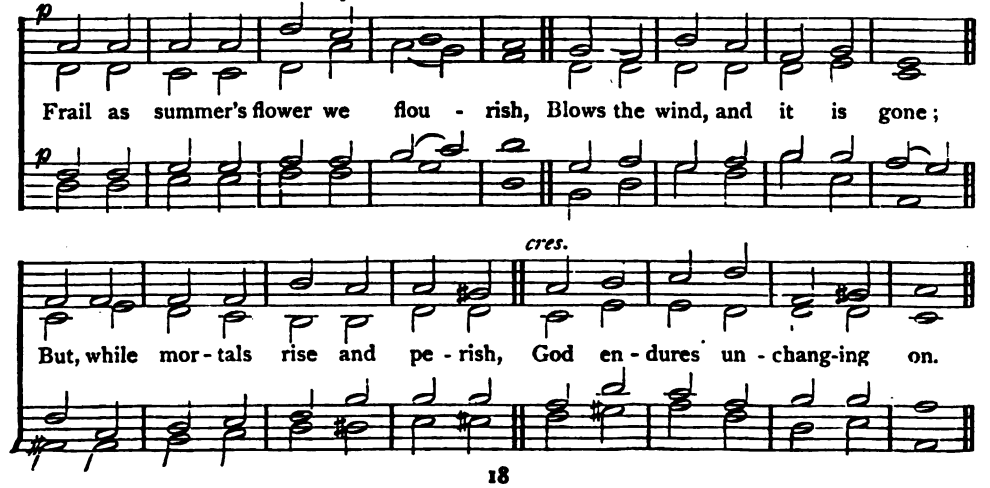
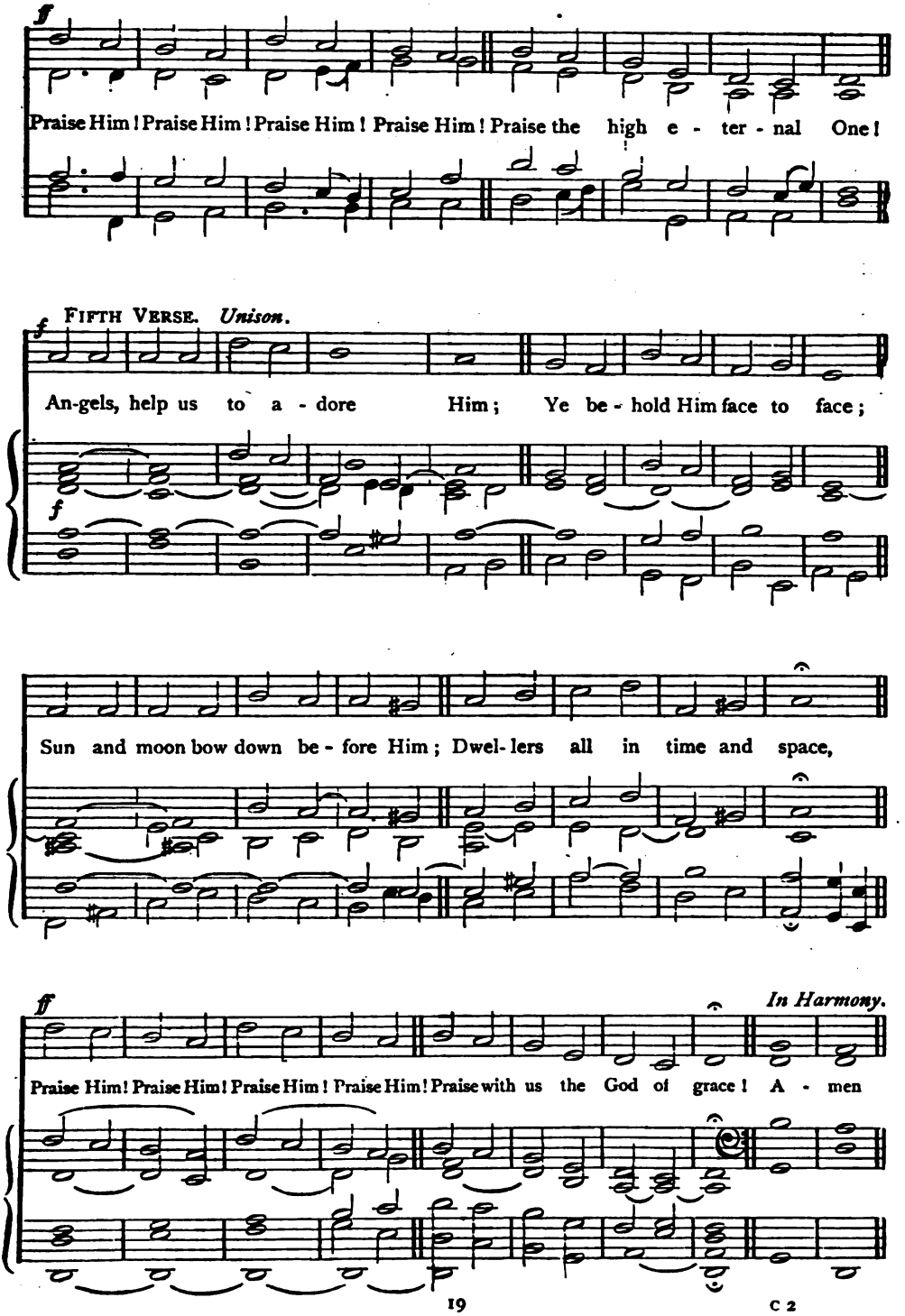


Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who like me His praise should sing?
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the e - ver - last - ing King!
SECOND VERSE. *Harmony.*
Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
Praise Him, still the same for e - ver, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.

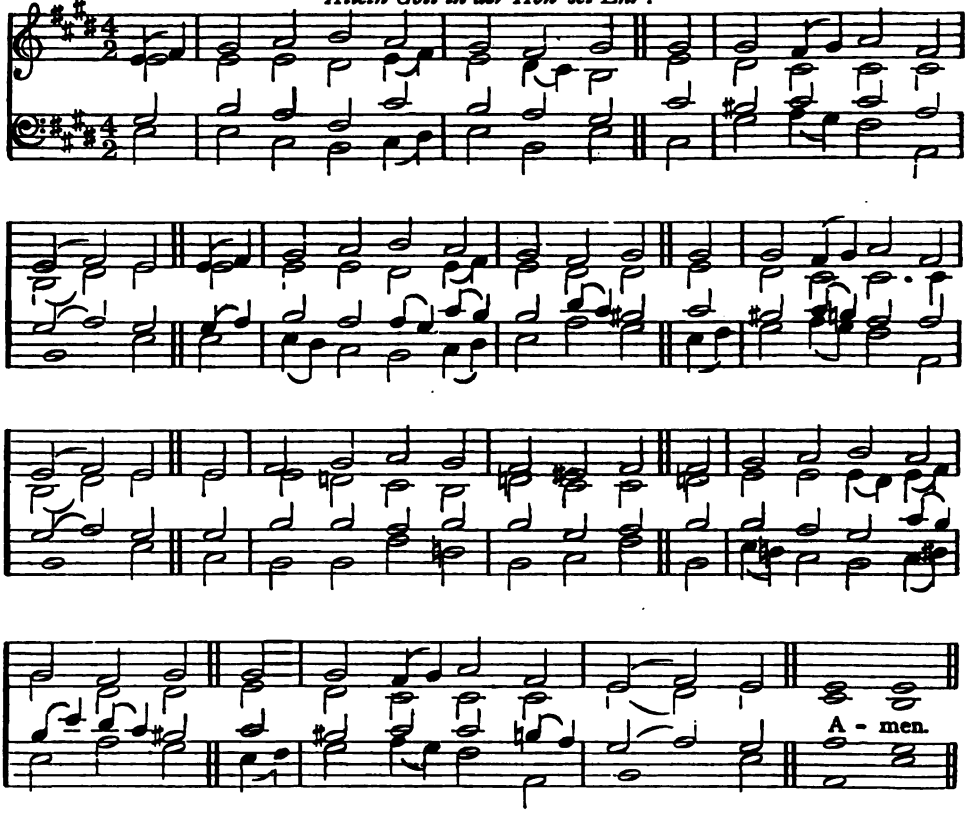
THIRD VERSE. *Trebles only.*

Slower.

Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;
In His hands He gent-ly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide-ly as His mer-cy flows.

FOURTH VERSE. *Harmony.*


p
Frail as summer's flower we flou-rish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;
p
cres.
But, while mor-tals rise and pe-rish, God en-dures un-chang-ing on.

ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!
f
FIFTH VERSE. *Unison.*
An-gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;
f
Sun and moon bow down be - fore Him; Dwel- lers all in time and space,
ff
In Harmony.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A - men

ELBERFELD. 8,7,8,7,8,8,7. **HANS KUGELMANN.**

Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'.

21

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."

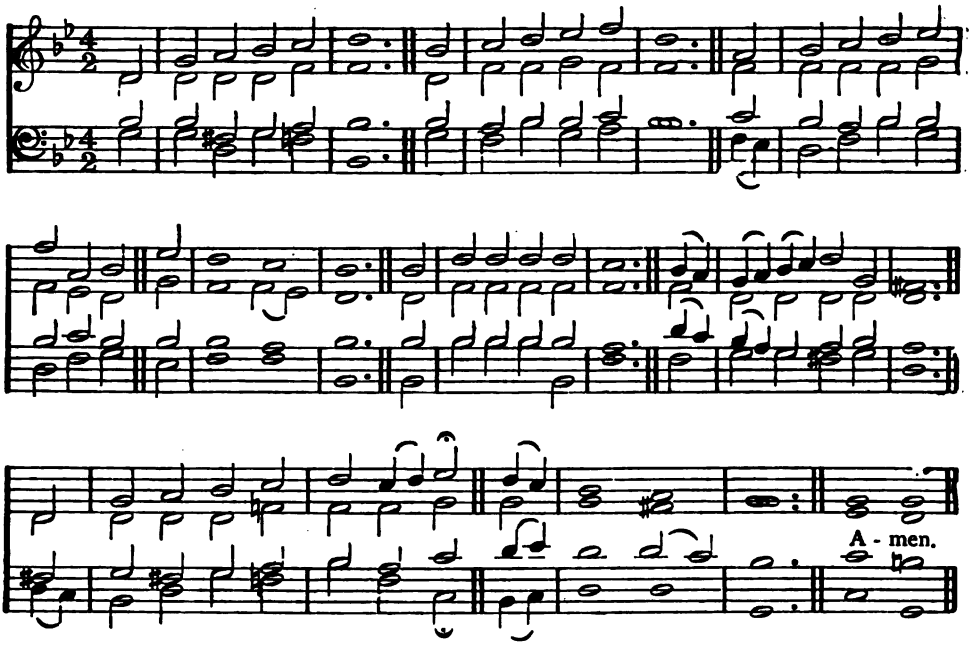
1 *f* SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
p With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
f To God all praise and glory!

2 *mf* The Lord is never far away,
p But, through all grief distressing,
cres An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
p As with a mother's tender hand
cres He leads His own, His chosen band:
f To God all praise and glory!

3 *f* The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed, creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory!

4 *mf* What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade,
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
cres Within the kingdom of His might,
f Lo! all is just, and all is right:
To God all praise and glory!

5 *mf* O ye who bear Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory!
And ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story;
f Cast each false idol from His throne,
The Lord is God, and He alone:
ff To God all praise and glory! Amen.

LEONI. 6,6,8,4. D. OLD HEBREW MELODY.

22

"They which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham."

1 *f* THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days
p And God of love.
f JEHOVAH! great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
p I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

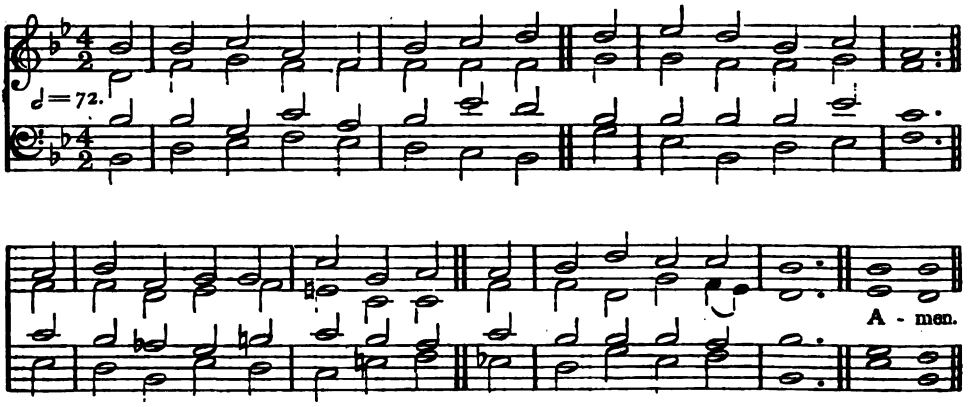
2 *mf* The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
cres And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 *mf* He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
cres I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 *mf* There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness:
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
p The Prince of Peace
cres On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
f And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 *f* The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
p And "Holy, holy, holy" cry,
"Almighty King!
cres Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be!
Jehovah! Father! great I AM!
f We worship Thee."

6 *mf* The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
f "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
cres Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
ff All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

EDINBURGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

23 *"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust."*

1 *mf* O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 *f* The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth;
My strong deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.

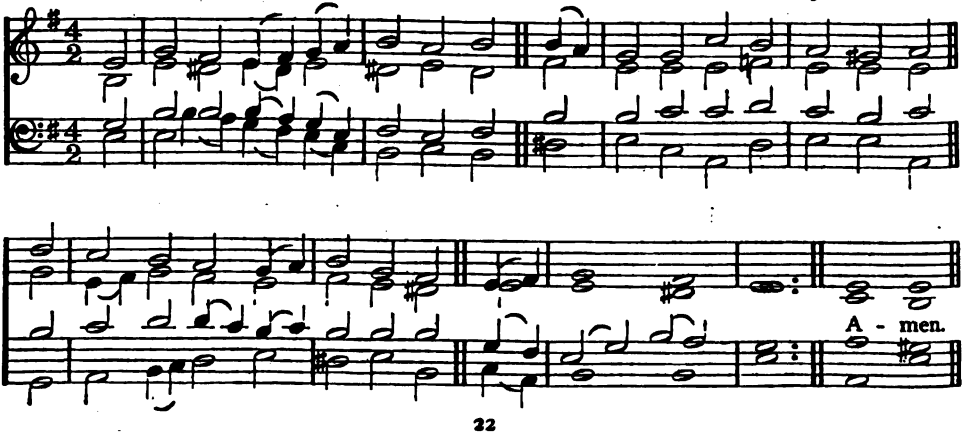
3 *p* In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face;
cres My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

4 *f* The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 *f* On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6 *f* The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

7 *f* And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
ff He liveth—Blessèd be my Rock!
My God exalted be! Amen.

SUBMISSION. 8,8,8,4. JAMES TURLE.

24

"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

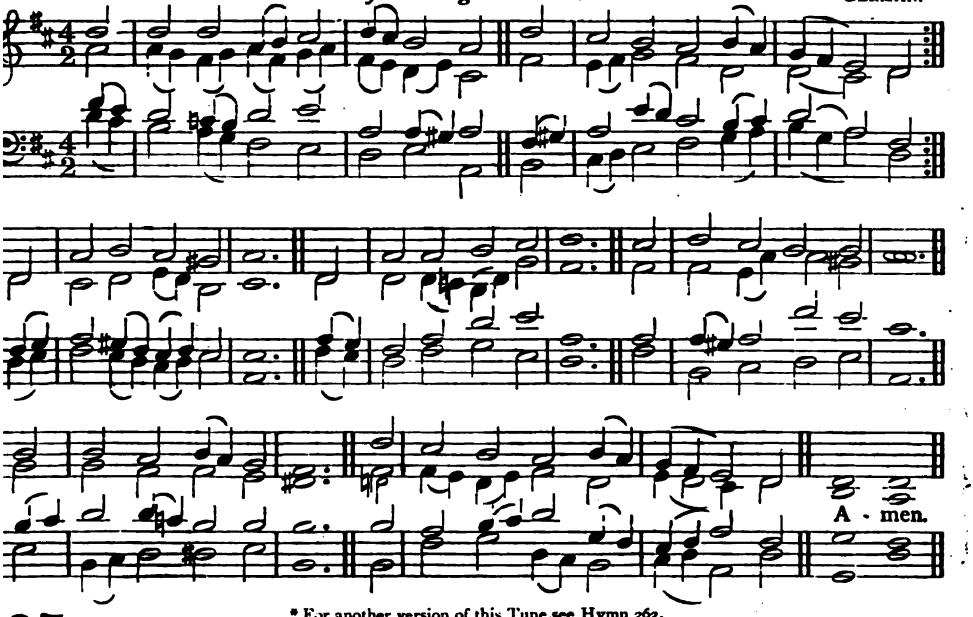
mf WE cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move;
cres But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.

p When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring;
cres For Thou art Love.

3 *p* When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
cres That Thou art Love.

4 *mf* Yes! Thou art Love; a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
f Our God is Love! Amen.

8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.

EIN FESTE BURG.* *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.* GERMAN.

* For another version of this Tune see Hymn 262.

25

"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

f REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
dim For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
ff Let all His saints adore Him!

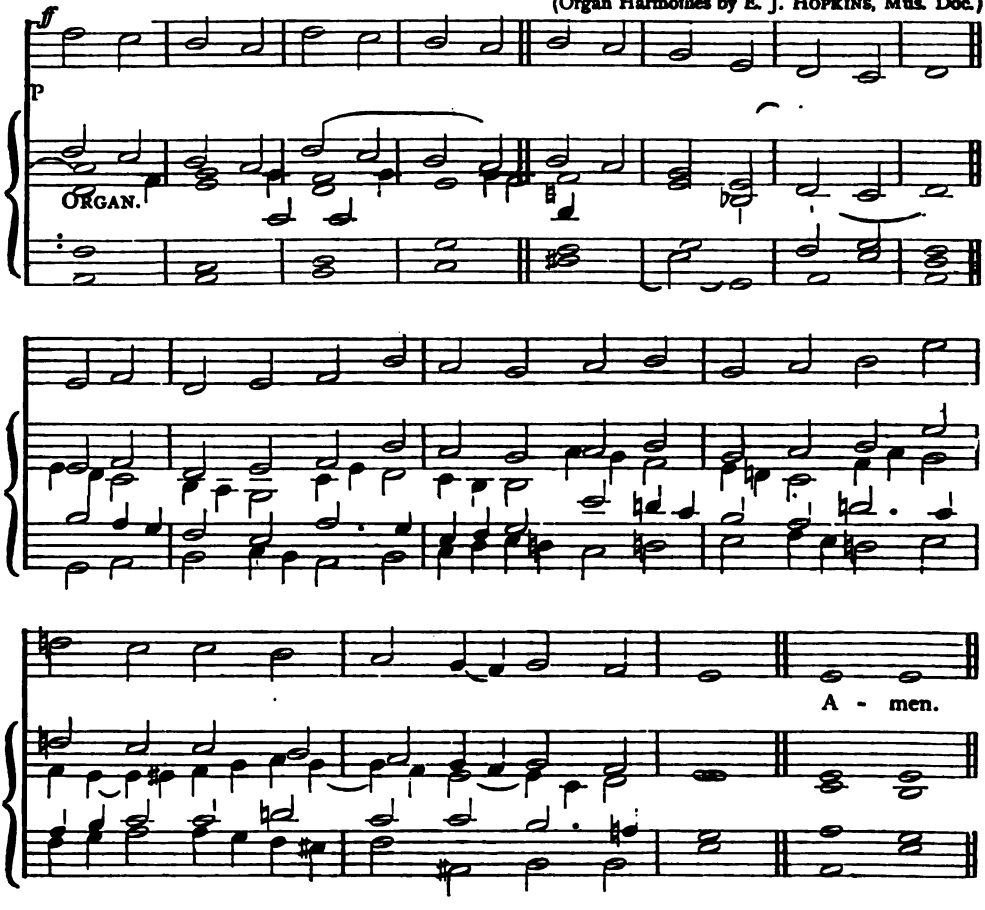
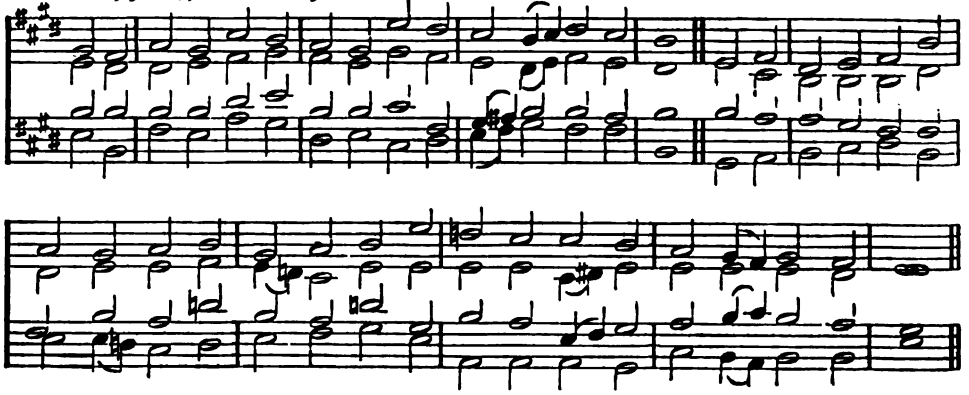
p When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
cres Oh! trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
f Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,—
ff "Oh! praise our God alway;
Let all His saints adore Him!"

3 *f* Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
dim For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
ff Let all His saints adore Him! Amen.

GOD IN NATURE,

SERAPHIM. 4,4,7,8,8,7.

Verses 1 & 8, *Unison.* 3, *Men's Voices.* 4 & 6, *Treble Voices.* HENRY SMART.

(Organ Harmonies by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.)

Verses 2, 5, & 7, *in Harmony.*

(Where unaccompanied to be sung in harmony throughout.)

"*All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*"

Unison. 1 *mf* ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Harmony. 2 *mf* Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
cres Sons of God that shout for gladness,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Men's Voices. 3 *mf* Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

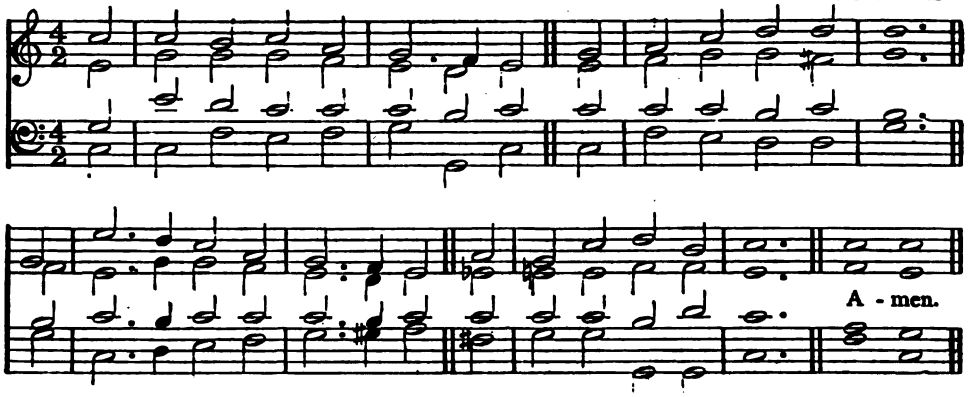
Treble Voices. 4 *mf* Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Harmony. 5 *mf* Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
cres Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Treble Voices. 6 *mf* Youth, whose morning
Smiles at warning,
Age in counsel deeply stored,
Maids and boys, in chorus blending,
Let your anthem song, ascending,
f Praise high heaven's eternal Lord!

Harmony. 7 *mf* Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
cres Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Unison. 8 *f* Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
ff Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.

27

"The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion."

1 *mf* THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 *mf* Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every golden ray;
p Love draws the curtains of the night,
cres And love returns the day.

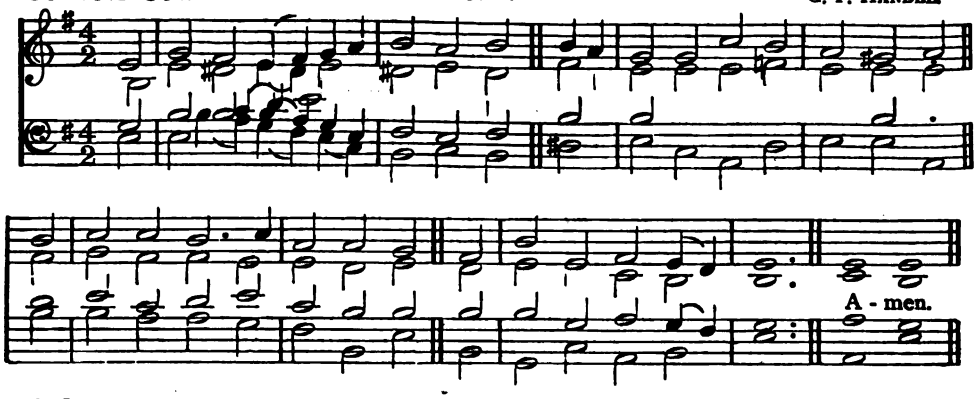
3 *mf* Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 *cres* But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 *mf* Thy Son, Thy noblest, choicest gift,
Was from Thy bosom sent,
To bear from off our sinking world
Its load of punishment.

6 *f* Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy
Are published in His name;
Ours is the life, the glory ours,
p And His the death and shame.

Amen.

SURSUM CORDA. C.M. G. F. HANDEL.

28

"Thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God led thee."

1 *f* WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 *mf* Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
res Revived my soul with grace.

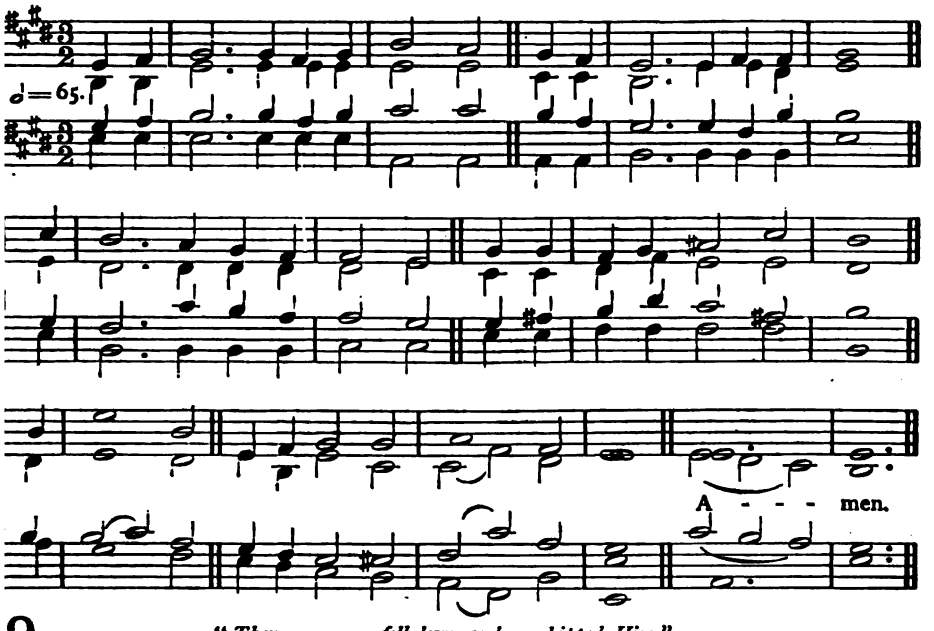
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

5 *mf* When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
cres My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 *f* Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.

III.—The Lord Jesus Christ.

I.—HIS ADVENT AND NATIVITY.

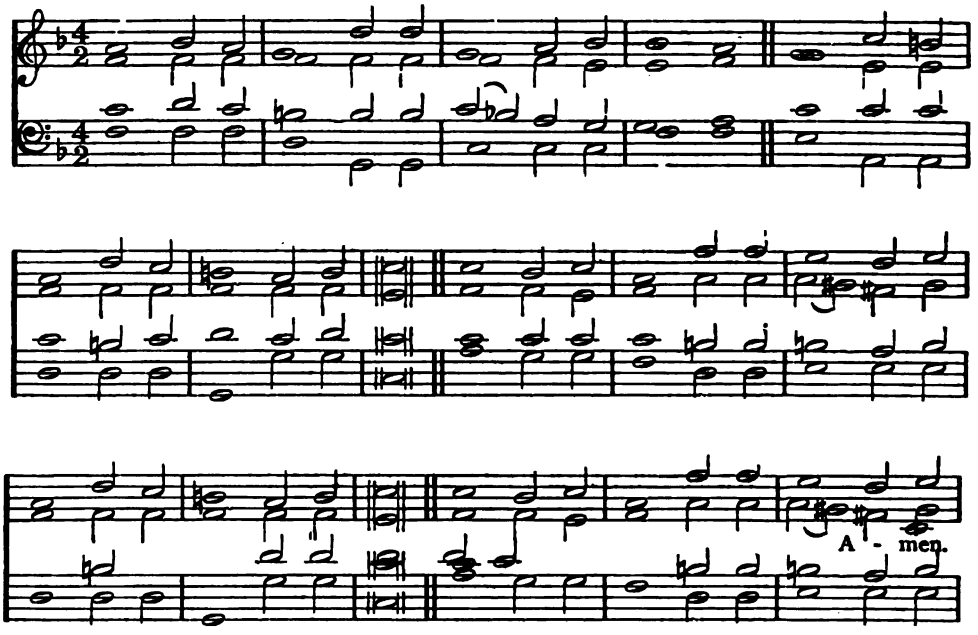
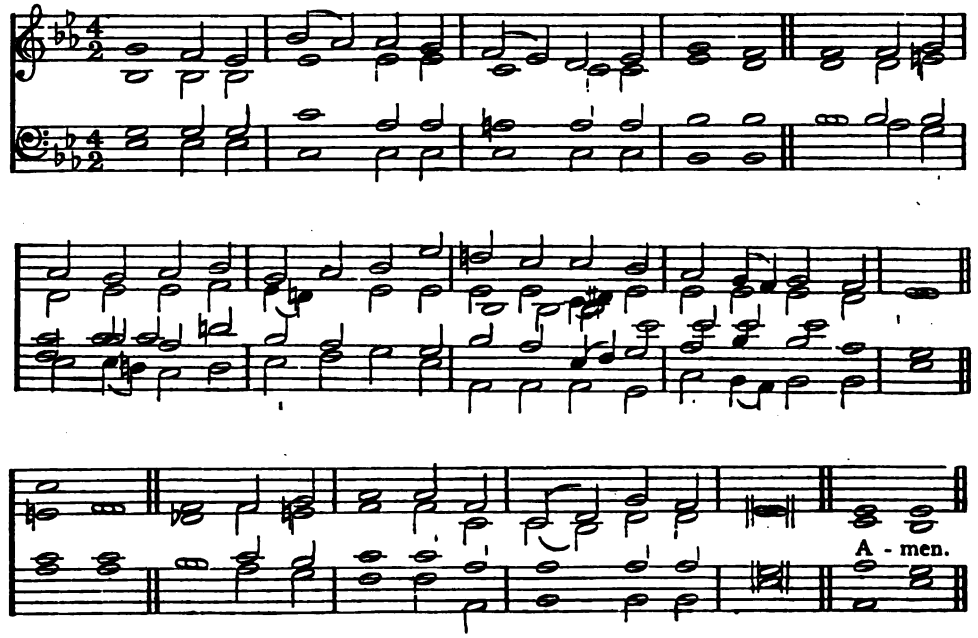
ILDERSMOUTH. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

9 *"They . . . fell down and worshipped Him."*

f ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
cres Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

f Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:
cres Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 *mf* Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
cres Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King

4 *mf* Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
cres Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Amen.

EPIPHANY (*1st Tune*). 11,10,11 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST (*2nd Tune*). 11,10,11,10. MENDELSSOHN.

30

"We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

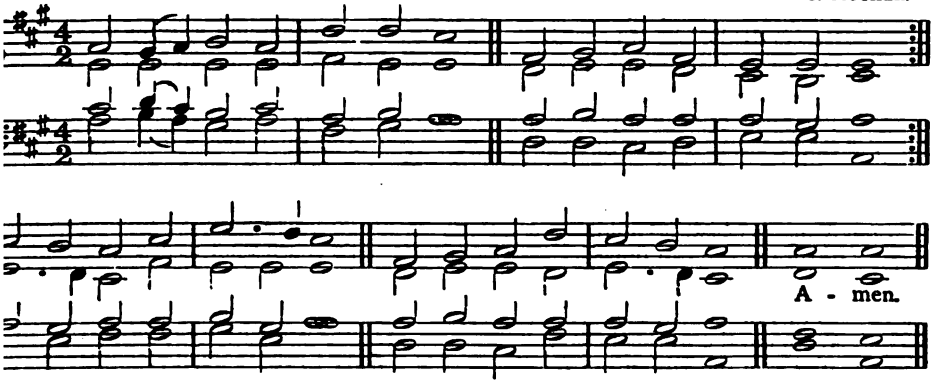
Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
f Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 *mf* Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 *p* Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
cres Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 *f* Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

7,7,7,7,7,7.

IX. *Treuer Heiland! wir sind hier.* C. KOCHER.

31

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

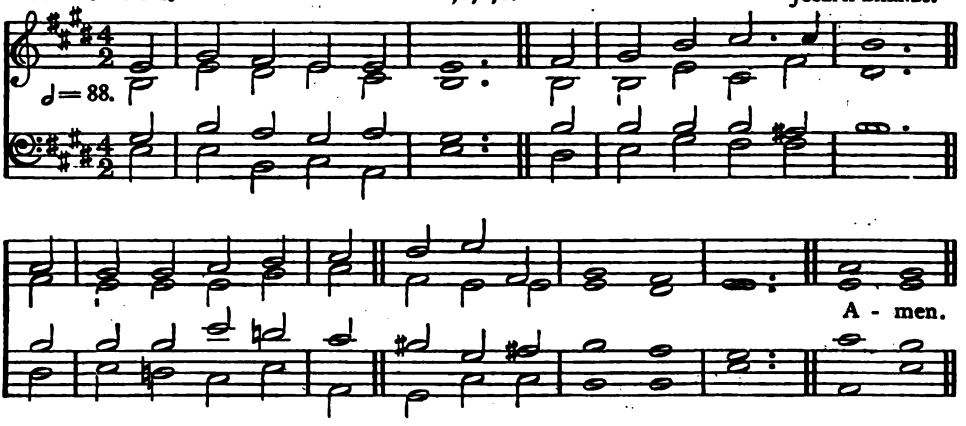
f AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

mf As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

mf As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
f All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 *p* Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cres And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
mf Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 *f* In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
ff There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

VIA CRUCIS. 6,6,6,6. JOSEPH BARNBY.

32

" The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

1 *mf* GOD from on high hath heard;
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of peace!

2 *mf* Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The hosts of heaven proclaim
f "God comes on earth to dwell!"

3 *mf* Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of grace:
dim A manger-bed, a Child
Is all the eye can trace.

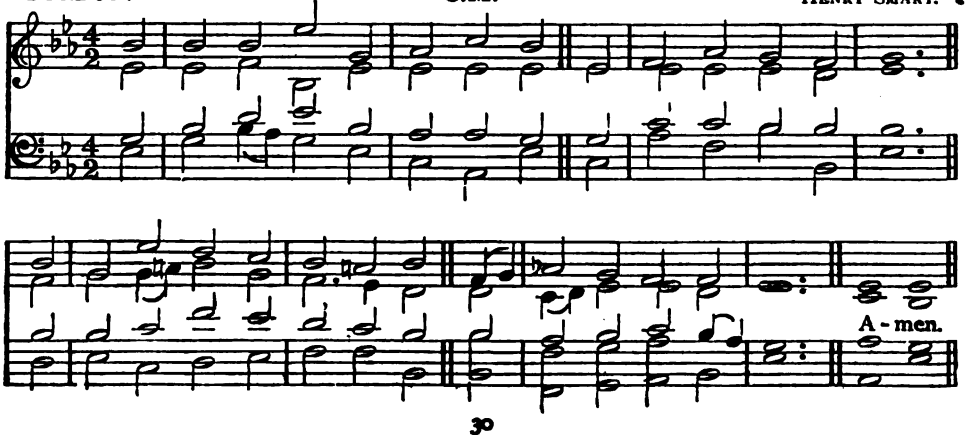
4 *mf* Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this th' eternal Son?
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father one?

5 *cres* Yes, faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now,
f And hails Him God and Lord,
To whom all creatures bow.

6 *mf* Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where angels evermore
p Adoring tremble still,
cres And trembling still adore.

7 *mf* O Child! Thy silence speaks
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

8 *mf* Fill us with holy love;
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
cres Be born within our hearts,
f And ever there abide. Amen.

GORDON. C.M. HENRY SMART.

33

"The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings."

1 *f* HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

2 *mf* On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 *f* He comes, the prisoners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

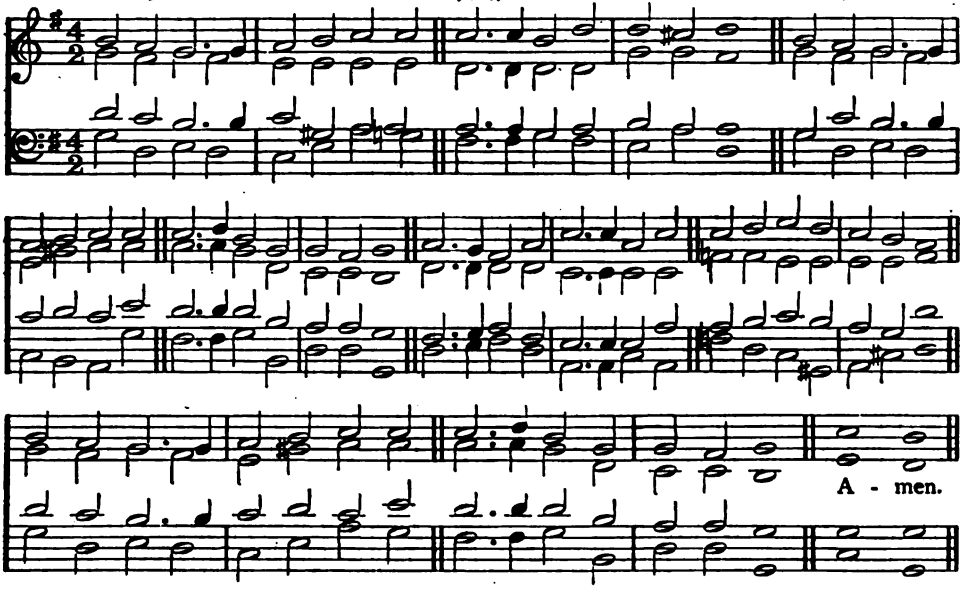
4 *mf* He comes, from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 *p* He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
cres And with the treasures of His grace
Enrich the humble poor.

6 *mf* The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
And Israel is restored.

7 *f* Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
ff And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honoured name.

Amen.

FALFIELD, or FORMOSA. 8,7,8,7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

34

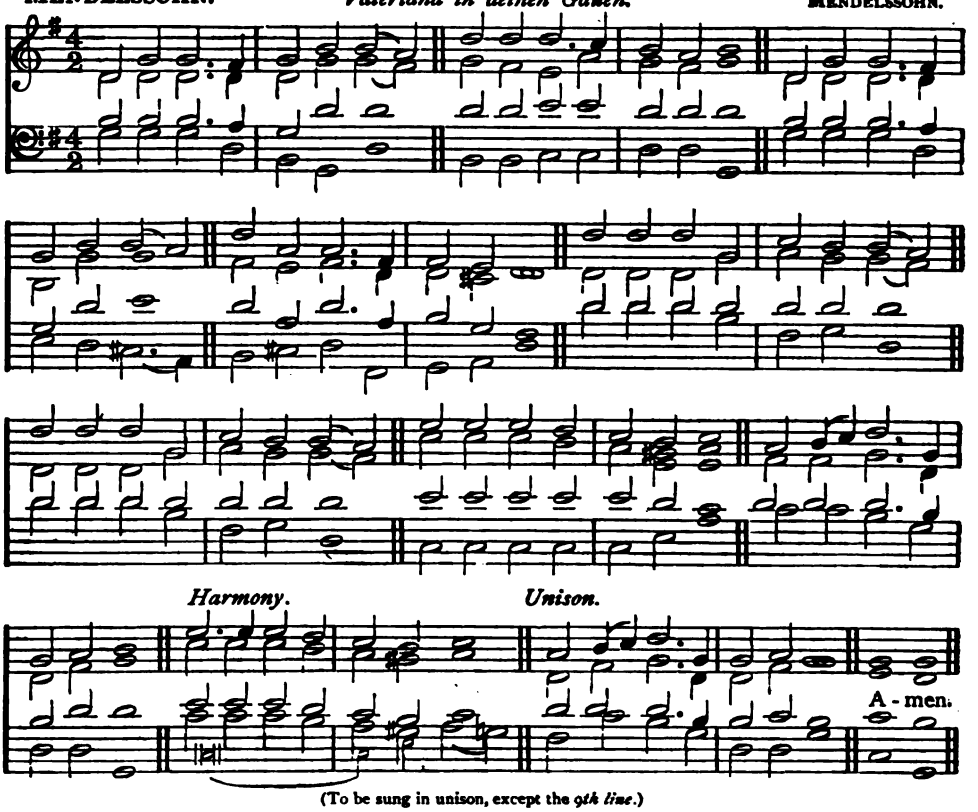
"Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."

1 *p* HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding in the skies?
cres Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
mf Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
f "Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

2 *p* "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
cres Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
f Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 *mf* "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
f 'Glory be to God most high!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory
cres Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

7,7,7,7. D.

MENDELSSOHN. *Vaterland in deinen Gauen.* MENDELSSOHN.

(To be sung in unison, except the *9th line.*)

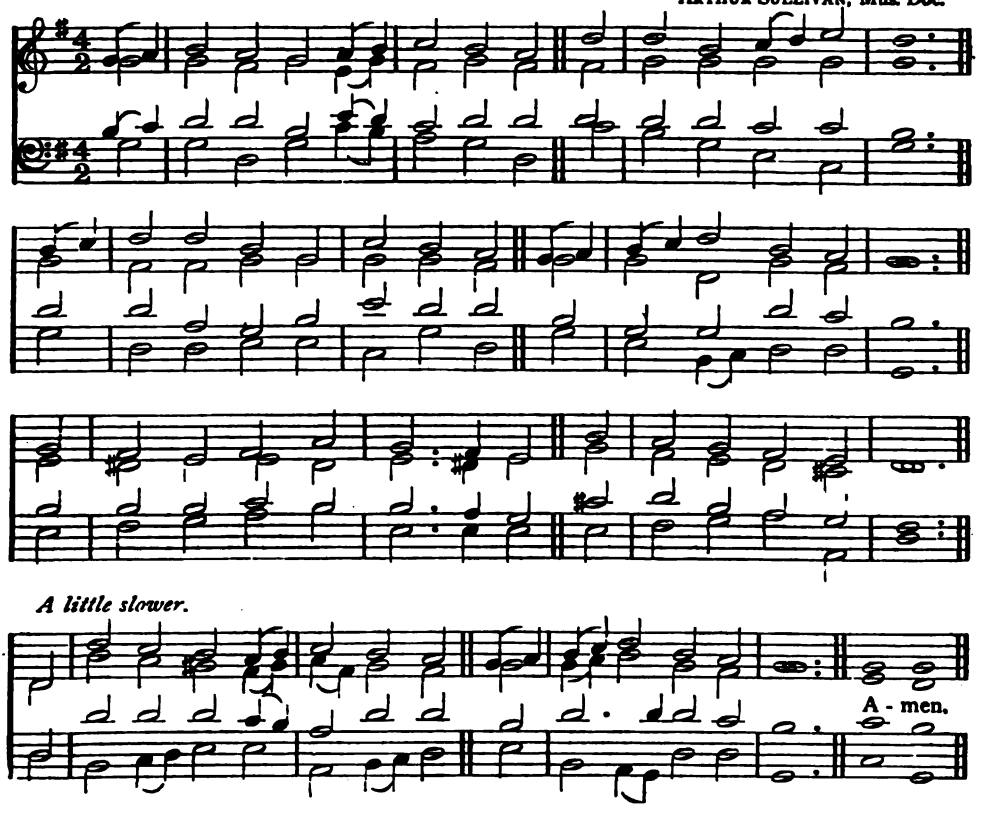
35

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

1 *f* HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
p Peace on earth and mercy mild,
cres God and sinners reconciled!"
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

2 *f* Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
dim Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
cres Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell
Jesus, our Immanuel!
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King"

3 *f* Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
p Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
cres Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King." Amen.

NOËL. C.M. D. Traditional Air re-arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

36 *"In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth."*

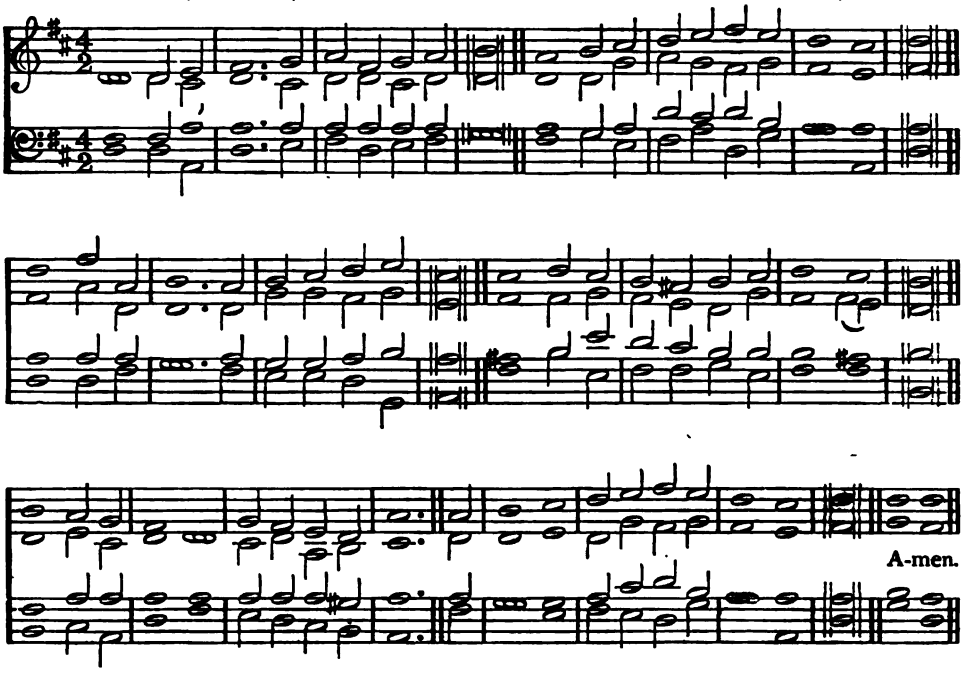
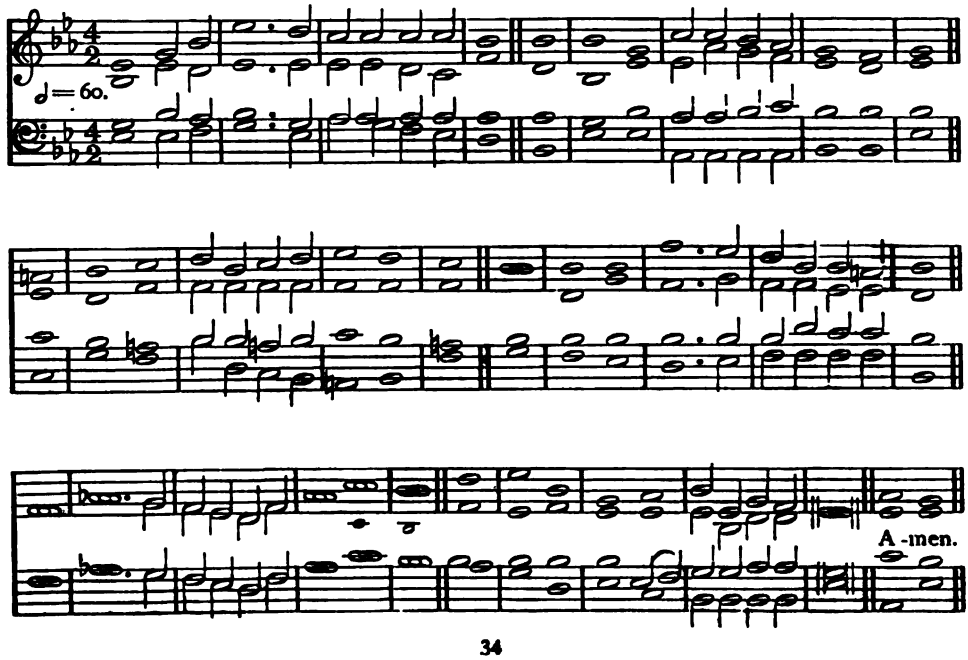
1 *f* IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
mf "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 *mf* Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
cres And still their heavenly music floats
dim O'er all the weary world;
p Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
cres And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 *p* But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring;
pp Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 *p* And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
cres Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
f Oh! rest beside the weary road,
dim And hear the angels sing!

5 *mf* For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
cres When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
ff And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

YORKSHIRE (*1st Tune*). 10,10,10,10,10,10. R. WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE (*2nd Tune*). 10,10,10,10,10,10. Sir JOHN GOSS.

37 *"Unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."*

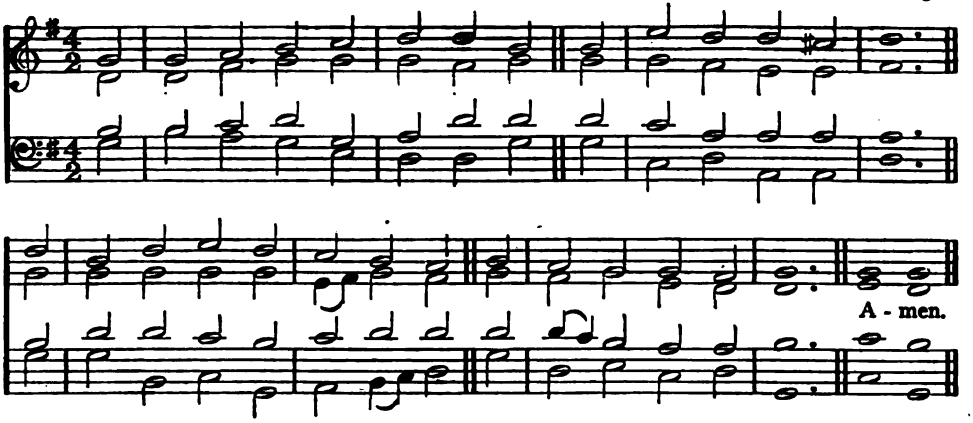
1 *f* CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn [born;
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 *f* Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, ["Behold,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,—
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations of the earth:
cres This day hath God fulfilled His promised word, [Lord."
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the

3 *f* He spake: and straightway the celestial choir [spire;
In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still, [will.
dim Peace upon earth, and unto men good-

4 *mf* Oh, may we keep and ponder in our mind [kind;
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-
p Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss, [cross;
From His poor manger to the bitter
cres Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

5 *f* Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among, [song:
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant
He that was born upon this joyful day
cres Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
ff Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

DUNFERMLINE C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

38 *"The people which sat in darkness saw great light."*

1 *f* THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light:
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
dim In death's surrounding night.

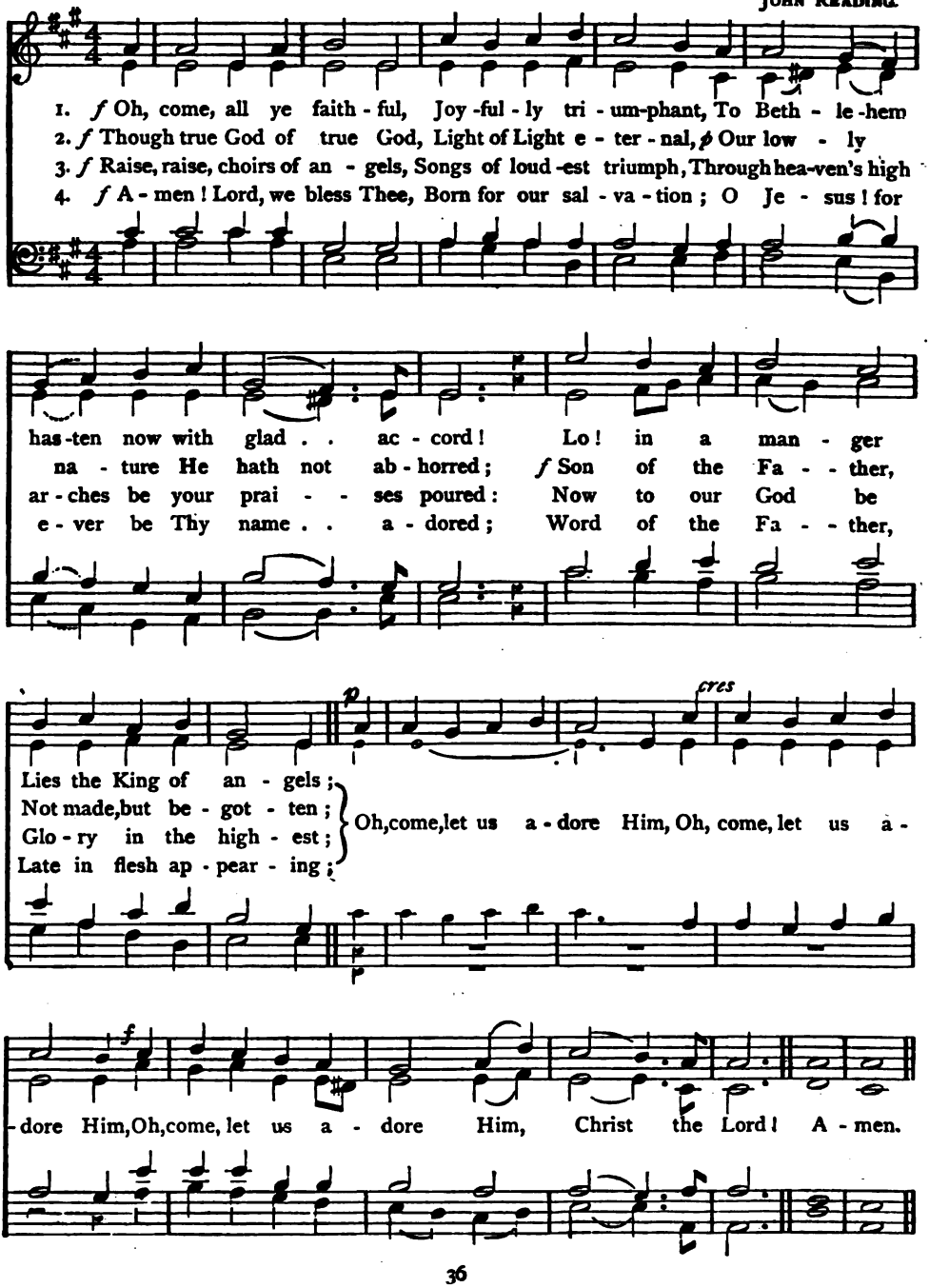
2 *f* To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

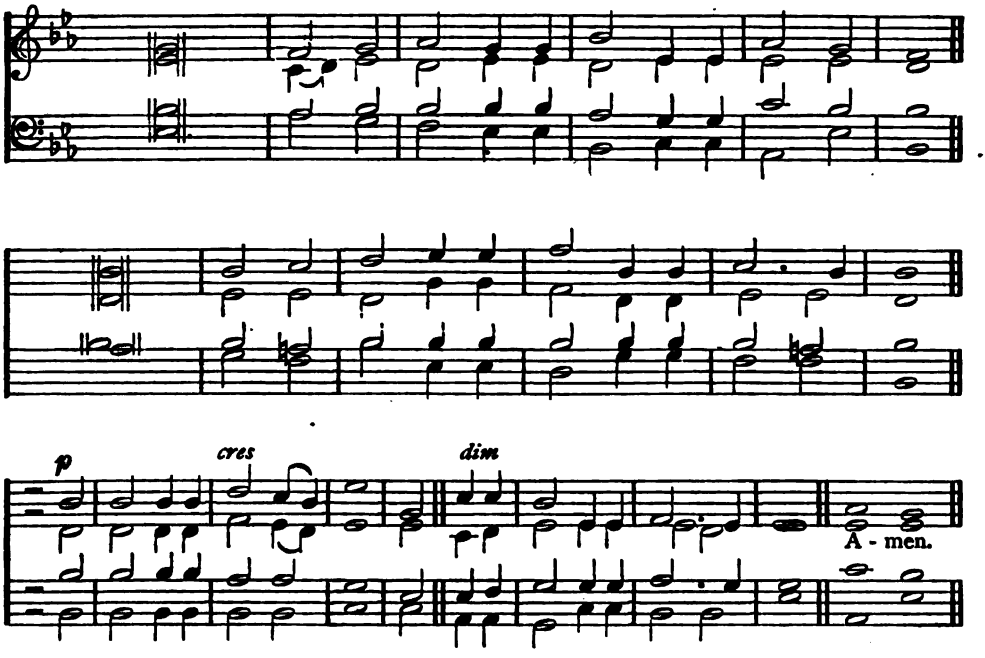
3 *f* To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 *mf* His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
cres The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
f The great and mighty Lord.

5 *f* His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. Amen.

ADESTE FIDELES. 6,6,11,5,6,10.

39 *"Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."*
JOHN READING.

1. f Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - um - phant, To Beth - le - hem
2. f Though true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, p Our low - ly
3. f Raise, raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud - est triumph, Through hea-ven's high
4. f A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; O Je - sus! for
has - ten now with glad . . ac - cord! Lo! in a man - ger
na - ture He hath not ab - horred; f Son of the Fa - - ther,
ar - ches be your prai - - ses poured: Now to our God be
e - ver be Thy name . . a - dored; Word of the Fa - - ther,
p
cres
Lies the King of an - gels;
Not made, but be - got - ten;
Glo - ry in the high - est;
Late in flesh ap - pear - ing;
Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a -
f
- dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

HOLY NATIVITY. 5,5,8,5,5,8,8,8. A. CROIL FALCONER.

40

"There was no room for them in the inn."

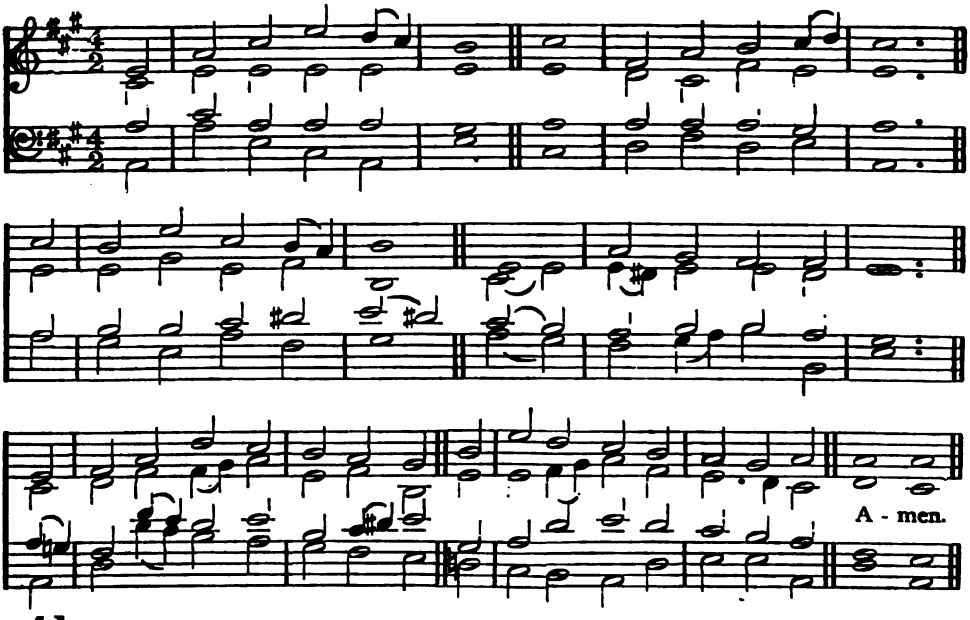
1 *mf* THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy | kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
p But in Bethlehem's home
Was there | found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
cres Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

2 *f* Heaven's arches rang
When the | angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
mf But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, | Lord, on earth,
p And in great humility:
cres Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

3 *mf* The foxes found rest,
And the | birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
p But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou | Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
cres Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim There is room in my heart for Thee!

4 *mf* Thou camest, Lord,
With the | living word,
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with | crown of thorn,
pp They bore Thee to Calvary:
cres Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
dim Thy cross is my only plea!

5 *mf* When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her | choir shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying | "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
cres And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
f When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

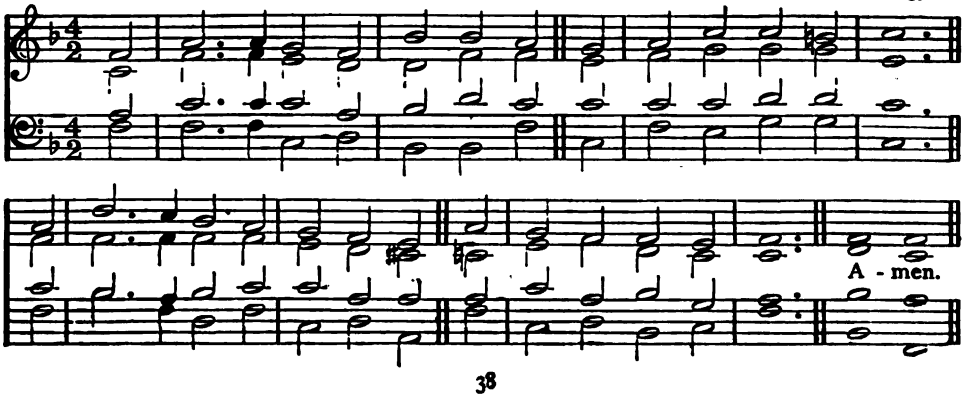
HOLLYBOURNE. 6,6,6,6,8,8. HENRY SMART.

41

"Lo, this is our God."

1 *mf* LO, God, our God, has come!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the glorious morn!
cres Oh, happy, lowly, lofty birth,
f Now God, our God, has come to earth!

2 *mf* Rejoice, our God has come!
In love and lowliness
The Son of God has come
The sons of men to bless.
cres God with us now descends to dwell,
f God in our flesh, Immanuel.

3 *f* Praise ye the Word made flesh!
True God, true man is He.
Praise ye the Christ of God!
To Him all glory be.
cres Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain!
ff Praise ye the King who comes to reign! Amen.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

42

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

1 *mf* WHILE humble shepherds watched their flocks
In Bethlehem's plains by night,
An angel sent from heaven appeared,
cres And filled the plains with light.

2 *f* "Fear not," he said (*p* for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
f "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

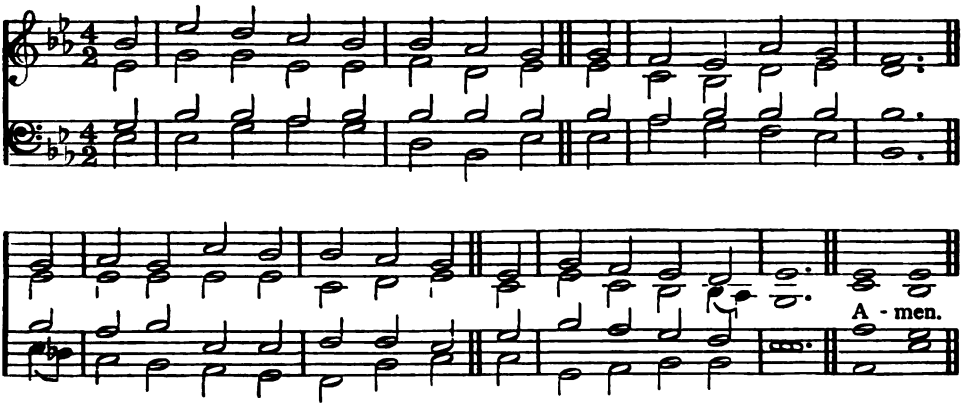
3 *mf* "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 *mf* "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed, [bands,
dim All meanly wrapped in swaddling-
And in a manger laid."

5 *mf* Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 *f* "All glory be to God on high,
p And to the earth be peace;
cres Good-will is shown by Heaven to men,
f And never more shall cease." Amen.

II.—HIS NAMES AND TITLES.

ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.

43

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

1 *mf* HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
p It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
cres And drives away his fear.

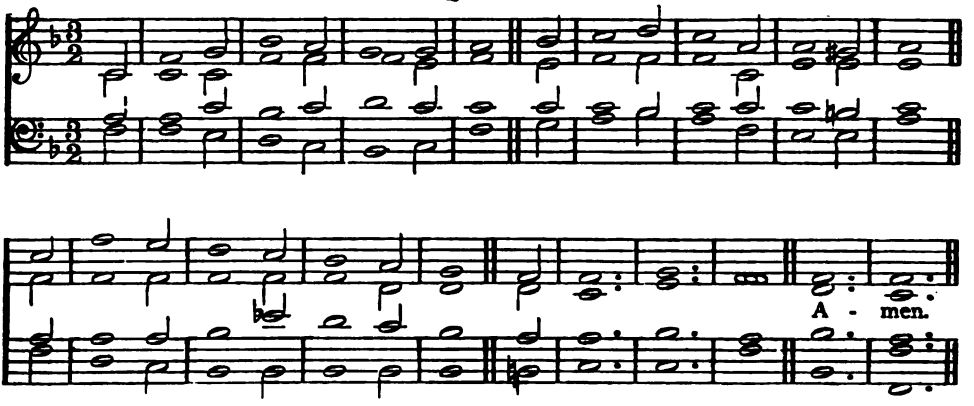
2 *p* It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 *mf* Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 *f* Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 *mf* Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cres But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 *mf* Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
dim Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

WIMBLEDON. 8,8,8,4. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

44

"Ye are complete in Him.'

1 *p* JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 *p* Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
cres Thou art my Strength.

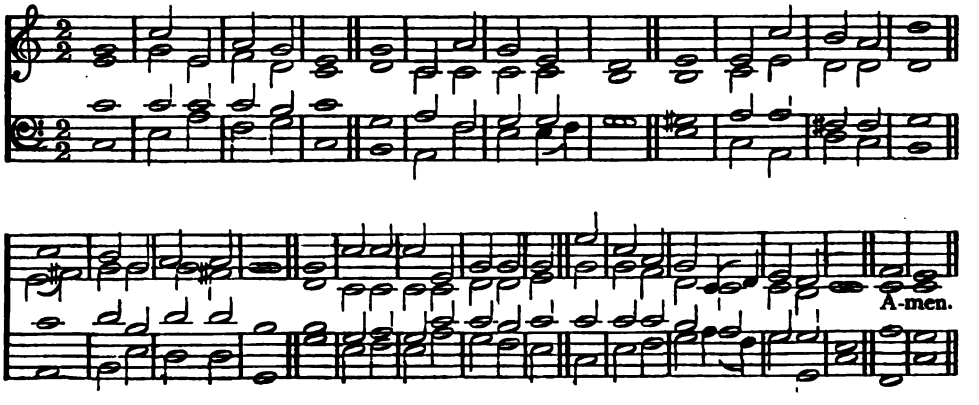
3 *p* I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
cres Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
f Thou art my Light.

4 *mf* When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
dim Thou art my Peace.

5 *p* Vain is all human help for me;
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
cres My sole reliance is on Thee:
Thou art my Hope.

6 *pp* Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
cres Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
f Thou art my Life.

7 *mf* Thou wilt my every want supply
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
cres Through life, in death, eternally,
ff Thou art my All. Amen.

ST. MILDRED. 6,6,6,6,8,8. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

45

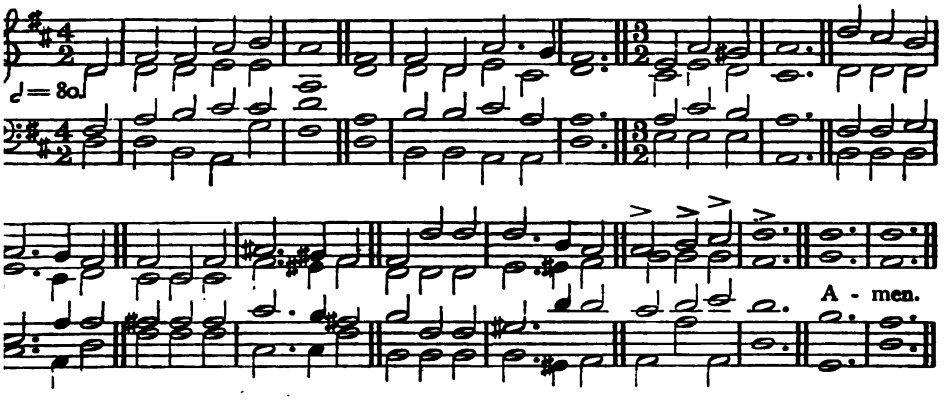
"His name shall be called Wonderful."

1 *mf* JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 *mf* Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
res The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

3 *mf* Jesus, my great High Priest,
p Offered His blood and died;
cres My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
f His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 *mf* My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
dim In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
Amen.

ST. GABRIEL. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. Rev. EDWARD SEYMOUR.

46

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd."

1 *mf* SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
f Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
Hither our children bring,
ff To shout Thy praise.

2 *mf* Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
p Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
cres Thou mightest save our race,
f And give us life.

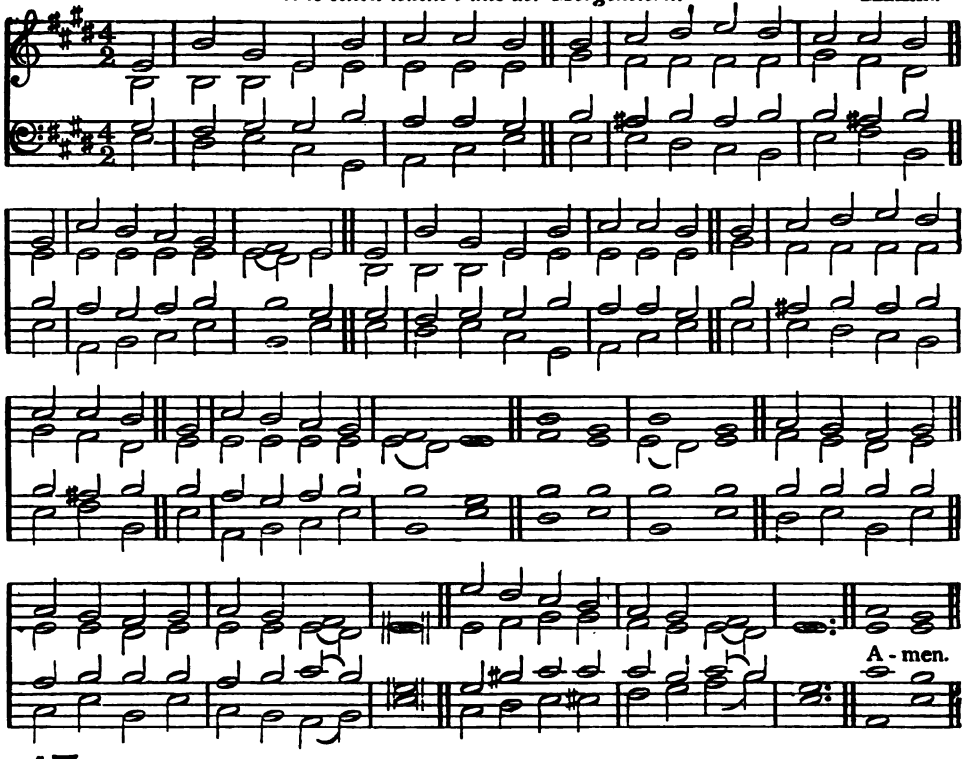
3 *mf* O wisdom's great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
p While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain;
cres Help Thou dost not disdain,
f Help from above.

4 *mf* Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
The way Thyself hast trod,
Lead us to Thine abode;
f Make our faith strong.

5 *mf* So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
cres Unite to swell the song
ff To Christ our King. Amen.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

8,8,7,8,8,7,4,4,4,4,8.

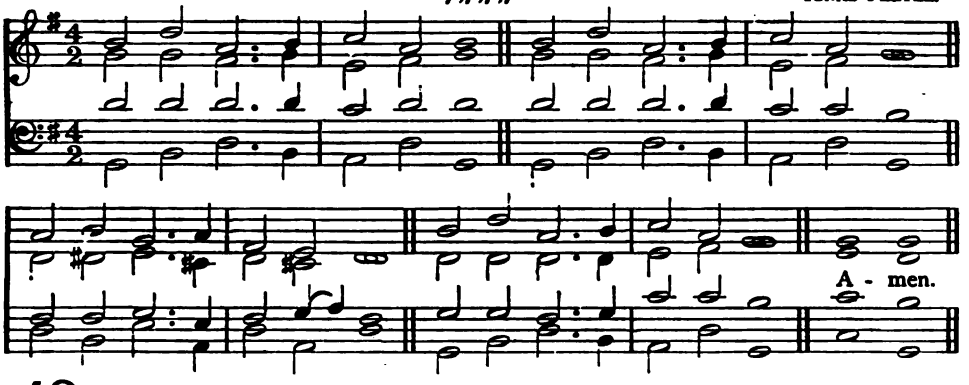
MORNING STAR. *Wie schön leucht't uns der Morgenstern.* GERMAN.

47 *"I am . . . the bright and morning star."*

1 *mf* HOW brightly shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine springs from afar!
God's glory there is shining. [night,
Bright Beam of God! which scatters
And guides the wandering soul aright
Which after truth is pining.
Jesus! God's Word!
Truth revealing,
p Sorrow healing,
Soothe our sighing,
Dry our tears, and end our dying.

2 *mf* My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's Son, Son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
cres With my whole heart Thy praise I sing;
To Thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Be endless honours given.
p Saviour, to Thee,
Trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing
cres Soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

3 *mf* Aid me, my God, to sing Thy praise,
Thine ageless love, Thy matchless grace,
In Christ our Lord appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,
When such a brother true is He,
cres Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose Him, know Him,
Greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest,
To befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

4 *f* To Him who conquered death and hell,
To Him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout heaven's great forever.
cres Praise to the Lamb that once was slain!
Glory to Him who bore our pain
Flow on, an endless river!
ff Earth and heaven,
Creatures lowly,
Angels holy—
Join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.
Amen.

GERMAN HYMN. 7,7,7,7. IGNAZ PLEYEL.

48

"They shall call His name Immanuel."

1 *mf* SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
dim To His birth, and cross, and shame.

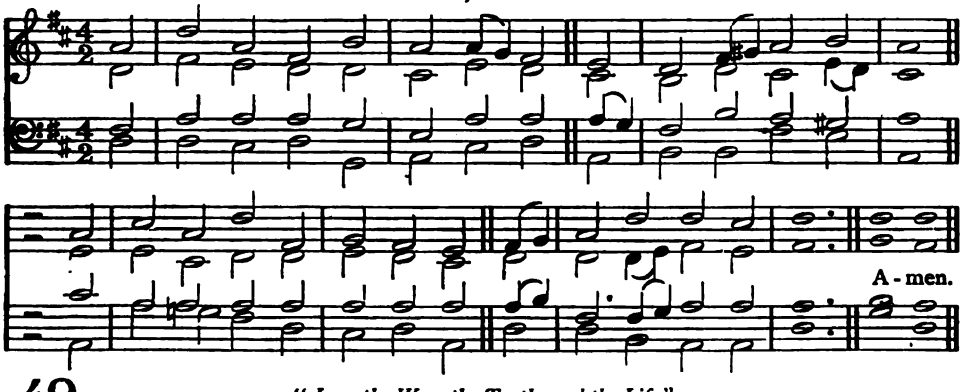
2 *mf* When He came, the angels sung
"Glory be to God on high!"
cres Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 *p* Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
pp Bleed and suffer in my room,—
cres And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 *mf* No! I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
f Sure the very stones would speak.

5 *mf* O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
cres Every precious name in one—
f I will love Thee without end! Amen.

C.M.

DEVONSHIRE. *Die Ernt' ist da, es winkt der Halm.* GERMAN.

49

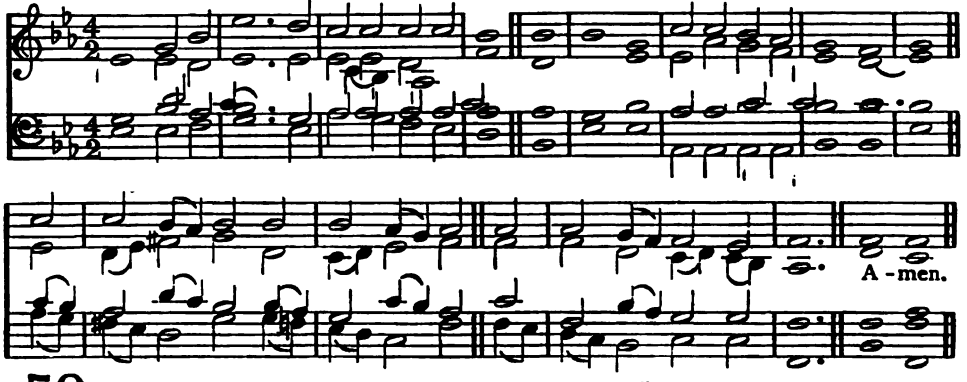
"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

1 *mf* THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 *mf* Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 *f* Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 *mf* Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
cres Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

BURTON AGNES. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

50

"A name which is above every name."

1 *mf* THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 *mf* It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
cres It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 *mf* It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
p And, though I tread a darksome path,
cres Yields sunshine all the way.

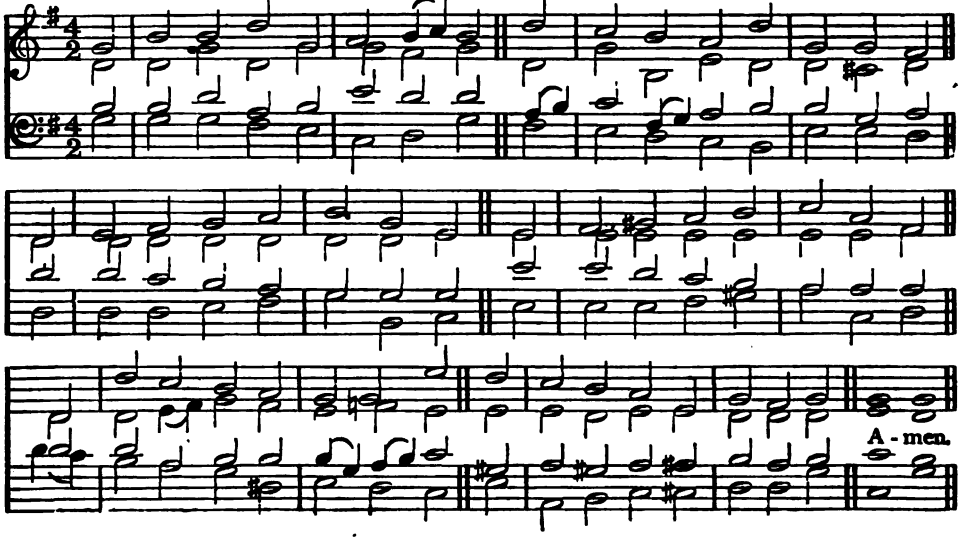
4 *mf* It tells of One whose loving heart
p Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 *mf* It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
p It tells me in a still small voice
cres To trust and never fear.

6 *mf* Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

7 *mf* This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
cres Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

8 *mf* And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me. Amen.

BICKLEY. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

51

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

mf O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
cres At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
mf That youth may love, and age adore.

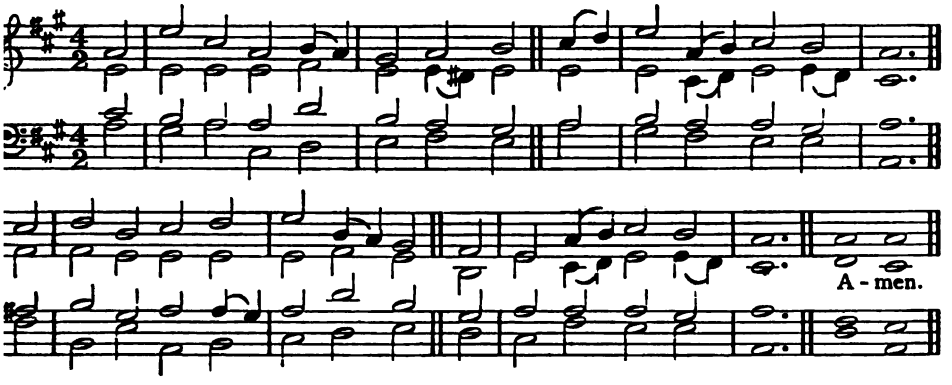
mf O Way, through whom our souls draw near
cres To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
dim And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

mf O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cres Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 *mf* O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
cres Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
f Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
mf In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cres Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 *f* O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
dim Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
mf Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
cres Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
f Lord of the living and the dead!
Amen.

III.—HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

ST. STEPHEN. C.M. Rev. W. JONES.

52

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."

mf BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around!
Men once, like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

mf Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Pursue the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

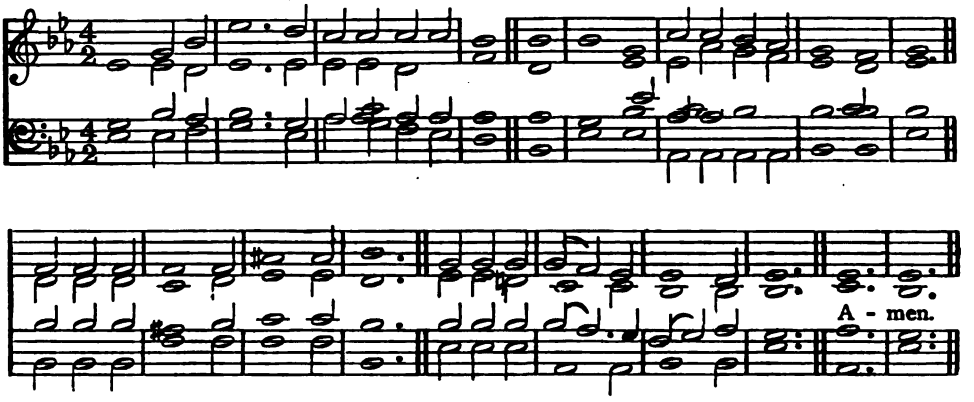
f Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path!
Jesus, at once the Finisher
And Author of our faith.

4 *mf* He, for the joy before Him set,
So generous was His love,
p Endured the cross, despised the shame,
cres And now He reigns above.

5 *mf* If He the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom He died
To murmur or complain?

6 *f* Then let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore. Amen.

HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



53 *"That I may know the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death."*

1 *mf* HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?

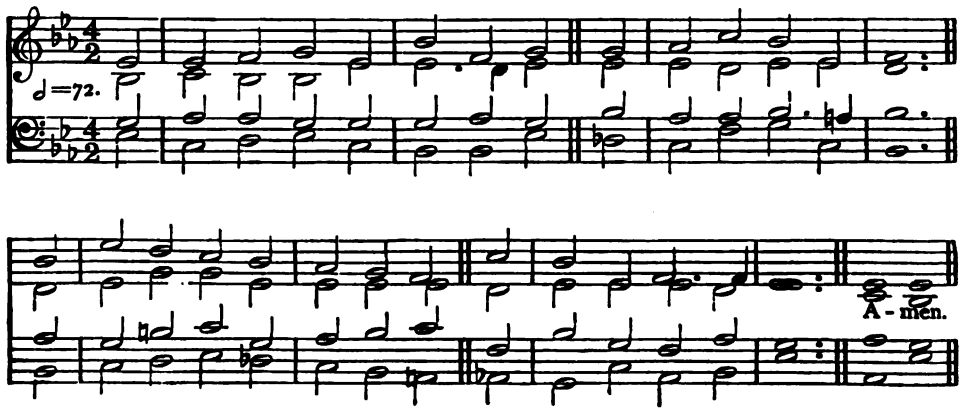
2 *p* Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 *mf* 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
cres Until the perfect work was done,
dim And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

4 *p* Lord, should my path through suffering
Forbid that I should e'er repine; [lie,
Still let me turn to Calvary,
dim Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 *p* To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
cres And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

6 *mf* Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
p Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
f But Thou canst give the victory.
Amen.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

54

"Come, take up the cross, and follow Me."

mf LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

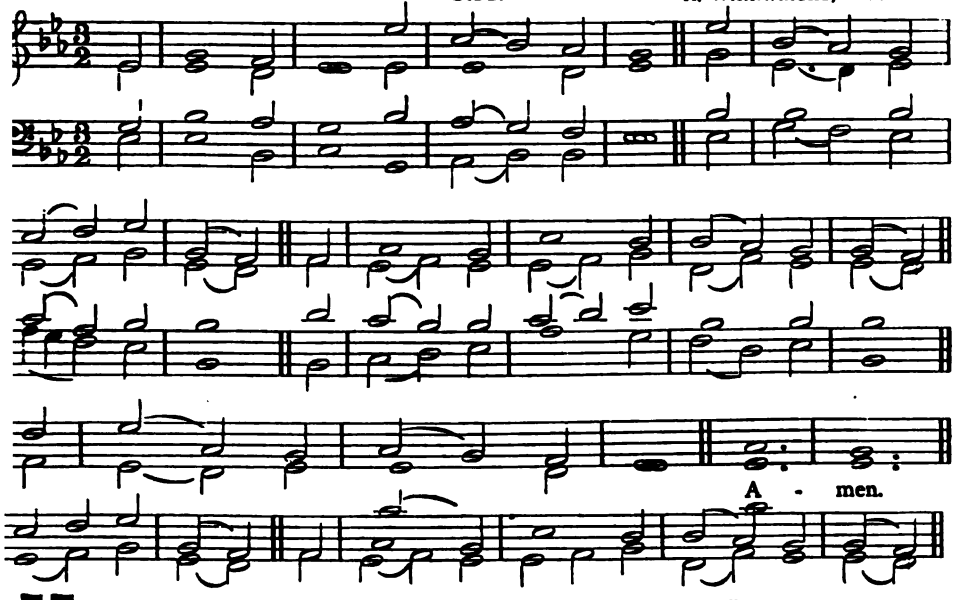
mf Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

mf Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
res And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 *p* If joy shall at Thy bidding fly
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
pp "Father! Thy will be done."

5 *p* Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
cres Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 *mf* Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cres Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

MANCHESTER. C.M. R. WAINWRIGHT, Mus. Doc.

55

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

mf YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.

mf Though in the form of God He was,
His only Son declared,
Nor to be equally adored
As robbery did regard;—

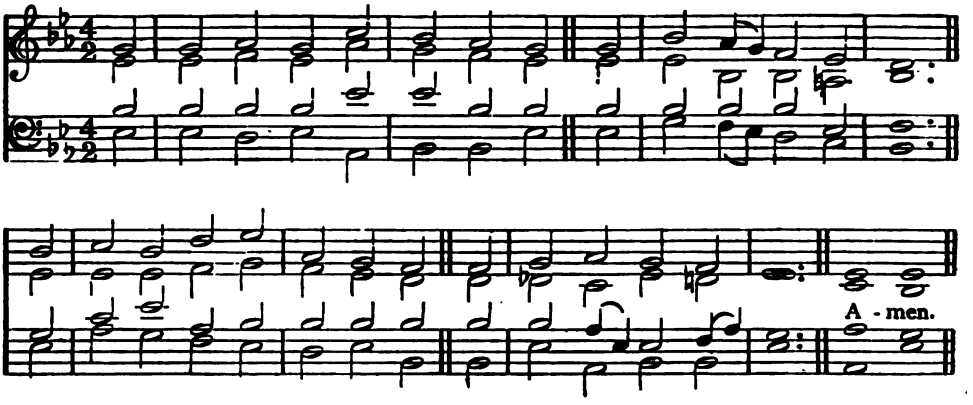
p His greatness He for us abased,
For us His glory veiled;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
His majesty concealed.

p Nor only as a man appears,
But stoops a servant low,
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
pp In all its shame and woe.

5 *cres* Hence God this generous love to men
With honours just hath crowned,
And raised the name of Jesus far
Above all names renowned:

6 *mf* That at this name, with sacred awe,
Each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
And nations spread below;

7 *f* That all the prostrate powers of hell
Might tremble at His word,
And every tribe and every tongue
Confess that He is Lord. Amen.

CALLCOTT. C.M. J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus. Doc.

56 *"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same."*

1 *mf* OH! mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 *mf* This robe of flesh the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
p These tears the Lord did weep.

3 *mf* Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

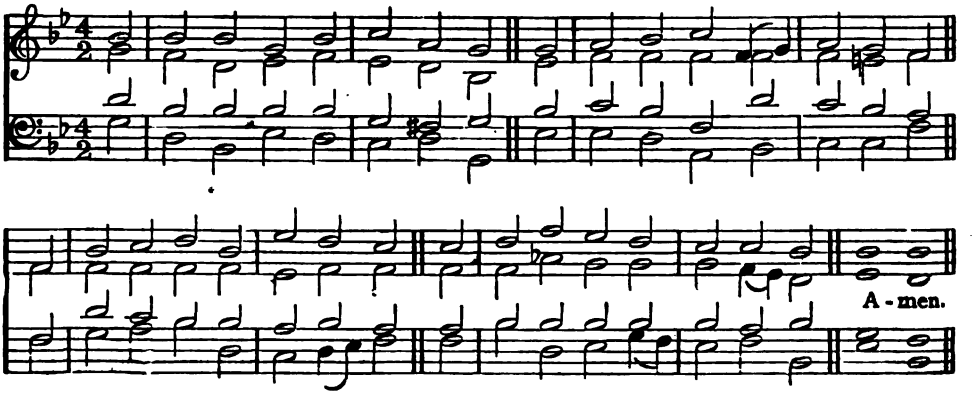
4 *mf* But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 *mf* We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share;
cres Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 *mf* Thou who wast clothèd in our clay
p And stricken in our stead,
cres Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
Thy joy on us wilt shed.

7 *f* Oh, mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
Oh, mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine! Amen.

L.M.

BRESLAU. *Herr Jesu Christ, mein's Leben's Licht.* GERMAN.

57 *"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."*

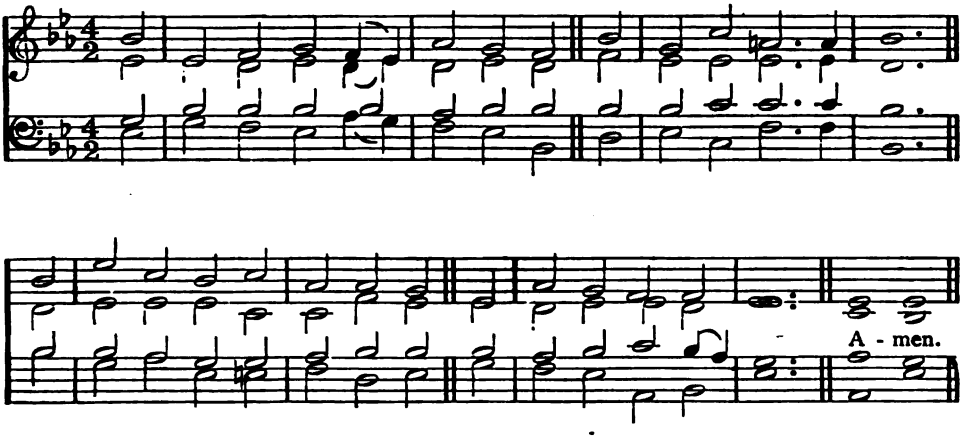
1 *mf* "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."

2 *mf* Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
cres His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 *mf* Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
p Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
cres To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 *mf* Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
cres And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 *mf* Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
cres May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

ST. BERNARD. C.M W. RICHARDSON.

58 *"Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not."*

1 *mf* WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
Around Thy steps below! [shone
p What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death and woe!

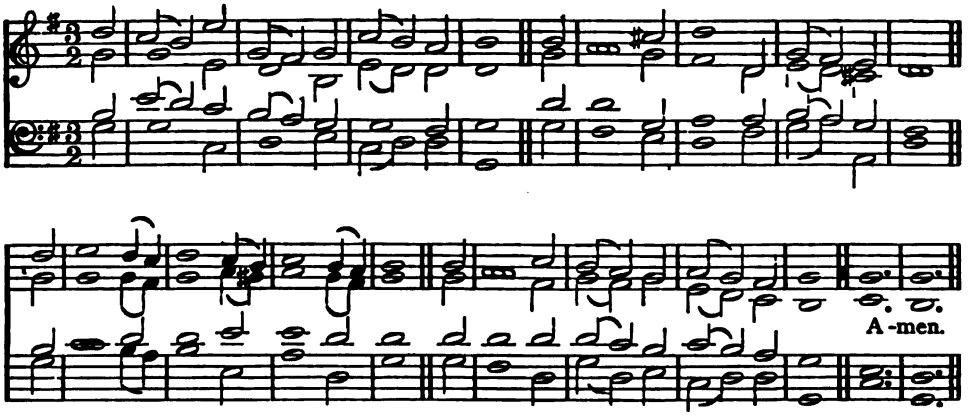
2 *p* For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 *p* Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
cres Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 *mf* Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 *mf* One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

CAREY. L.M. HENRY CAREY.



59 *"He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked."*

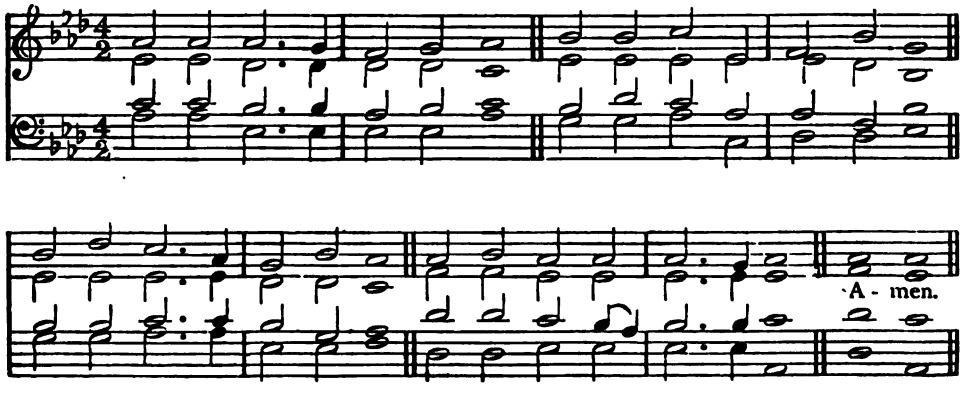
1 *mf* MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But, in Thy life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 *mf* Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 *p* Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
cres Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 *mf* Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
cres Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
Amen.

IV.—HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

ST. BEES. 7,7,7,7. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

60

"Lovest thou Me?"

1 *mf* HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
p "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

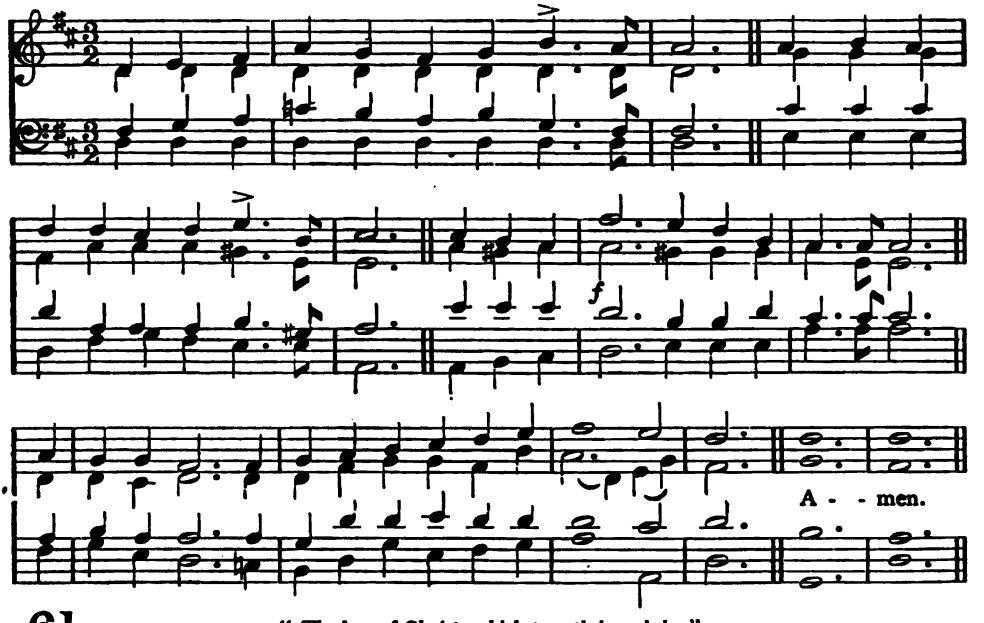
2 *mf* "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
cres Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 *mf* "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be,
cres Yet will I remember thee.

4 *mf* "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
cres Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 *f* "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
p When the work of grace is done;
cres Partner of My throne shalt be:
pp Say, poor sinner, (*cres*) lov'st thou Me?"

6 *mf* Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
cres Yet I love Thee, (*dim*) and adore;
f Oh, for grace to love Thee more!
Amen.

AMOR CHRISTI. 10,10,10,10,4. A. CROIL FALCONER.

61

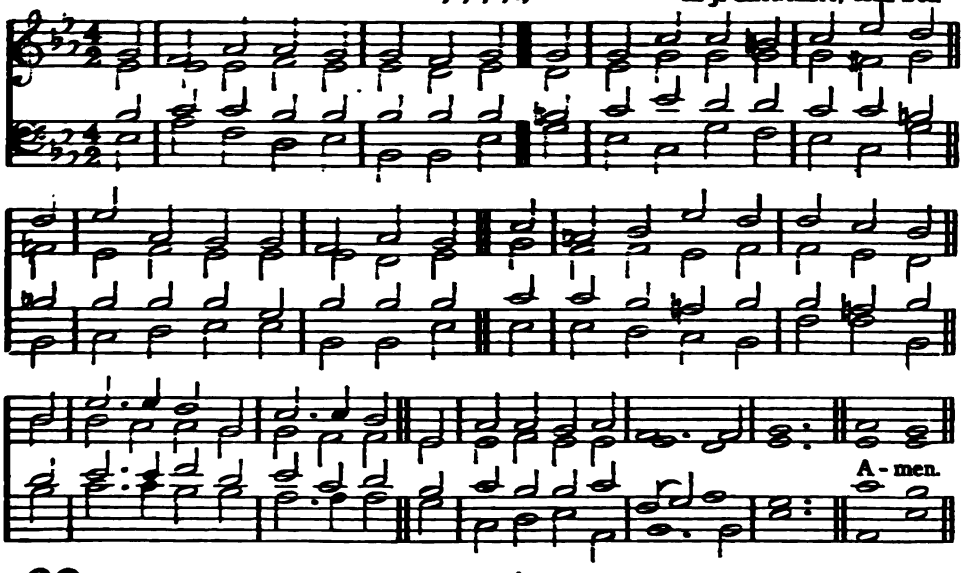
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

1 *mf* IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
dim Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
f Know more and more.

2 *mf* It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! yet these lips of mine
cres Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
dim A love which can remove all guilty fear
f And love beget.

3 *mf* But though I cannot sing or tell or know
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
cres My empty vessel I may freely bring;
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
f My vessel fill.

4 *f* Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above!
cres Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
f But unto Thee. Amen.

IMMANUEL. 8,8,8,8,8,8. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

62

"The love of Christ constraineth me."

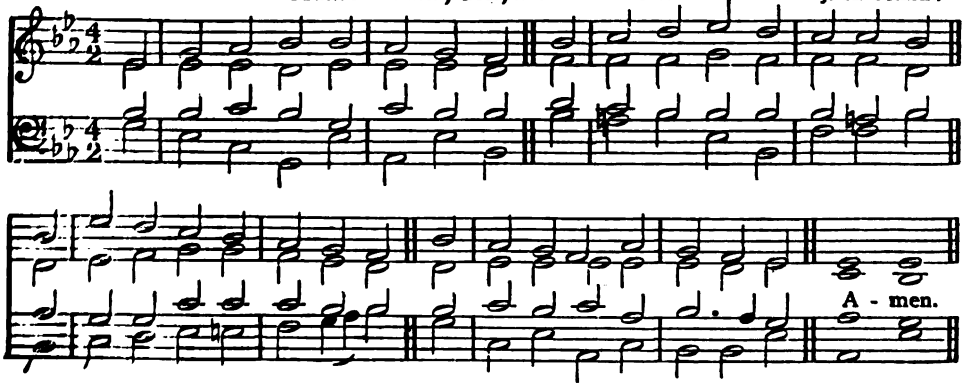
1 *mf* JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
cres Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live;
f Myself to Thee entirely give.

2 *mf* Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
cres Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove,
f May every act, word, thought, be love!

3 *mf* O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
p Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
cres Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
f O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

4 *mf* In suffering, be Thy love my peace,
In weakness, be Thine arm my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
cres And Thou from heaven shalt come at length,
Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
f For ever satisfied with Thee. Amen.

L.M.

EISENACH. *Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt'.* J. H. SCHEIN.

63

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."

1 *mf* OH, love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 *mf* He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

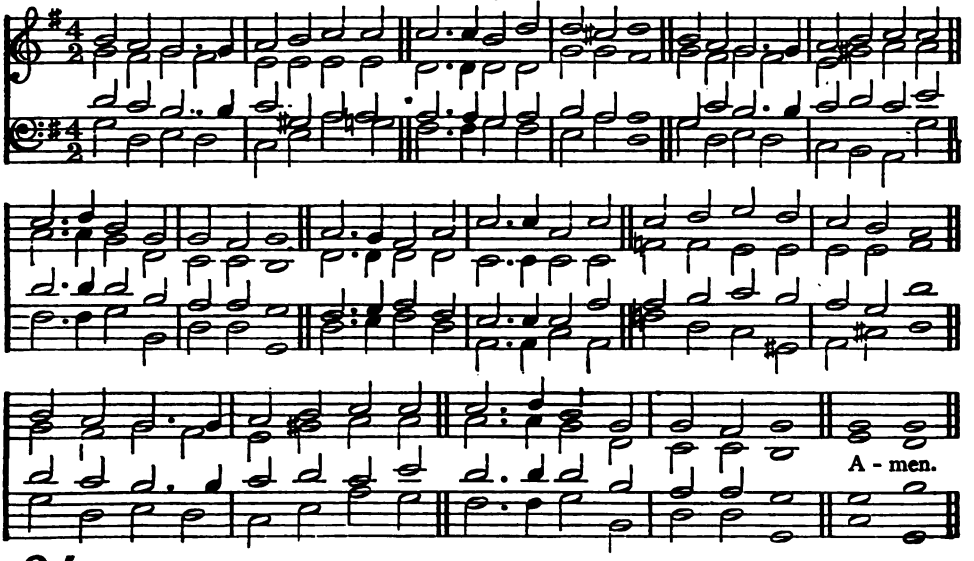
3 *mf* For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
p For us temptations sharp He knew;
cres For us the tempter overthrew.

4 *mf* For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

5 *p* For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
He bore the shameful Cross and death;
pp For us at length gave up His breath.

6 *cres* For us He rose from death again;
f For us He went on high to reign;
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

7 *f* To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

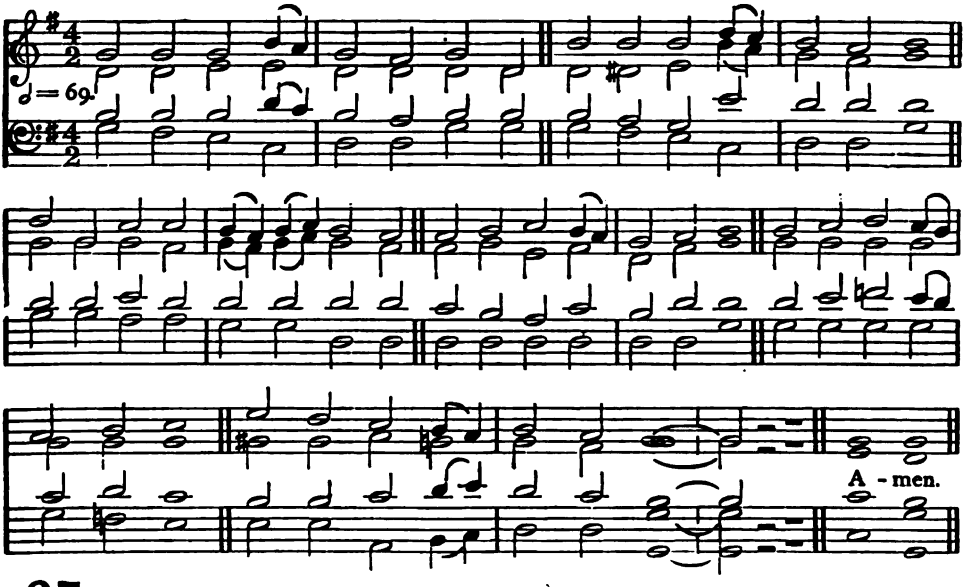
FALFIELD, or FORMOSA. 8,7,8,7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

64

"I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him."

1 *mf* LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
cres Visit us with Thy salvation,
dim Enter every trembling heart.

2 *mf* Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cres Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 *f* Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
cres Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
ff Lost in wonder, love, and praise!
Amen.

GOUNOD. 8,7,8,7,7,7. CH. GOUNOD.

65

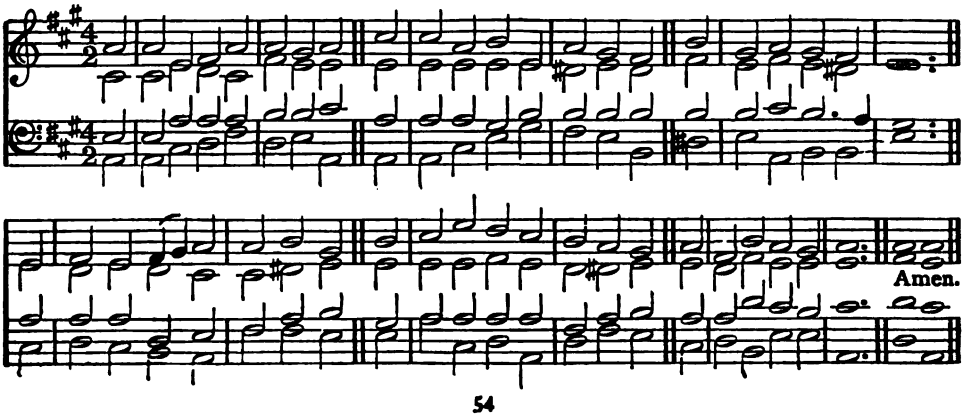
"A friend loveth at all times."

1 *mf* ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
cres They who once His kindness prove
f Find it everlasting love.

2 *mf* Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
p But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
cres This was boundless love indeed;
f Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 *mf* Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 *p* Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
cres But, when home our souls are brought,
f We shall love Thee as we ought.
Amen.

PURLEIGH (*1st Tune*). 8,8,6,8,8,6. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE (*2nd Tune*). 8,8,6,8,8,6. WM. HAYES, Mus. Doc.

66

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

mf O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cres I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
p The love of Christ to me.

mf Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 *mf* God only knows the love of God:
p Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cres For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 *mf* Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
cres My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
f To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
Amen.

NEWCASTLE. 8,6,8,8,6. HENRY L. MORLEY.

67

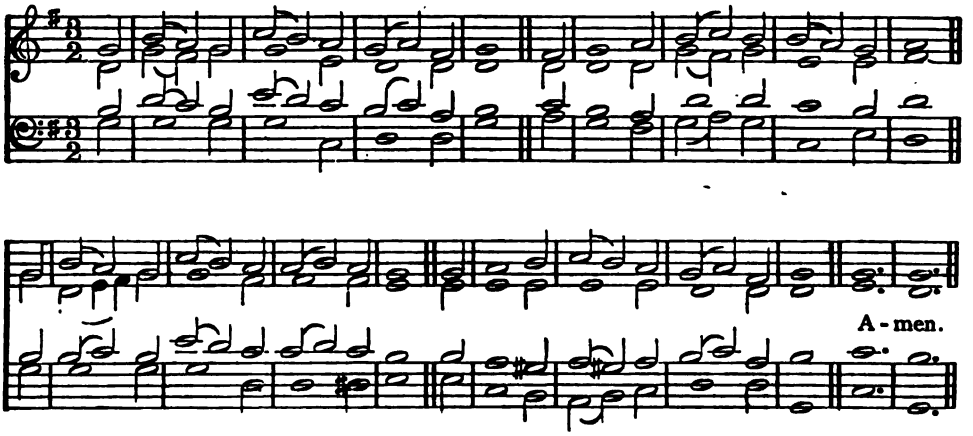
"Behold, what manner of love!"

1 *p* O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
cres And Thine the victory.

mf How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of life, to die? [power,
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's
p Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 *mf* To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,
f And ours the victory.

4 *mf* Oh! make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee. Amen.

ST. ALKMUND. L.M. ANCIENT MELODY.

(See also "Carey," No. 59.)

68 *"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."*

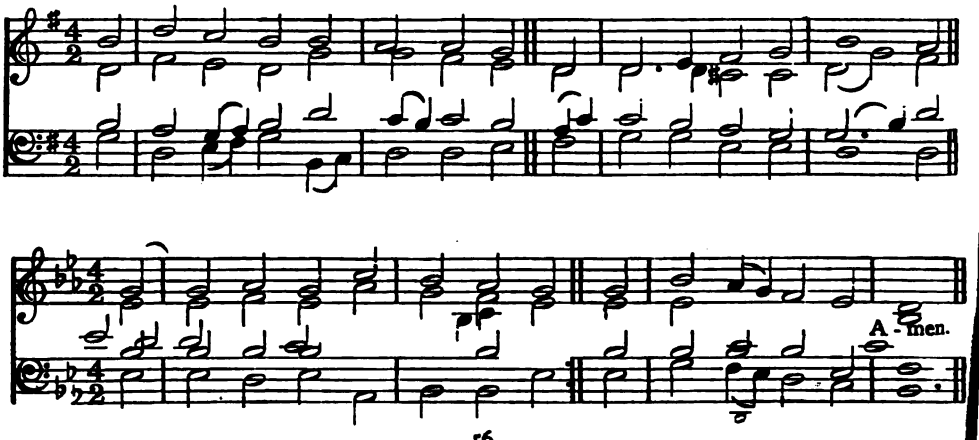
1 *mf* JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 *mf* Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cres To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
f To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 *mf* We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
cres And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 *p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cres Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 *p* O Jesus, ever with us stay, [bright;
Make all our moments calm and
cres Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
Amen.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8,7,8,7 (Iambic). Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

69

"The Lord is my shepherd."

1 *mf* THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.

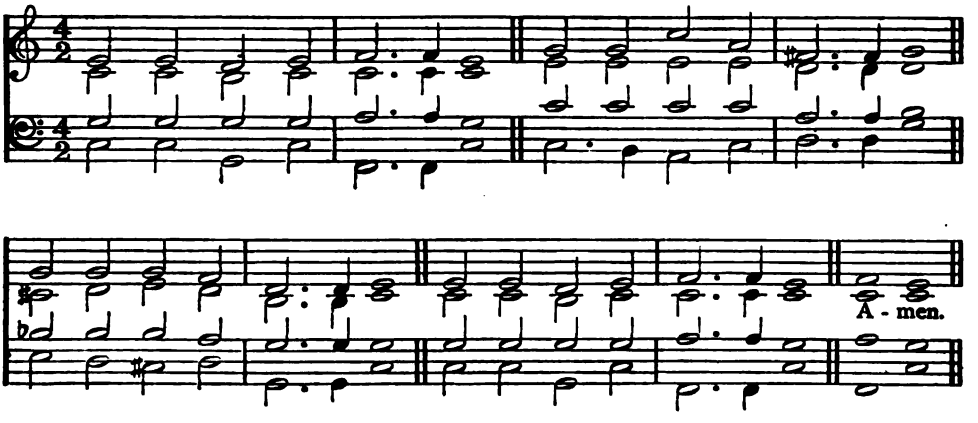
2 *mf* Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 *p* Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed;
cres But yet in love He sought me,
dim And on His shoulder gently laid,
f And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 *p* In death's dark vale I fear no ill
cres With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 *mf* Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 *mf* And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
cres Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
f Within Thy house for ever! Amen.

ST. DUNSTAN. (REDHEAD, 47.) 7,7,7,7. RICHARD REDHEAD.

70

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

1 *p* WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

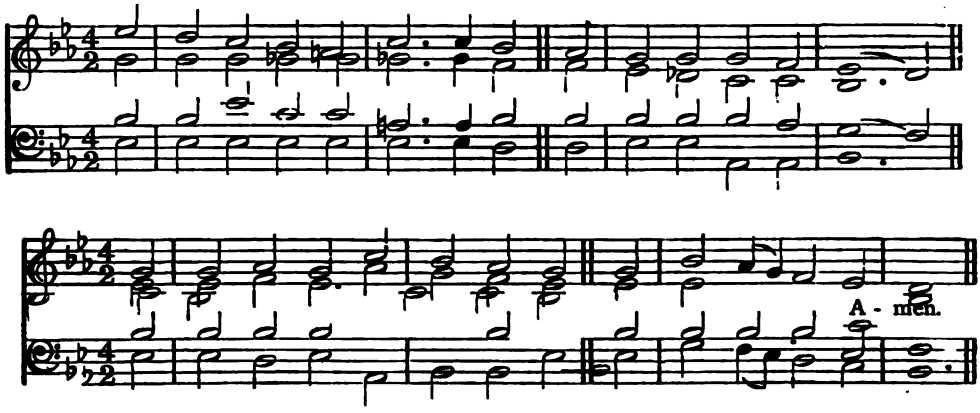
2 *p* Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 *pp* When the hour of death is nigh,
When we breathe our parting sigh,
When our final doom is near,
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 *p* Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed.
Thou hast filled the mortal bier.
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 *p* When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 *p* Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
cres Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
cr & dim Jesus, Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

HOLY TRINITY. C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY.

71 *"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."*

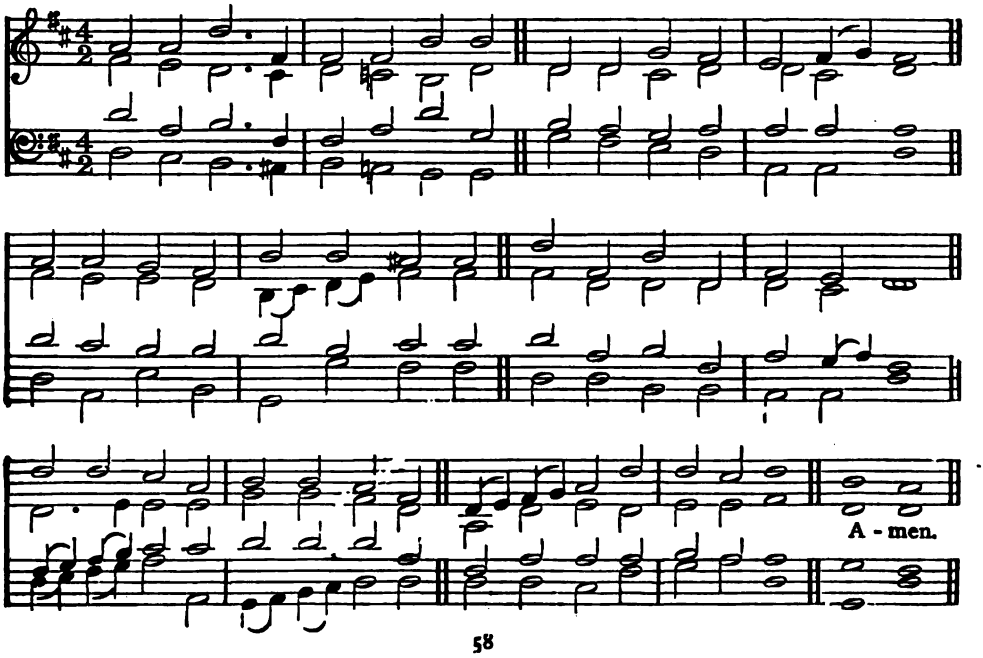
1 *mf* THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 *p* Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
cres The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

3 *mf* There is no secret sigh we breathe,
But meets Thine ear divine;
dim And every cross grows light beneath
p The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 *p* Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
cres But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Amen.

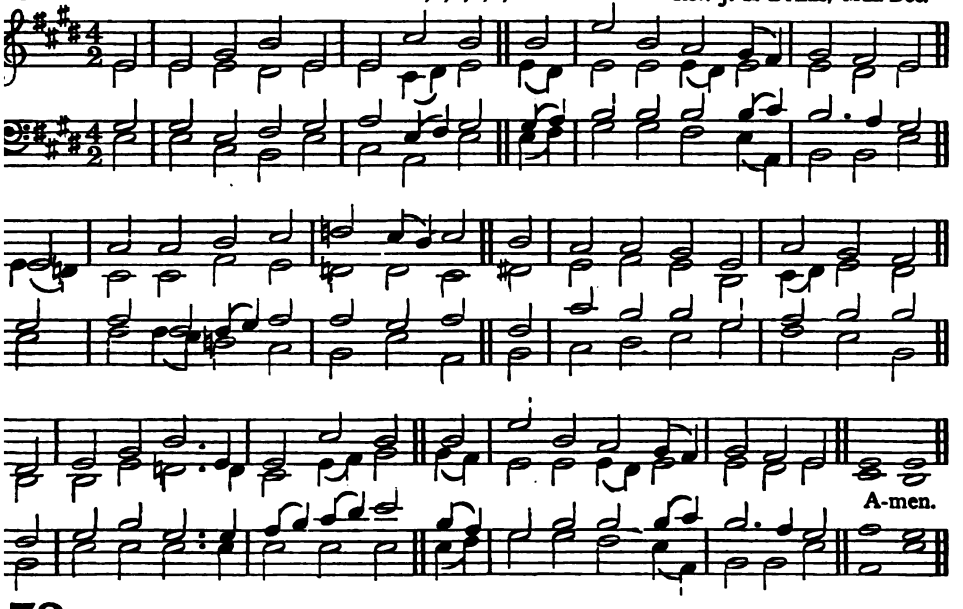
ZAANAIM. 8,7,8,7,4,7. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

72

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

mf SOVEREIGN grace, o'er sin abounding!
Ransomed souls, the tidings swell!
p 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
cres Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell.
mf What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever—
Thus the eternal covenant stands;
cres None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.

3 *mf* Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race began;
To His name eternal praises!
cres Oh, what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one.

4 *mf* On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
p Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
cres "Why, O Lord, such love to me?"
f Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally. Amen.

ST. WERBURGH. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

73

"In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

p WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
mf On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
im Experienced every human pain;
mf He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

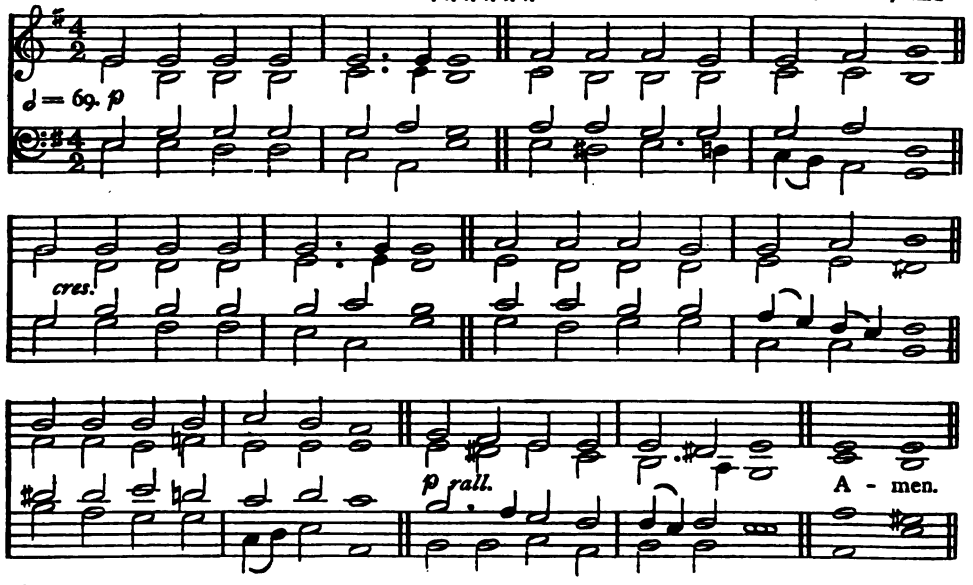
p If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
res Still He, who felt temptation's power,
mf Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

p If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
res He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
p At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 *p* If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The anguish bordering on despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 *p* And, oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
cres Then point to realms of cloudless day,
dim And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

V.—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

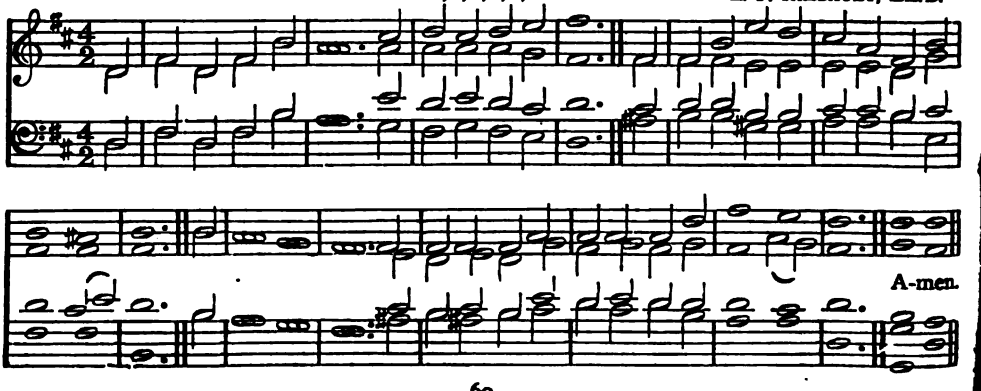
GETHSEMANE. 7,7,7,7,7,7. Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

74 *"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."*

1 *p* GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
cres Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
p Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 *p* Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
cres Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
f Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 *p* Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
cres Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
pp "It is finished!"—hear the cry;
p Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 *p* Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay:
dim All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is risen! He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise! Amen.

DUDLEY. 6,6,6,6,8,8. E. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

75

"He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

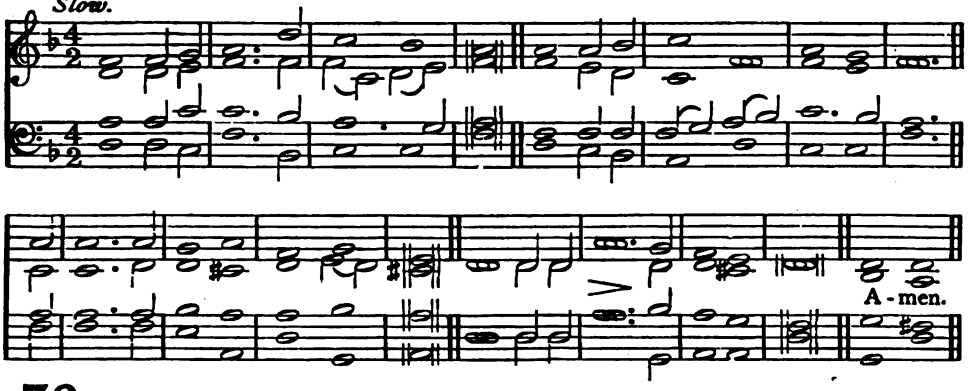
1 *mf* DONE is the work that saves,
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below
cres Is flowing freely to us now.

2 *mf* The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain;
Why stand we then without, in fear?
cres The blood divine invites us near.

3 *mf* The gate is open wide;
The new and living way
Is clear and free and bright,
With love and peace and day.
Into the holiest now we come,
cres Our present and our endless home.

4 *mf* Beside the mercy-seat
The High Priest stands within:
p The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean.
cres With boldness let us now draw near;
f That blood has banished every fear.

5 *f* Then to the Lamb once slain
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore;
Who loved and washed us in His blood,
ff Who made us kings and priests to God! Amen.

ST. CROSS. L.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

76

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.

1 *p* OH, come and mourn with me awhile!
The Saviour calls us to His side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

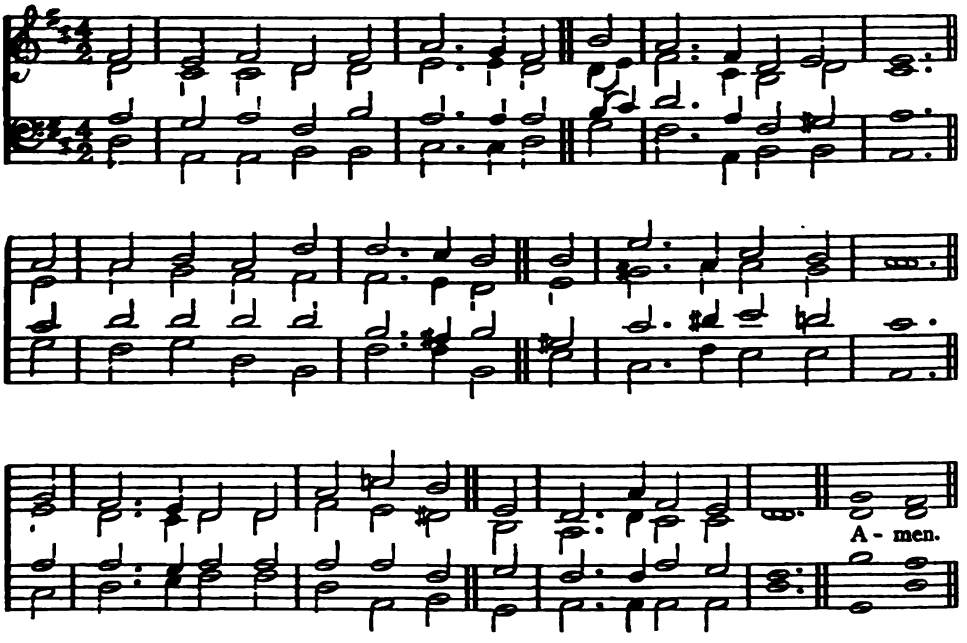
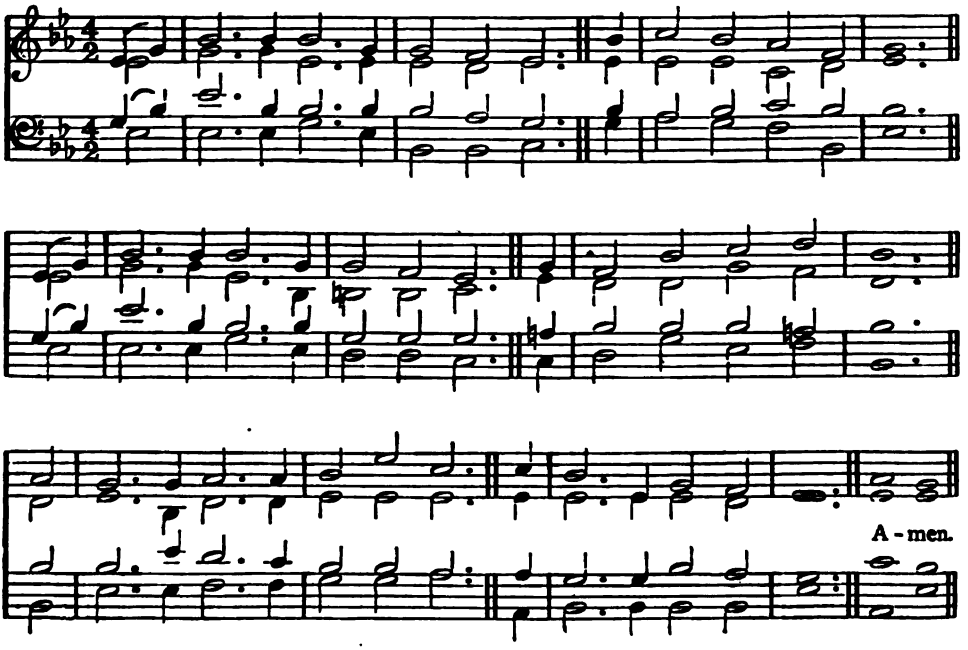
2 *p* Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 *mf* Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
dim And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 *cres* Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine!
dim Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5 *p* A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is:
pp Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

6 *mf* O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
cres And victory remains with Love:
dim Jesus, our Lord, is crucified! Amen.

ALL HALLOWS (*1st Tune*). 8,6,8,6,4,4,6. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

SUBSTITUTION (*2nd Tune*). 8,6,8,6,4,4,6. I. D. SANKEY.

77

"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him."

1 *p* O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
cres Now there's no load for me.

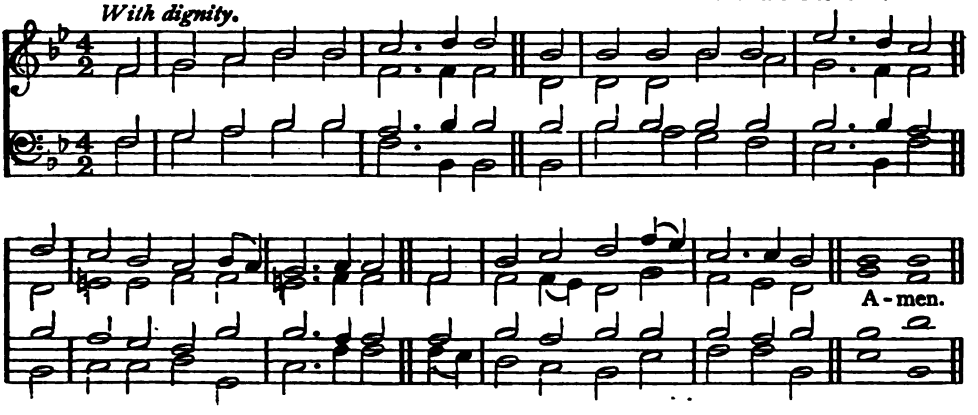
2 *p* Death and the curse were in our cup;
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! [drop—
But Thou hast drained the last dark
mf 'Tis empty now for me!
p That bitter cup—Love drank it up;
mf Now blessing's draught for me.

3 *p* The tempest's awful voice was heard;
pp O Christ, it broke on Thee!
mf Thy open bosom was my ward—
It braved the storm for me:
p Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
mf Now cloudless peace for me.

4 *p* The Holy One did hide His face;
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
pp Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me:
cres But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

5 *p* For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
mf Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
f Thy glory then for me! Amen.

PALMÆ. L.M. WILLIAM GEORGE CUSINS.

With dignity.

78

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass."

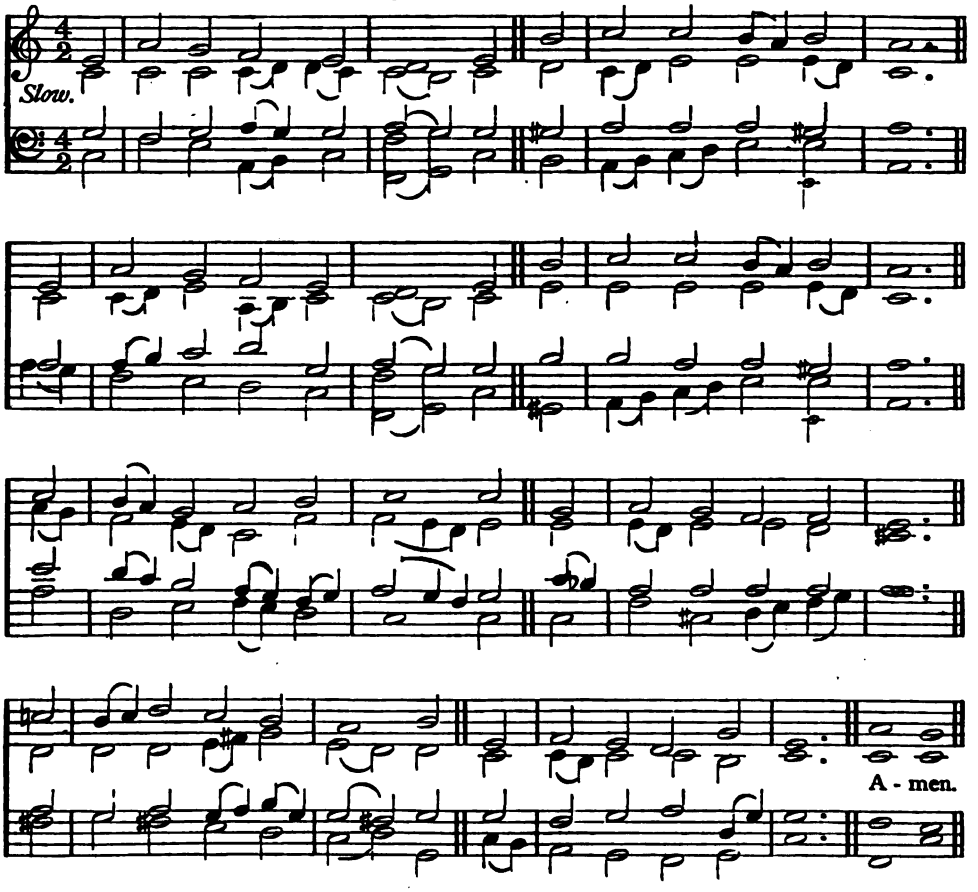
1 *f* RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
p O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 *f* Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
cres O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 *f* Ride on, ride on in majesty!
mf The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 *f* Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
cres The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 *f* Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
f Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign! Amen.

PASSION CHORALE. *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.* HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601.

79

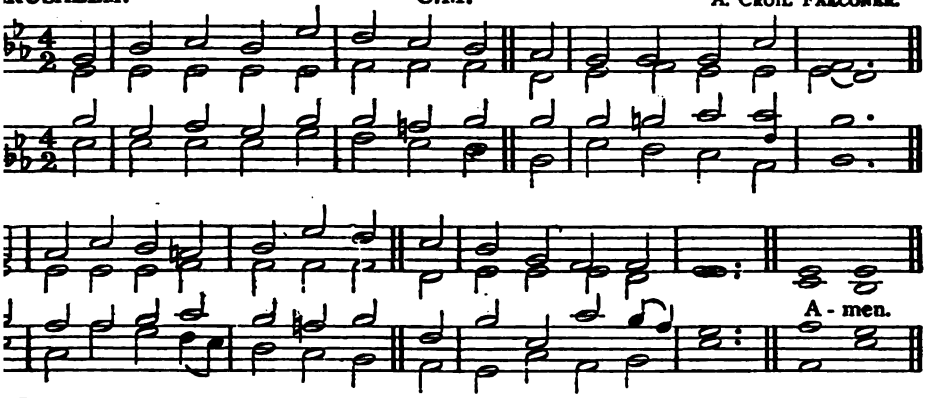
" The soldiers, when they had platted a crown of thorns, put it on His head."

1 *mf* O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
p How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 *mf* O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 *mf* What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
cres Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

4 *p* Be near me, Lord, when dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
mf These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
p For he who dies believing,
rall Dies safely through Thy love

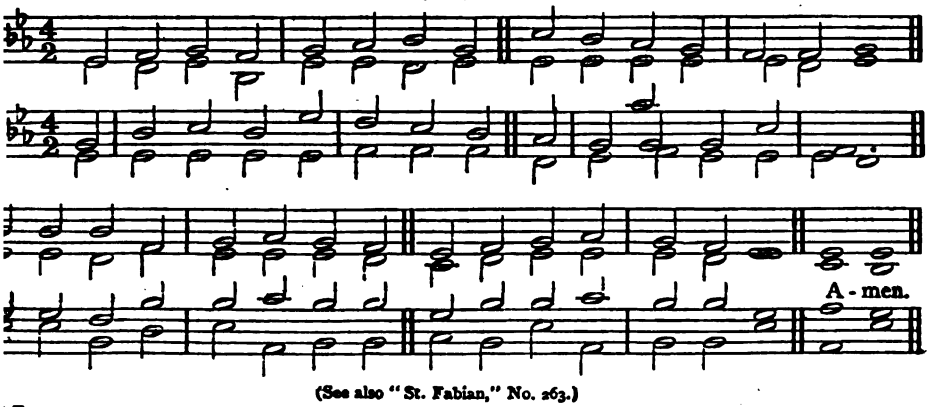
RUSALEM. C.M. A. CROIL FALCONER.

O *"Jesus cried with a loud voice, It is finished!"*

'TIS finished!" was His latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed His head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

'Tis finished! The Messiah dies
For sins, but not His own;
'The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

3 *p* 'Tis finished! All His groans are past;
His blood, His pain, and toils,
mf Have fully vanquishèd our foes,
And crowned Him with their spoils.

4 *p* 'Tis finished! Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
mf All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun. Amen.

ATTY. 8,7,8,7. GERMAN.

(See also "St. Fabian," No. 263.)

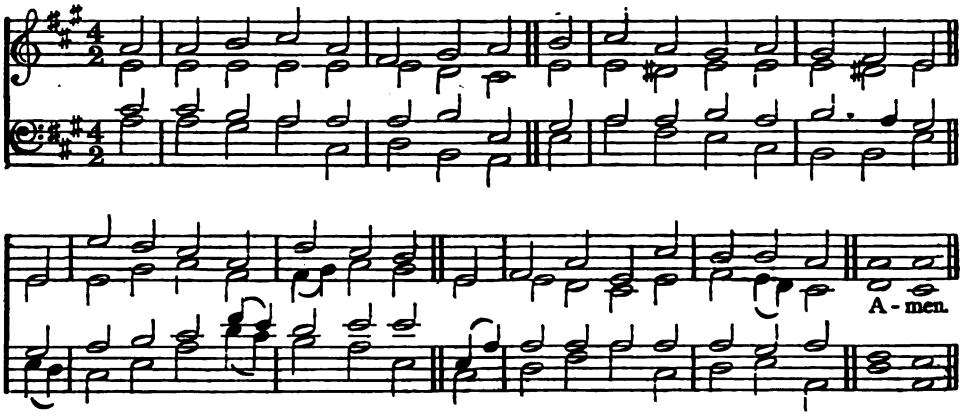
)1 *"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."*

'SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

3 *mf* Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
cres And our songs of triumph raise.

4 *mf* Oh, that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
cres Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
f All for Him content to leave! Amen.

ELY. L.M. Bishop TURTON.

82

"Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

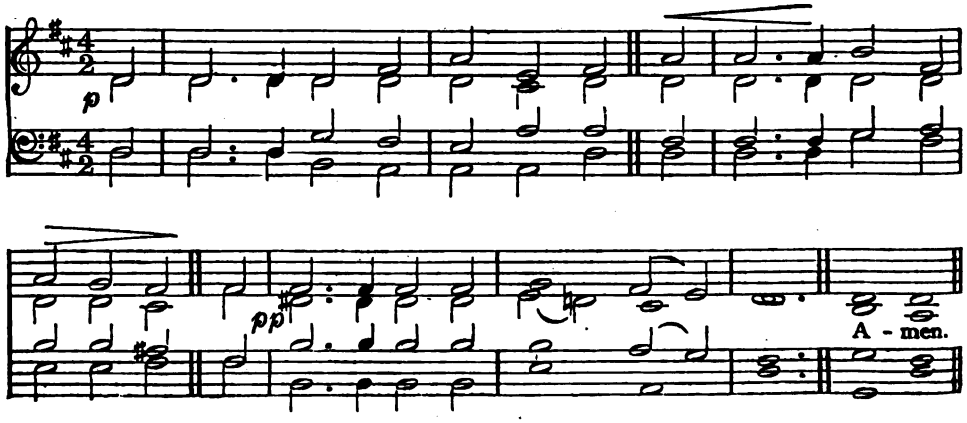
1 *f* WE sing the praise of Him who died,
p Of Him who died upon the cross;
cres The sinner's hope let men deride,
f For this we count the world but loss.

2 *mf* Inscribed upon the cross we see,
cres In shining letters, "God is love;"
p He bears our sins upon the tree,
cres He brings us mercy from above.

3 *mf* The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
p It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 *f* It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 *p* The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
cres The sinner's refuge here below,
f The angel's theme in heaven above. Amen.

HOLY SEPULCHRE. 8,8,8. E. H. THORNE.

83

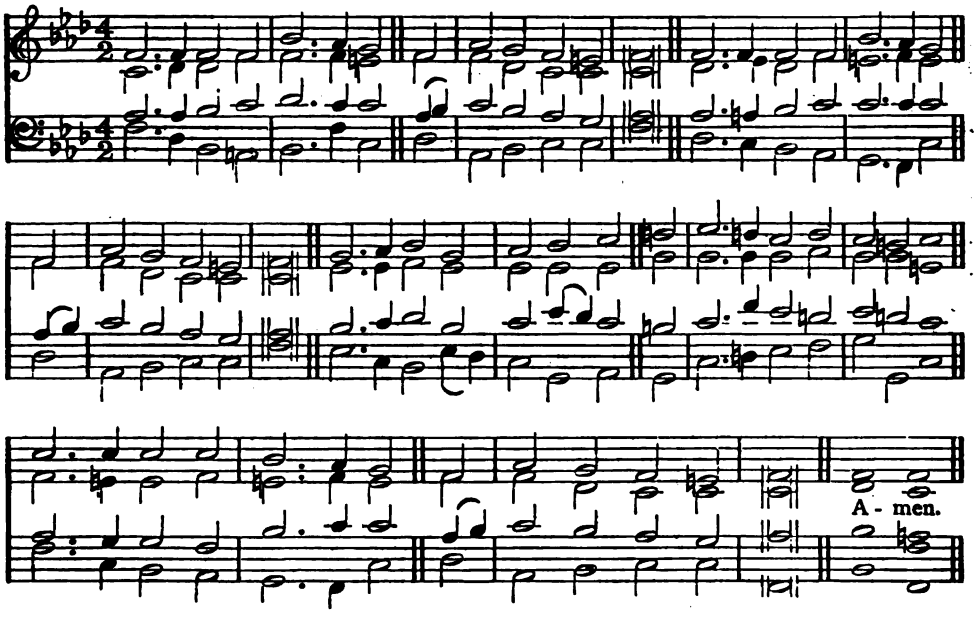
"Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of Jesus, beheld where He was laid."

1 *p* BY Jesus' grave, on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
pp The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 *p* At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
pp Of Him who all our suffering bore.

3 *p* Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade,
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
pp The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 *cres* O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
pp Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.
Amen

AGNUS DEI. 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6. BOHEMIAN CHORALE.

84

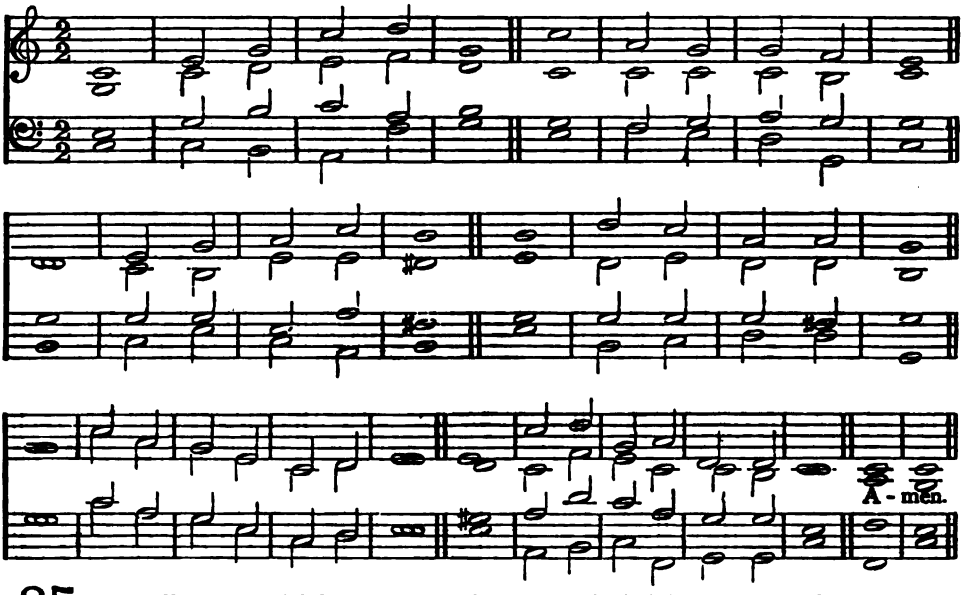
"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

1 *p* LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release;
cres Oh, remember Calvary!
p And bid us go in peace.

2 *p* By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
mf Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
cres Oh, remember Calvary!
p And bid us go in peace.

3 *mf* Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
p By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
cres Oh, remember Calvary!
p And bid us go in peace.

4 *mf* Lord, we would not hence depart
Till Thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give.
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
cres Oh, remember Calvary!
p And bid us go in peace. Amen.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

85 *"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities."*

1 *mf* THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

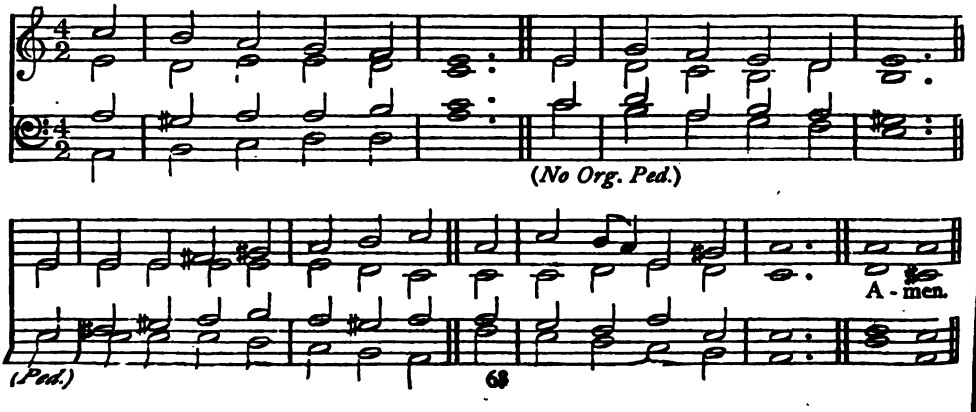
2 *p* Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 *p* Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 *mf* Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
cres To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Amen.

ABER. S.M. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



86

"I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

1 *mf* O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 *mf* No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
p His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
cres The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 *p* No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

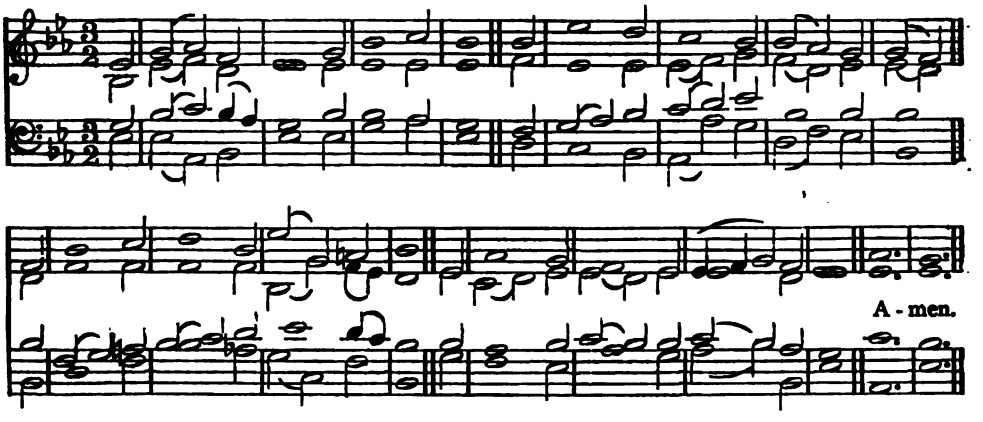
4 *p* And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
cres That He might make us whole.

5 *p* In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
cres O all-atoning Sacrifice,
f I cling by faith to Thee.

6 *mf* In every time of need,
p Before the judgment-throne,
cres Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, (*dim*) not my own.

7 *mf* Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
cres And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought. Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. Doc.



87

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

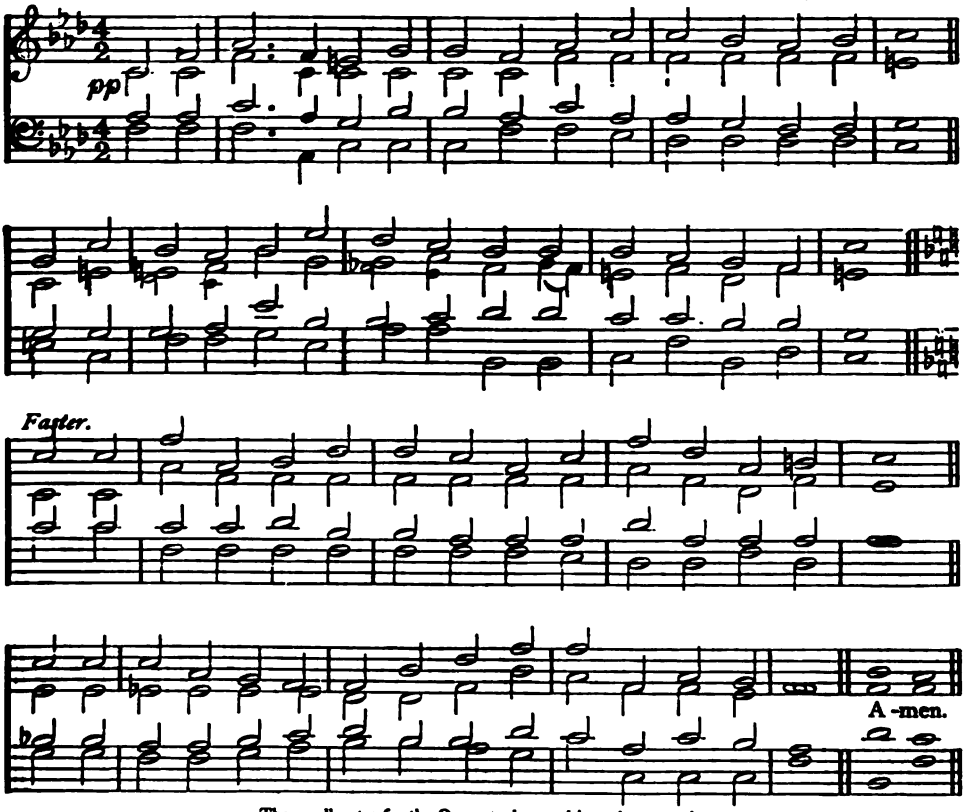
1 *mf* WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 *f* Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 *p* See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
cres Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
cres Love so amazing, so divine,
f Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

CROSS AND CROWN. 8,7,8,7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.

The small notes for the Organ to be used in 2nd verse only.

88

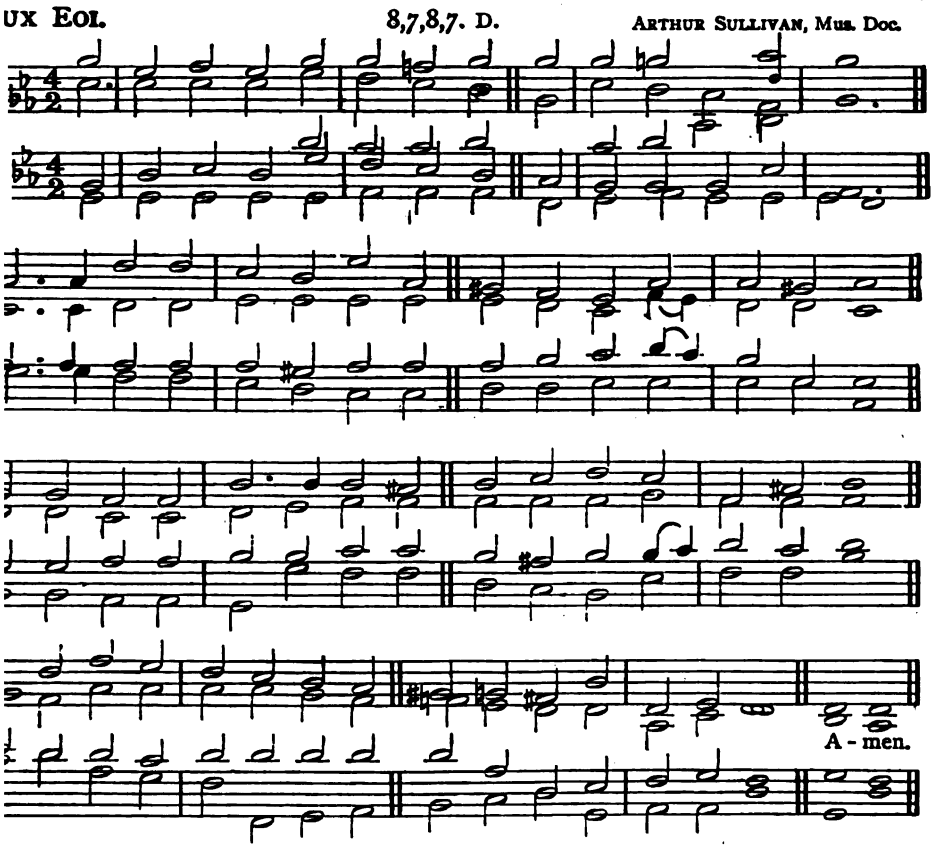
"God was manifest in the flesh."

1 *p* WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting—God.

2 *p* Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 *p* Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
f 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
Poureth on His Church below,
Now, in royal might victorious,
Triumphing o'er every foe.

4 *p* Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
ff 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly! Amen.

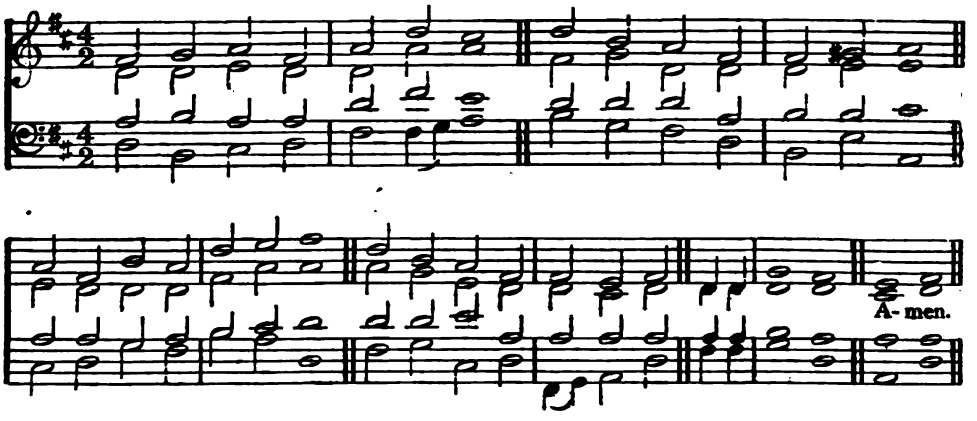
VI.—HIS RESURRECTION.

9 *"Christ the firstfruits; afterward, they that are Christ's at His coming."*

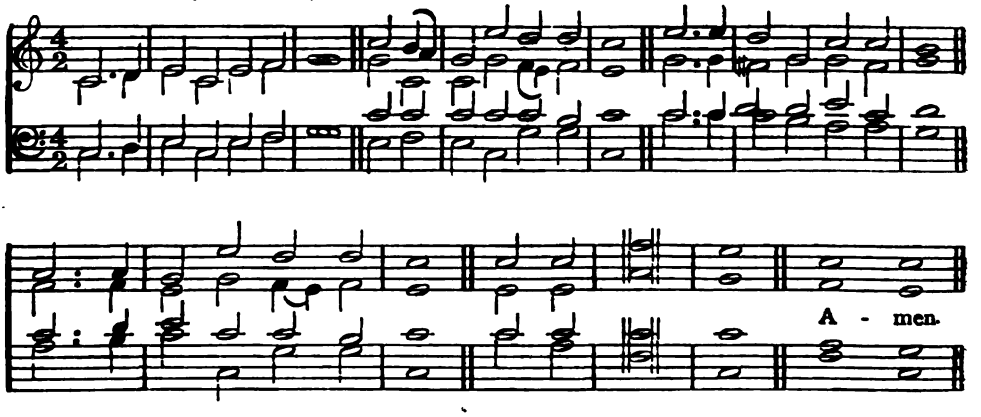
HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 *f* Christ is risen; we are risen;
mf Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 *f* Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
ff Hallelujah! hallelujah!
To the Triune Majesty. **Amen.**

WESTMORELAND (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

7,7,7,7.

ST. MADOES (*2nd Tune*). *Unser Herrscher, unser König.* GERMAN.

90

"Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

1 *f* CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
"Hallelujah!"

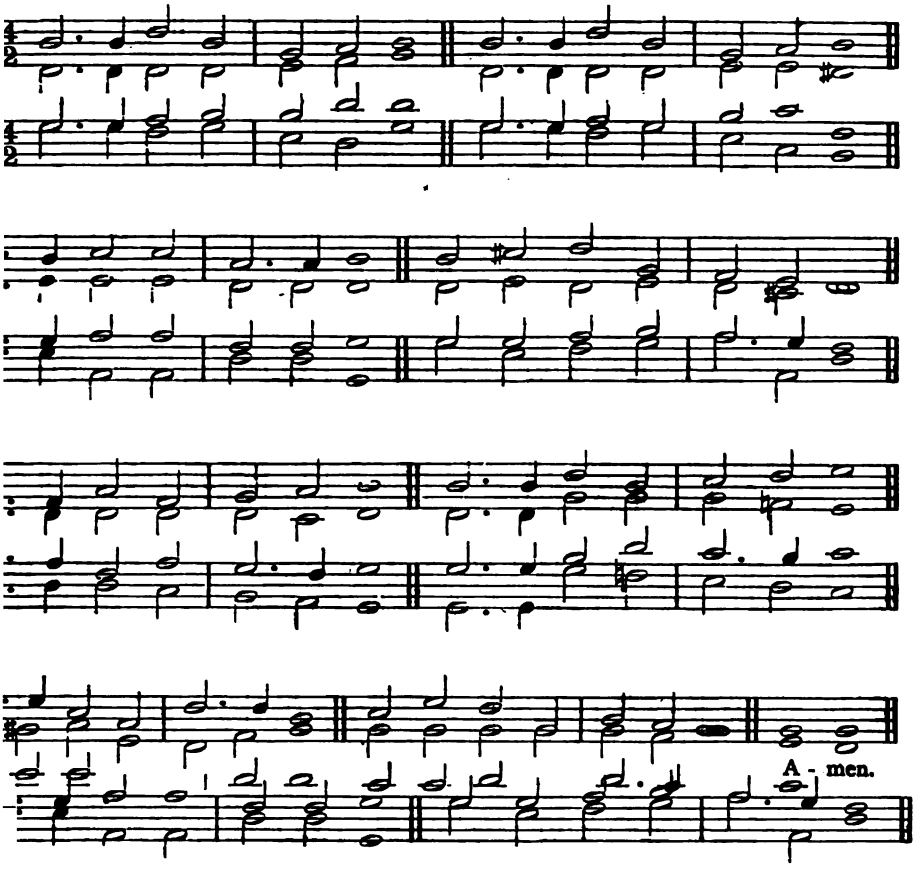
2 *mf* He, who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
cres We too sing for joy, and say
"Hallelujah!"

3 *p* He, who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
mf Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry.
Hallelujah!

4 *p* He, who slumbered in the grave,
mf Is exalted now to save;
f Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

5 *mf* Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

6 *mf* Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
cres That we all may sing for aye
ff "Hallelujah!" Amen.

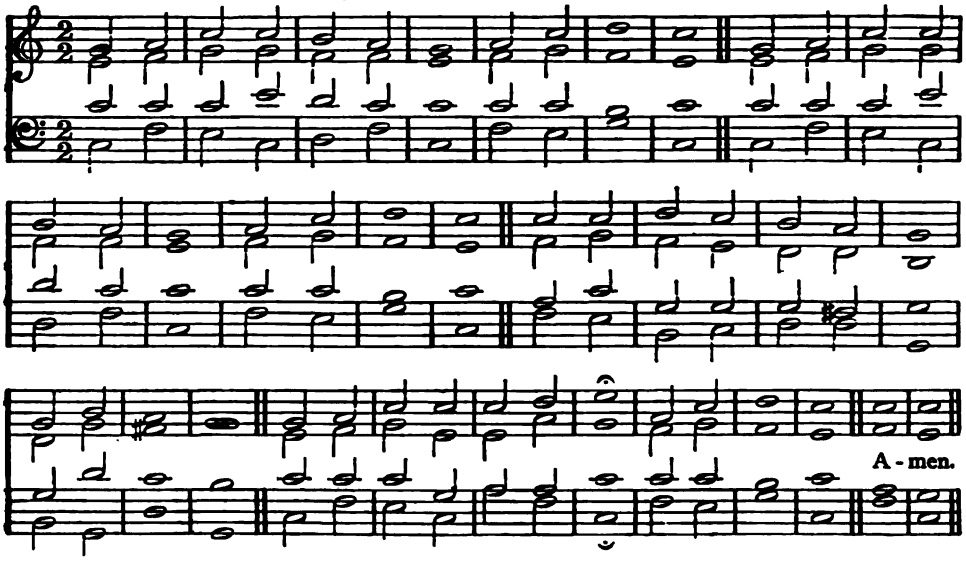
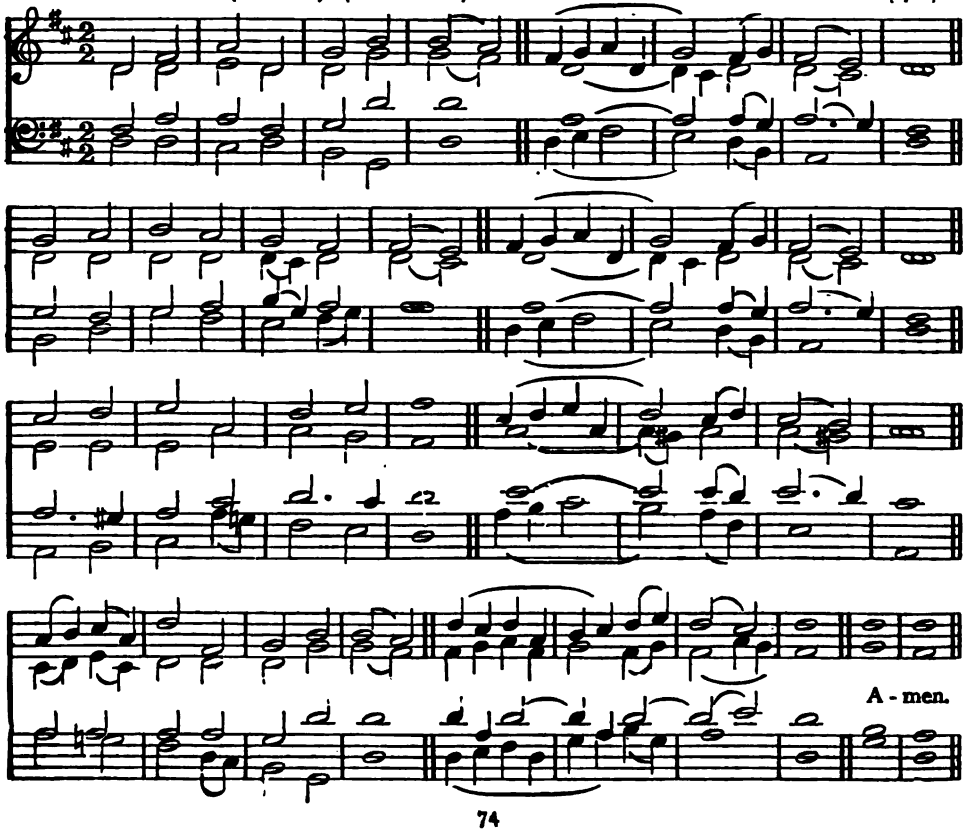
GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7,7,7,7. D. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
ons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
ing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply!
Love's redeeming work is done;
fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
p Once He died that He might save;
cres Where thy victory, O grave?

3 *mf* Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
cres Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
ff Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! Amen.

EASTER HYMN (MONK) (*1st Tune*). P.M. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

EASTER HYMN (CAREY) (*2nd Tune*). P.M. LYRA DAVIDICA (1708).

92

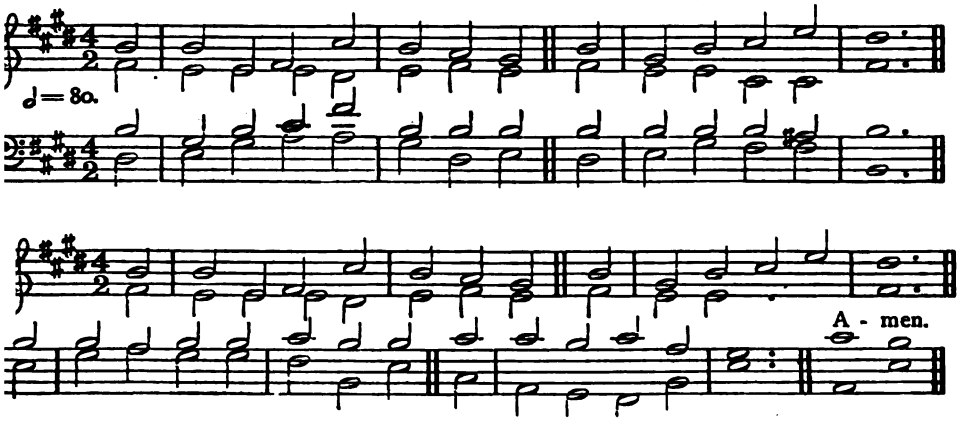
"The Lord is risen indeed."

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
mf Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
p Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
cres Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

3 *mf* But the pains which He endured
Hallelujah!
cres Our salvation have procured;
Hallelujah!
f Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing
"Hallelujah!"

4 *ff* Sing we to our God above Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love; Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah! Amen.

ST. FULBERT. C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

93

"He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures."

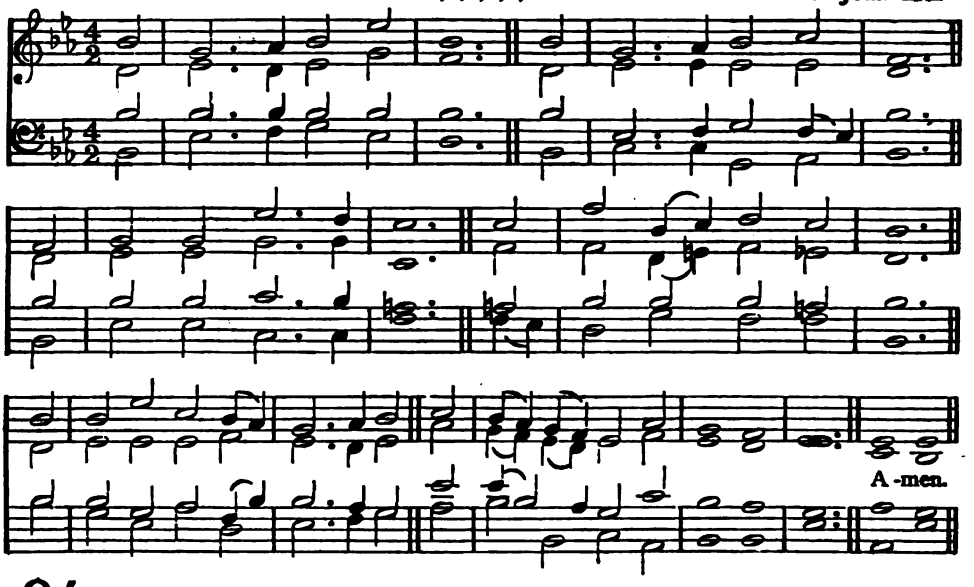
f BLEST morning! whose first dawning
Beheld the Son of God [rays
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.

p Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,
The great Redeemer lay,
cres Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 *mf* Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
f Sudden the Conqueror arose
And burst their feeble chain.

4 *f* To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 *ff* Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring. Amen.

WATERSTOCK. 6,6,6,6,8,8. Sir JOHN GOSS.

94

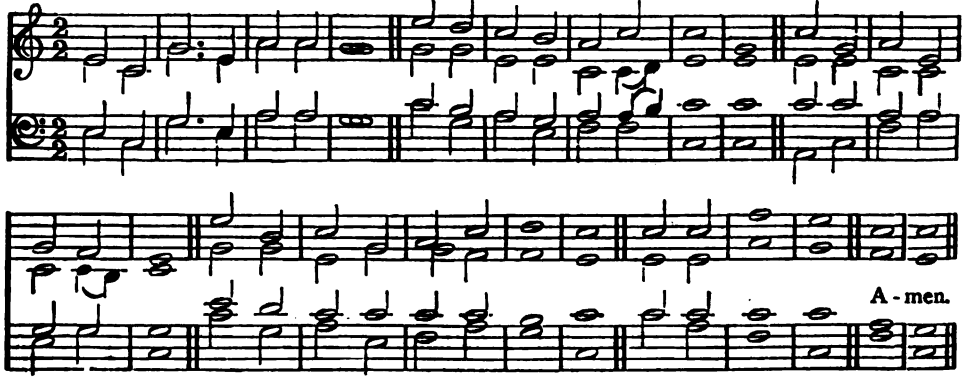
"When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive."

1 *f* THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

2 *mf* Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
f Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

3 *mf* Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won:
f Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

4 *f* Hail, the triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word;
p Before Thy throne we bow:
cres Captivity is captive led;
ff For Jesus liveth who was dead. Amen.

ST. ALBINUS. 7,8,7,8,4. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

95

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

1 *f* JESUS lives! Thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O gravé, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

2 *f* Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
dim This shall calm our trembling breath
p When we pass its gloomy portal.
f Hallelujah!

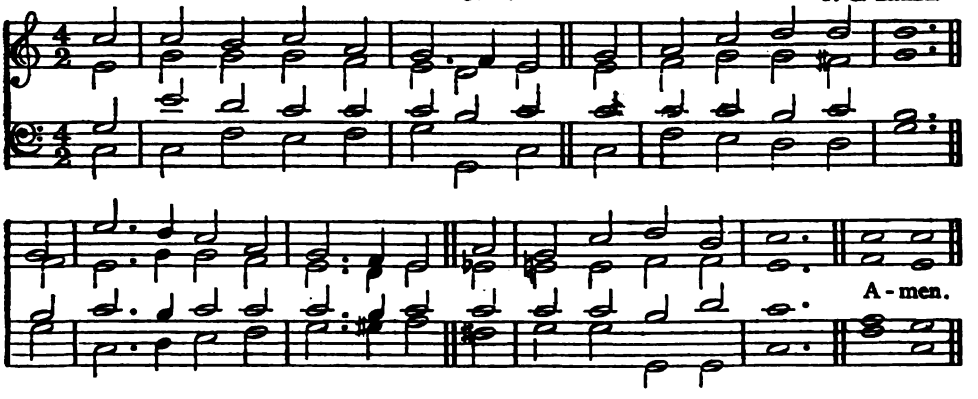
3 *f* Jesus lives! (*p*) For us He died;
mf Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
cres Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah!

4 *f* Jesus lives! Our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah!

5 *f* Jesus lives! To Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
dim May we go where He is gone,
f Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah! Amen.

(See also "The Lord's Day," Nos. 206 and 211.)

VII.—HIS ASCENSION AND REIGN.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.

96

"When He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

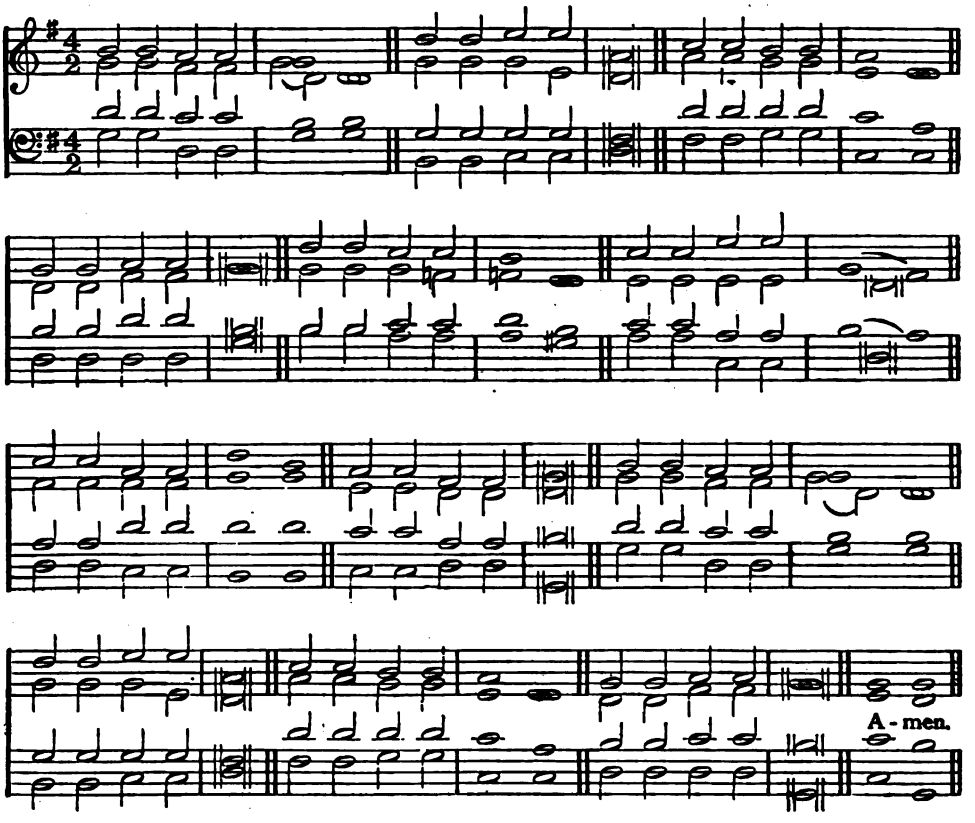
1 *f* O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 *mf* How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
p And led Thee to a cruel death,
cres To set Thy people free!

3 *f* But now the bonds of death are burst;
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 *mf* Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
cres Oh, may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

5 *f* O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord. Amen.

ELAH. 6,5,6,5. D. From HAYDN.

97

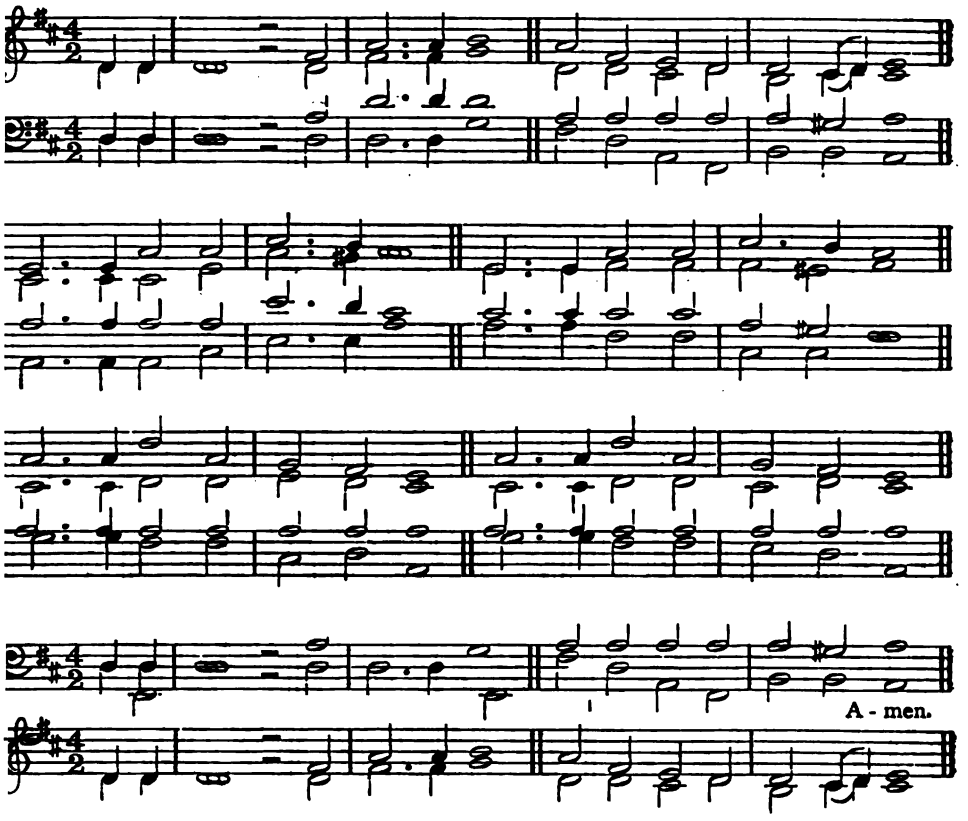
"He ascended up on high."

1 *mf* GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
cres Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

2 *p* He, who came to save us,
He, who bled and died,
cres Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

3 *p* Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
cres His bright home preparing,
* Faithful ones, for you,
f Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!" Amen.

* When used as a child's hymn, read "Little ones."

ST. PATRICK. 7,7,7,7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

98

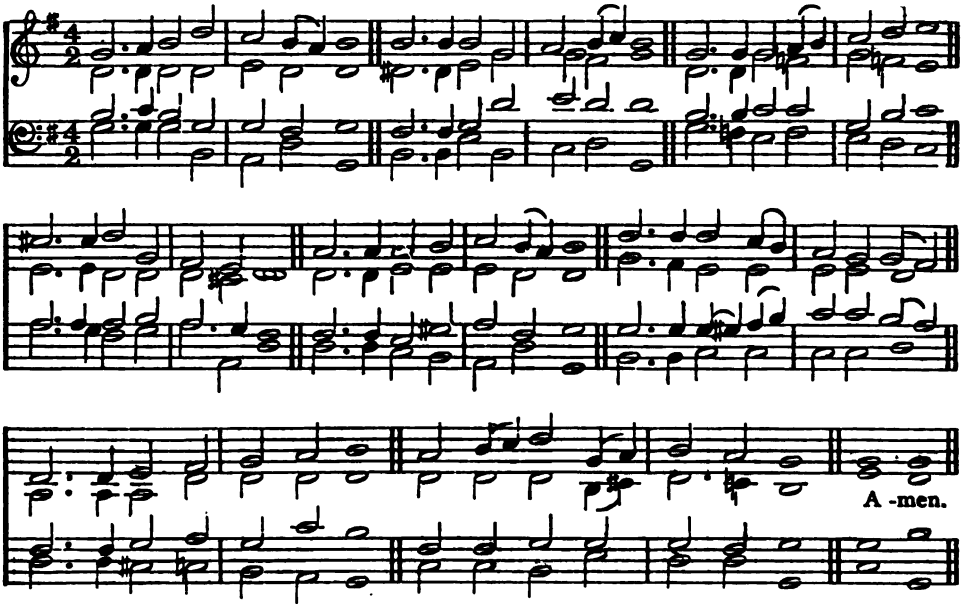
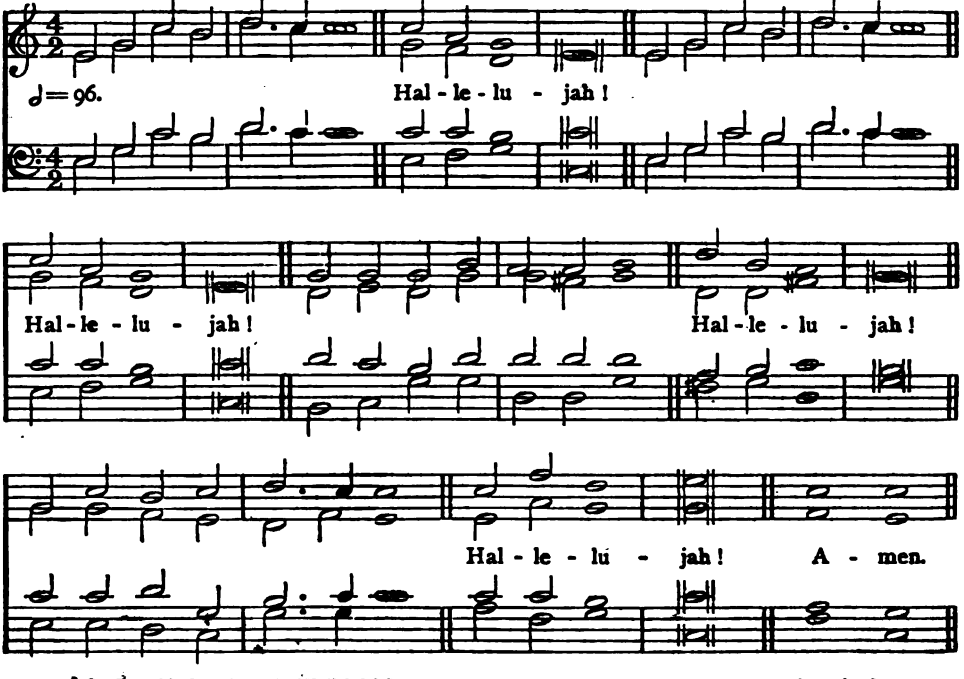
"He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

mf HE is gone,—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
cres All the toil, the sorrow done,
f All the battle fought and won.

mf He is gone,—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
cres Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 *f* He is gone,—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before:
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came:
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
p In that world unseen, unknown,
cres He and we may yet be one.

4 *f* He is gone,—but not in vain;
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
cres To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

ASCENSION (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. HENRY BOYD.

JAM PASCHA* (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

* When this Tune is used, "Hallelujah" must be sung after each line, and verses 3 and 8 may be omitted.

99

"While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

1 *f* HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 *f* There for Him high triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
cres Wide unfold the radiant scene!
Take the King of Glory in!

3 *mf* Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
ff Take the King of Glory in!

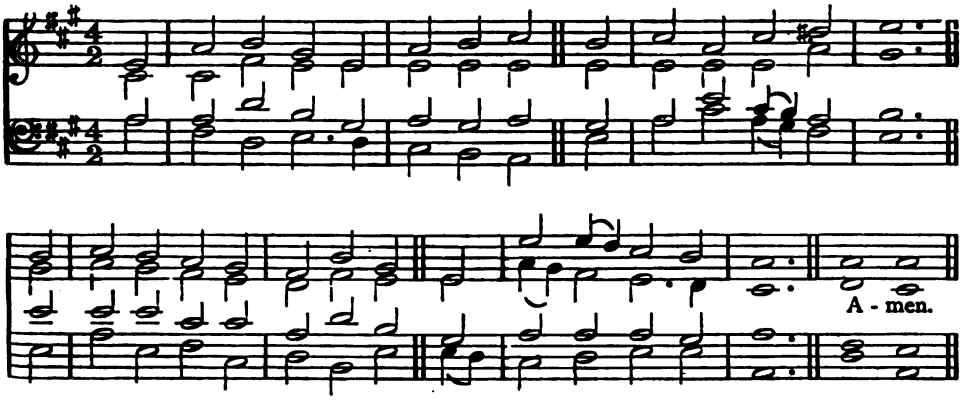
4 *mf* Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

5 *mf* See, He lifts His hands above!
p See, He shows the prints of love!
cres Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below;

6 *mf* Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
cres Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 *p* Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
cres Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

8 *f* There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
ff Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.
Amen.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

100

"We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour."

1 *mf* THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
cres Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
f The mighty Victor's brow.

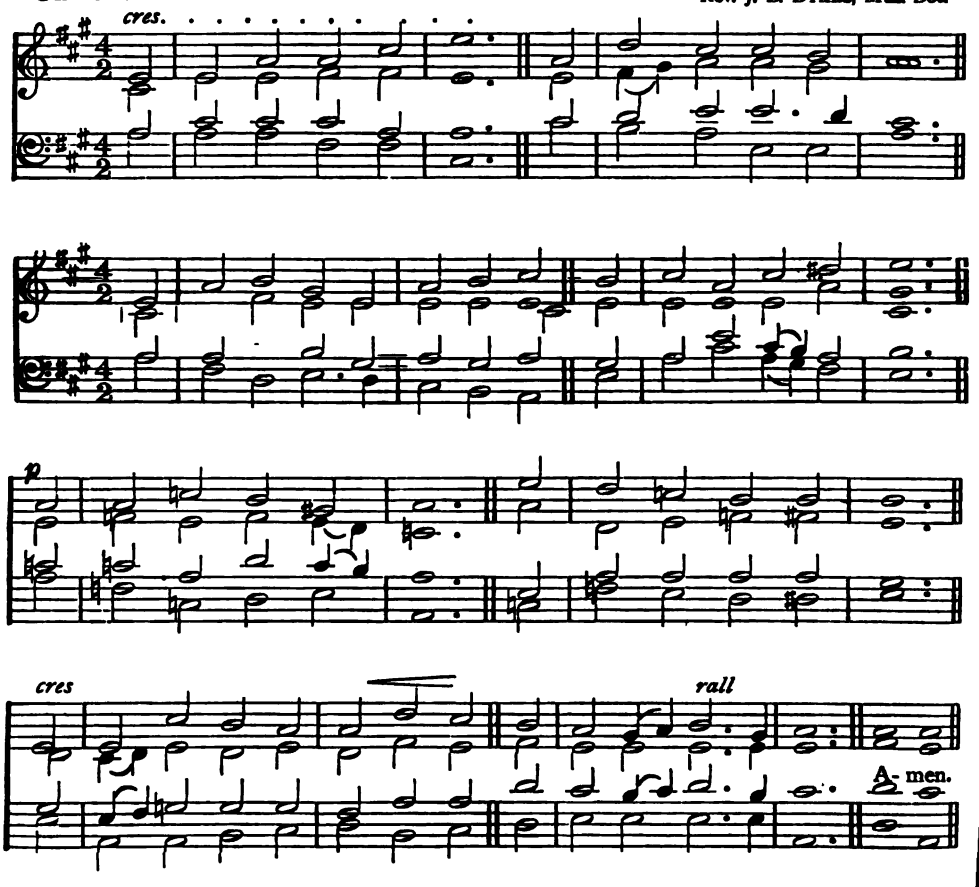
2 *mf* The highest place that heaven affords
Is His,—is His by right,
cres The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

3 *f* The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 *p* To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
cres Their name an everlasting name,
f Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 *p* They suffer with their Lord below;
cres They reign with Him above;
mf Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 *p* The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
cres His people's hope, His people's wealth,
f Their everlasting theme. Amen.

OLIVET. S.M. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

101

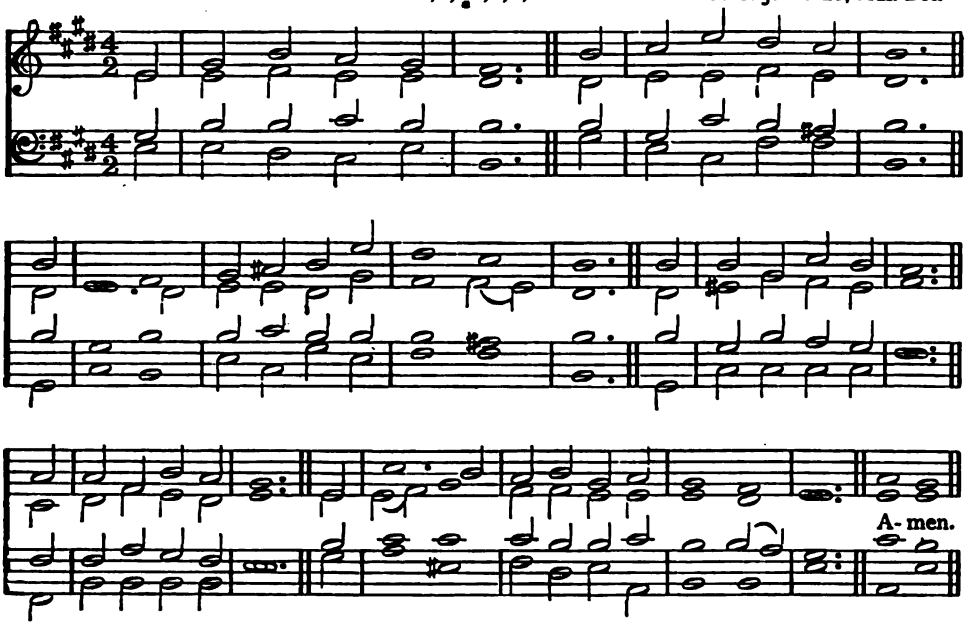
"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

1 *cres* THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
cres Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
dim And lead us to our rest.

2 *cres* Thou art gone up on high;
dim But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:
p And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
cres Lead us at last to Thee.

3 *cres* Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:
Oh, by Thy saving power,
p So make us live and die
cres That we may stand, in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high! Amen.

ELVEY. 6,6,10,6,6,10. Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.



102

"He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death."

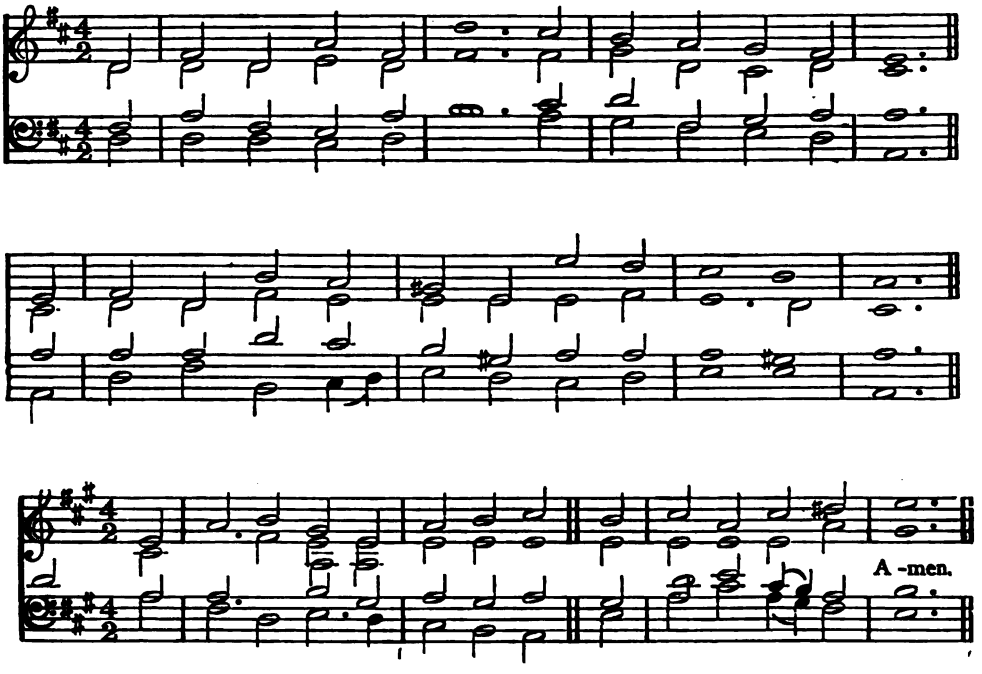
1 *mf* THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
cres Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
f Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2 *mf* It was no path of flowers
Which through this world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
cres And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 *mf* O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
p Thy holy head by rudest storms was bowed;
cres Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
f Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 *p* Even through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cres That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
f Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

5 *p* Our eyes behold Thee not,
mf Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in Thee;
cres Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
f That, where Thou art, there they may also be. Amen.

DARWELL. 6,6,6,6,8,8. Rev. J. DARWELL.

103 *"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour."*

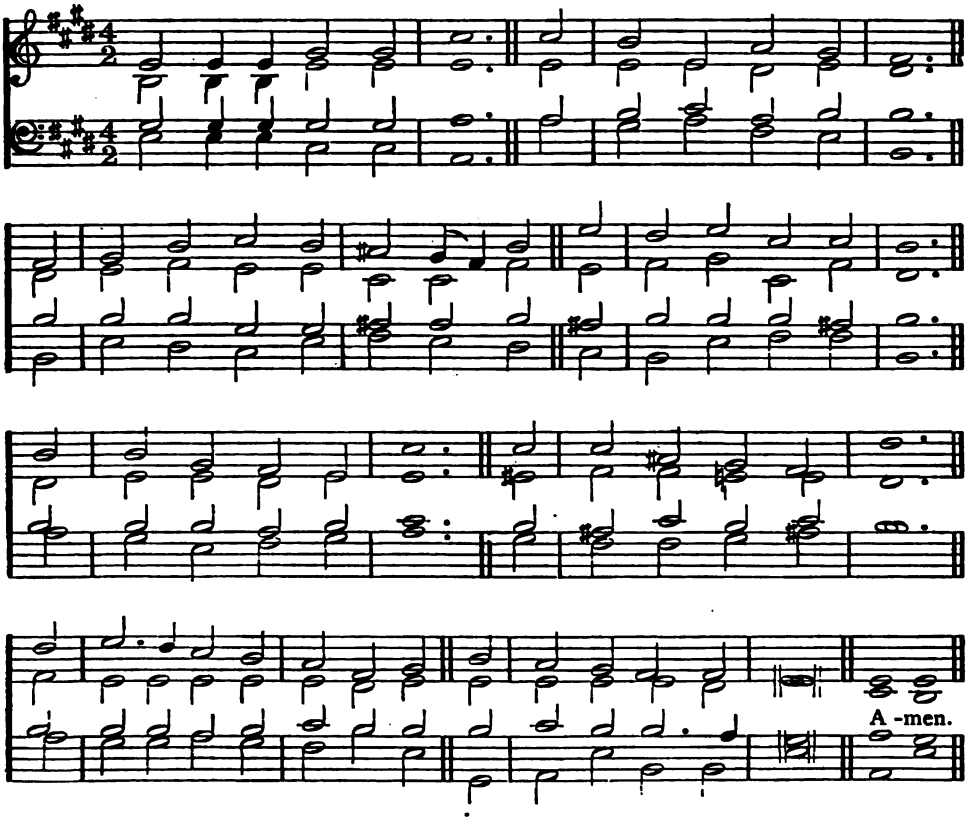
1 *mf* REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore:
cres Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
f Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 *mf* Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
cres Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
f Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 *mf* His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
cres Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
f Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 *mf* He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit
And bow to His command
And fall beneath His feet:
cres Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
f Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 *mf* Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
cres We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
f The trump of God shall sound—*(ff)* Rejoice! **Amen.**

DIADEMATA S.M. D. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

104

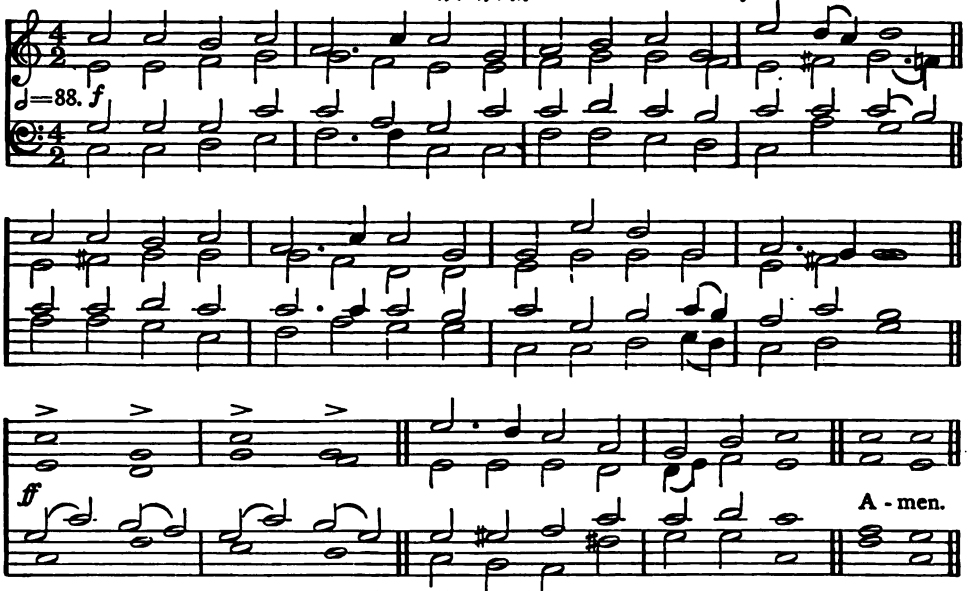
"And on His head were many crowns."

1 *f* CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
p Of Him who died for thee,
cres And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 *f* Crown Him the Lord of Life
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save!
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

3 *mf* Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise!
His reign shall know no end;
p And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
cres Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 *f* Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above!
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me;
ff Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.

EDLINGHAM. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Triumph," No. 111.)

105

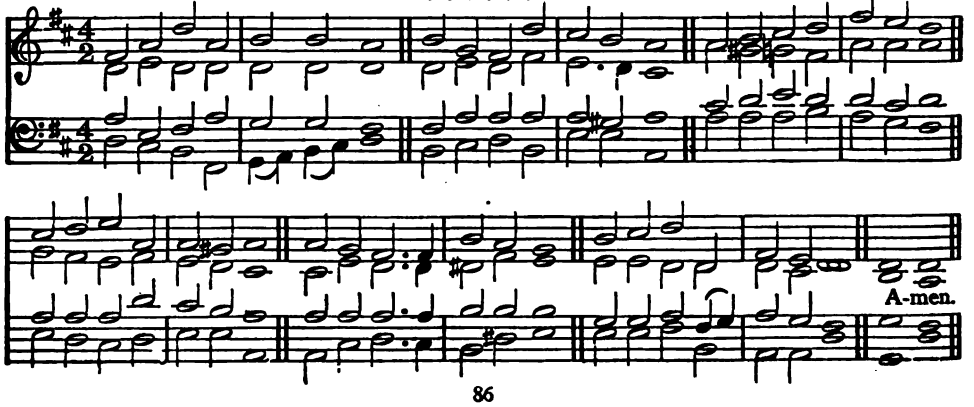
"And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

1 *f* LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 *f* Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 *p* Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
cres Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 *mf* Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
f Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Amen

GLORIA REGI. 7,7,7,7,7,7. A. CROIL FALCONER.

106

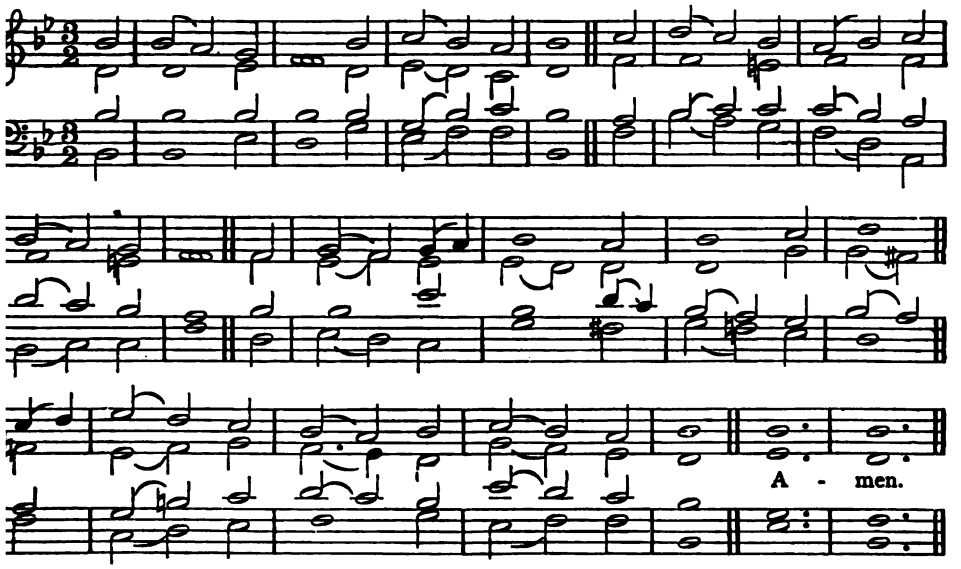
"The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory."

f GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe His head:
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead,
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.

f Jesus is gone up on high:
Angels come to meet their King;
cres Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
ff "Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of Glory waits."

3 *f* Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace.
cres Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing,
f "Glory, glory to our King!"

4 *mf* Jesus, on Thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
cres That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
ff Lord, be Thine for evermore! Amen.

WAREHAM. L.M. WILLIAM KNAPP.

107

"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens."

mf WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

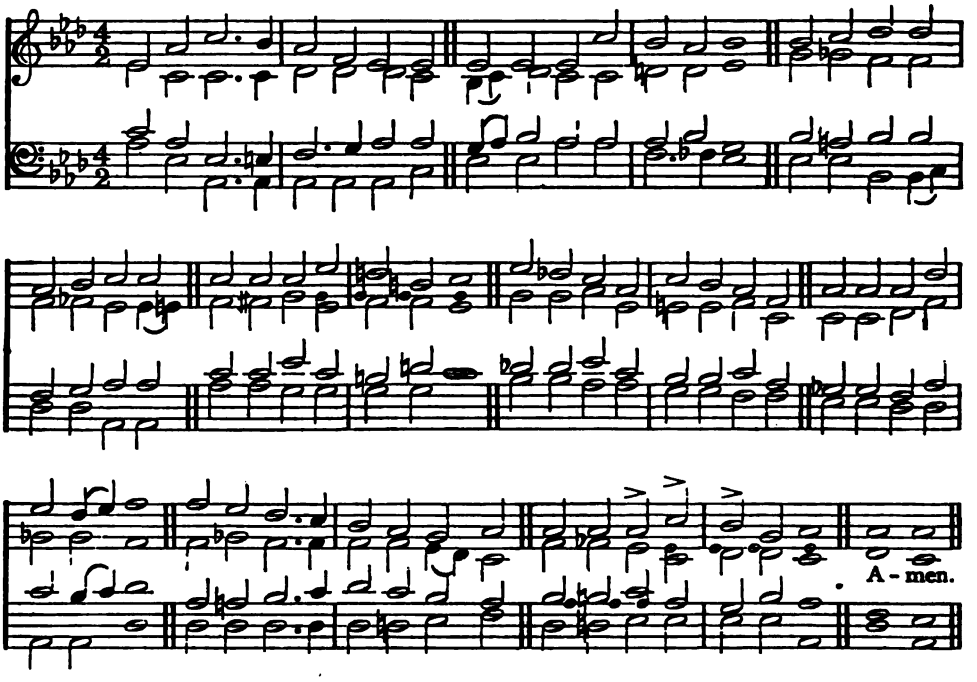
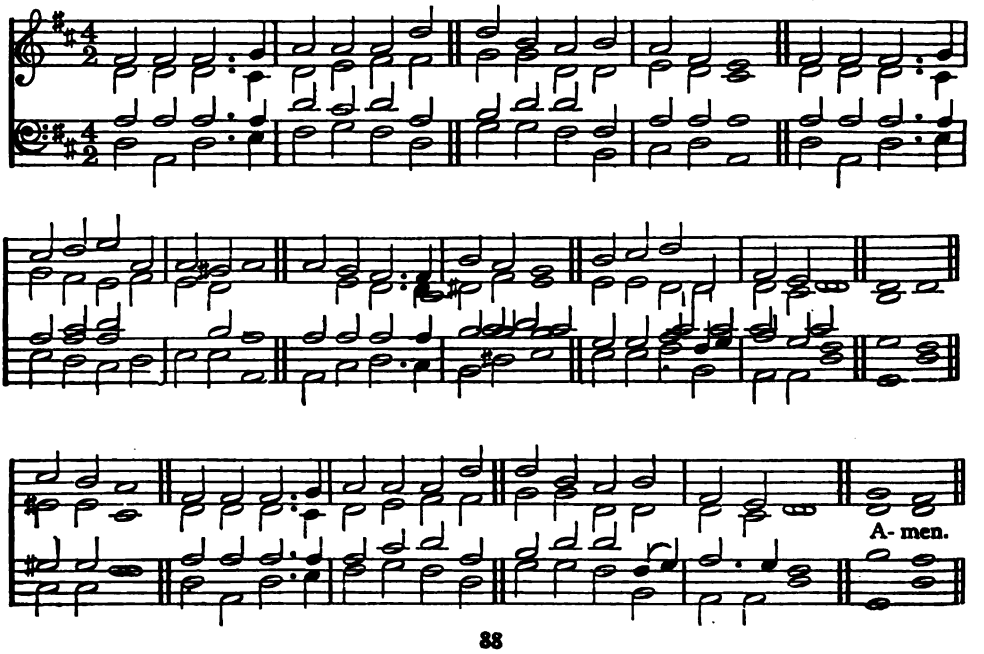
mf He, who for men their Surety stood,
p And poured on earth His precious blood,
cres Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
f The Saviour and the Friend of man.

f Though now ascended up on high,
mf He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
dim He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 *p* Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
pp His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 *p* In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
mf He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 *cres* With boldness, therefore, at the throne
dim Let us make all our sorrows known,
mf And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

SANCTUARY (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

ST. ASAPH (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE, Mus. Bac.

108

"Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men."

1 *f* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace-gate:
p Hark! the choirs of angel voices
cres Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

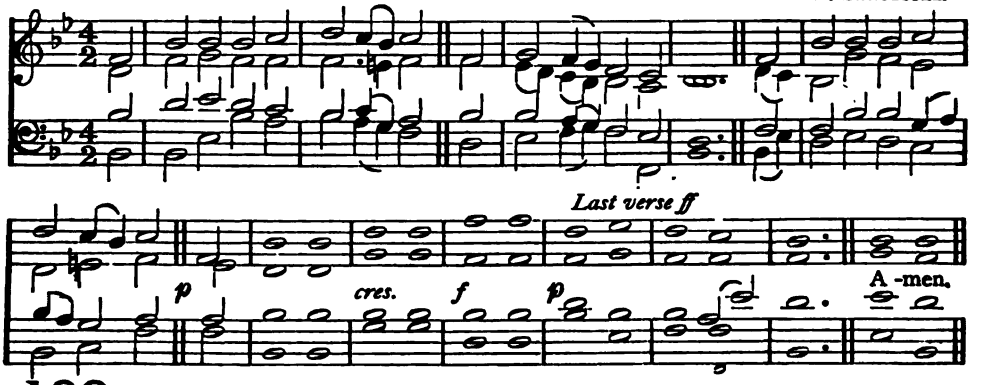
2 *mf* Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
f Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
p He who on the cross did suffer,
cres He who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 *mf* Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
f Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4 *mf* See Him who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare;
p See Him who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer;
cres See Him who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
f On the clouds will come again.

5 *mf* Raise us up from earth to heaven;
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
cres That with hearts and minds uplifted
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

6 *mf* So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
cres Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
ff Rise to realms where He is reigning,
rall And may reign for ever there. Amen.

MILES LANE. C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.

109

"God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."

1 *f* ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
p Let angels prostrate fall,
cres Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 *mf* Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

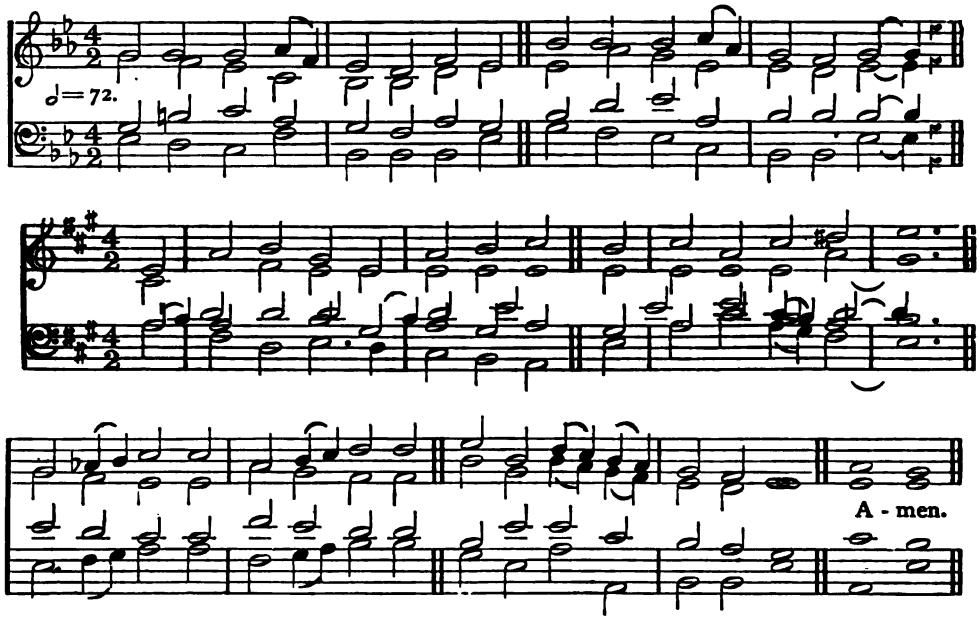
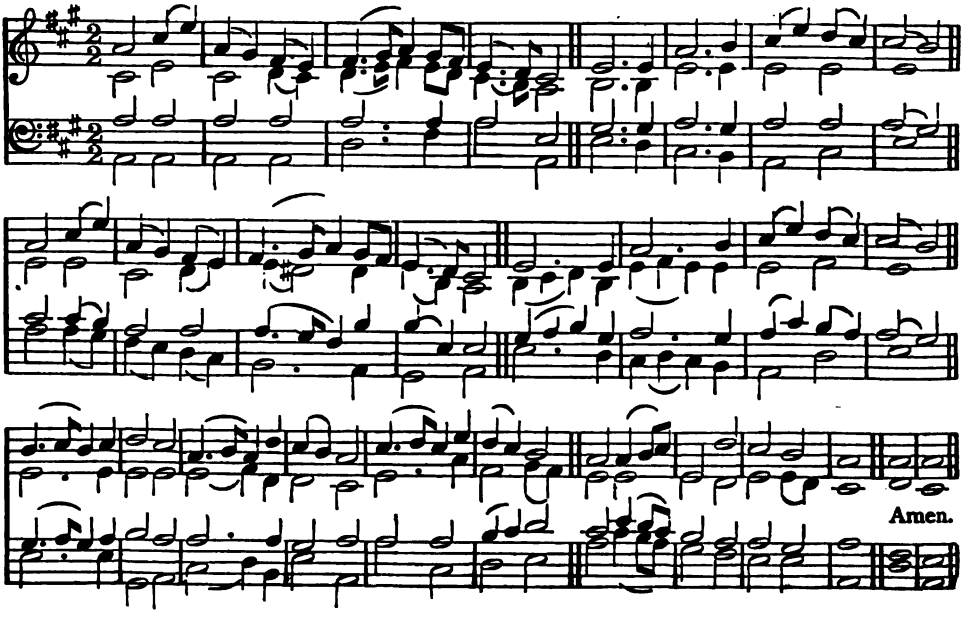
3 *mf* Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
cres Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 *p* Sinners, whose love can ne er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cres Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 *f* Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 *mf* Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
cres Join in the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

VIII.—HIS SECOND COMING.

REDEMPTION (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7,4,7. CH. GOUNOD.

HELMSLEY (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7,4,7. From the LOCK COLLECTION, 1769.

10

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."

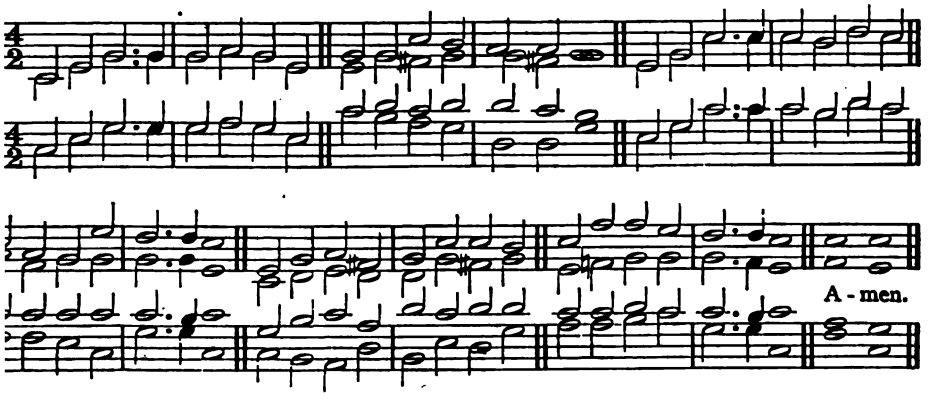
'LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign!

f Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty; [Him,
Those who set at nought and sold
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

f Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
cres "Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 *mf* Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
f Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 *f* Yea, amen! Let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne.
cres Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
Oh, come quickly!
ff Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!
Amen.

TRIUMPH. 8,7,8,7,4,7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

11

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

'O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray:
cres 'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright, returning way.

'O Thou long expected! weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
cres O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

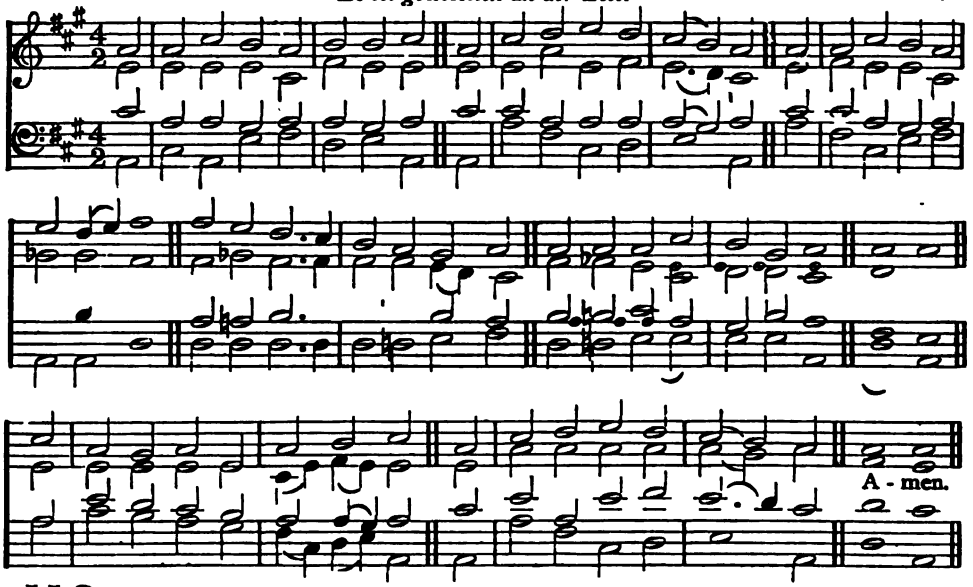
'Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, oh, when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
cres O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 *mf* Nearer is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land;

5 *mf* With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home:
cres Come, my Saviour,
f O my Saviour, quickly come! Amen.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

8,7,8,7,8,8,7.

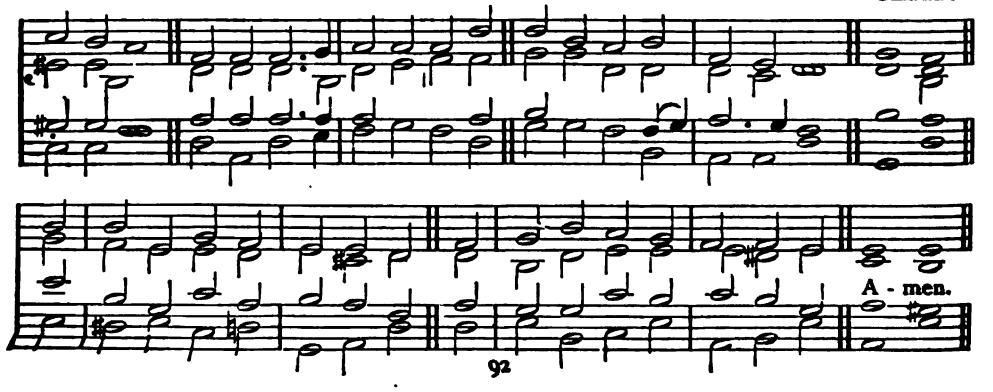
LUTHER'S HYMN. *Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.* GERMAN.

112 *"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."*

1 *mf* GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
ff The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
dim Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 *mf* The dead in Christ shall then arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;
cres Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
f With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 *mf* But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they arise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
dim The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
p All unprepared to meet Him.

4 *mf* Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
cres The Judge of mankind doth appear,
f On clouds of glory seated!
p Beneath His cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away.
cres And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

SAXONY. L.M. GERMAN.

113

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels."

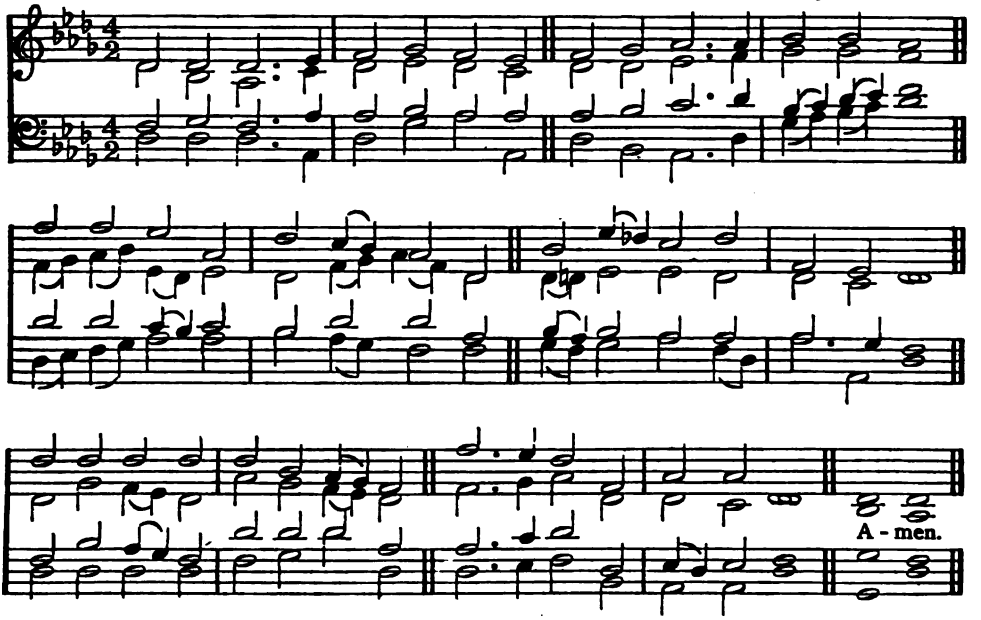
1 *f* THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 *f* The Lord will come! (*mf*) but not the
dim As once in lowly form He came, [same
p A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
pp The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 *ff* The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 *p* Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
cres By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

5 *f* Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
cres But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
ff Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come!" Amen.

ST. PETER'S, WESTMINSTER. 8,7,8,7,4,7. JAMES TURLE.

114

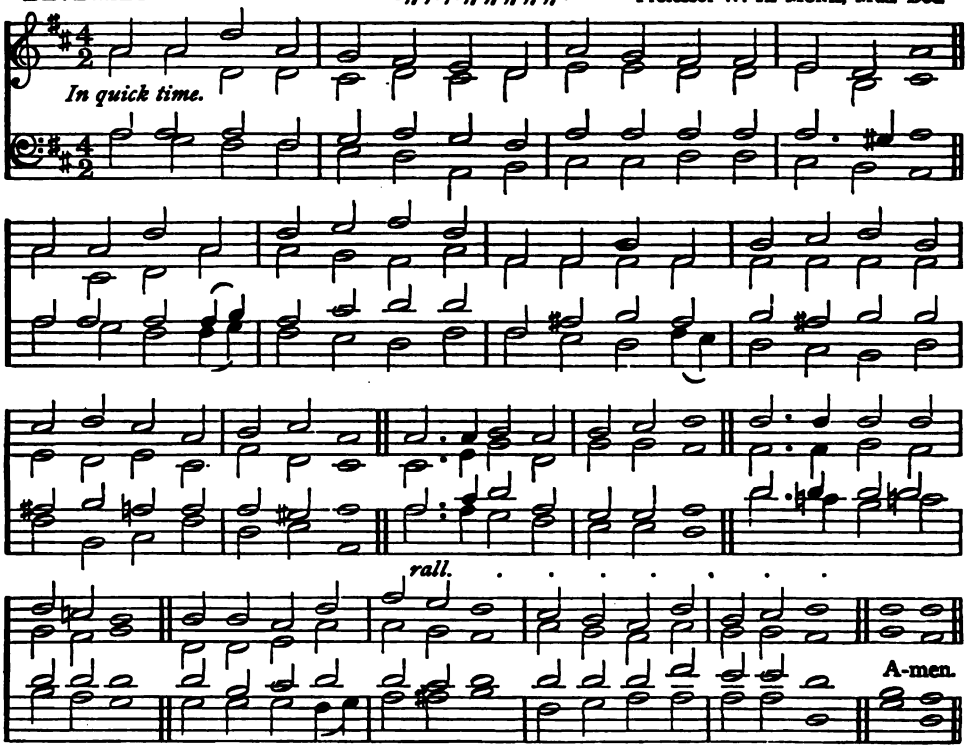
"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."

1 *f* JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
p Lowly came on earth to die:
cres Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
dim Came in deep humility

2 *p* Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
cres Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer:
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 *f* Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 *ff* Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory:
Let us then our homage pay,
"Hallelujah!" ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

BEVERLEY 8,7,8,8,7,7,7,7,7. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

115

"Surely, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

1 *f* THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
mf In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
cres In Thy glory all-transcendent;
f Well may we rejoice and sing:
p Coming! (*cres*) In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
p Coming! (*cres*) O my glorious Priest,
dim Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 *mf* Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
cres We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could ever say:
mf What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
cres At Thine own all-glorious feet!

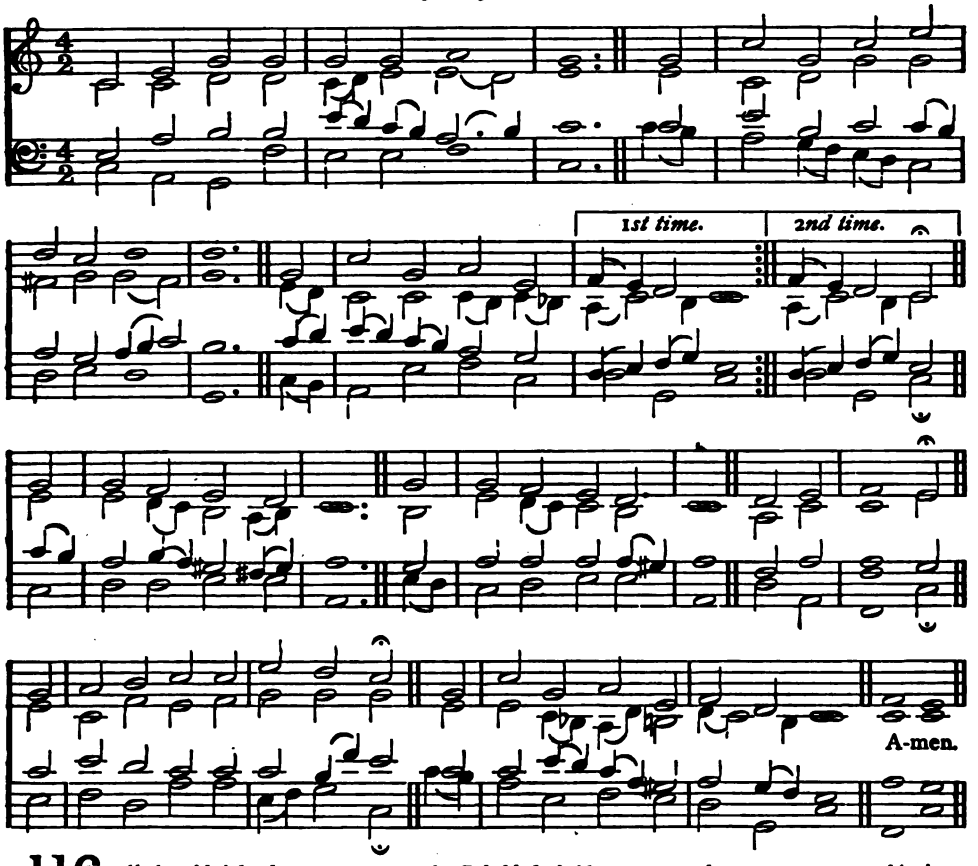
3 *mf* Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
p While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
cres Earnest of our coming bliss;
mf Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
cres But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
dim All for which we long and wait.

4 *mf* Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
p Time appointed may be long,
cres But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 *f* Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with one accord;
p Thee, my Master and my Friend,
f Vindicated and enthroned,
cres Unto earth's remotest end
rall Glorified, adored, and owned!
Amen

HIS SECOND COMING.

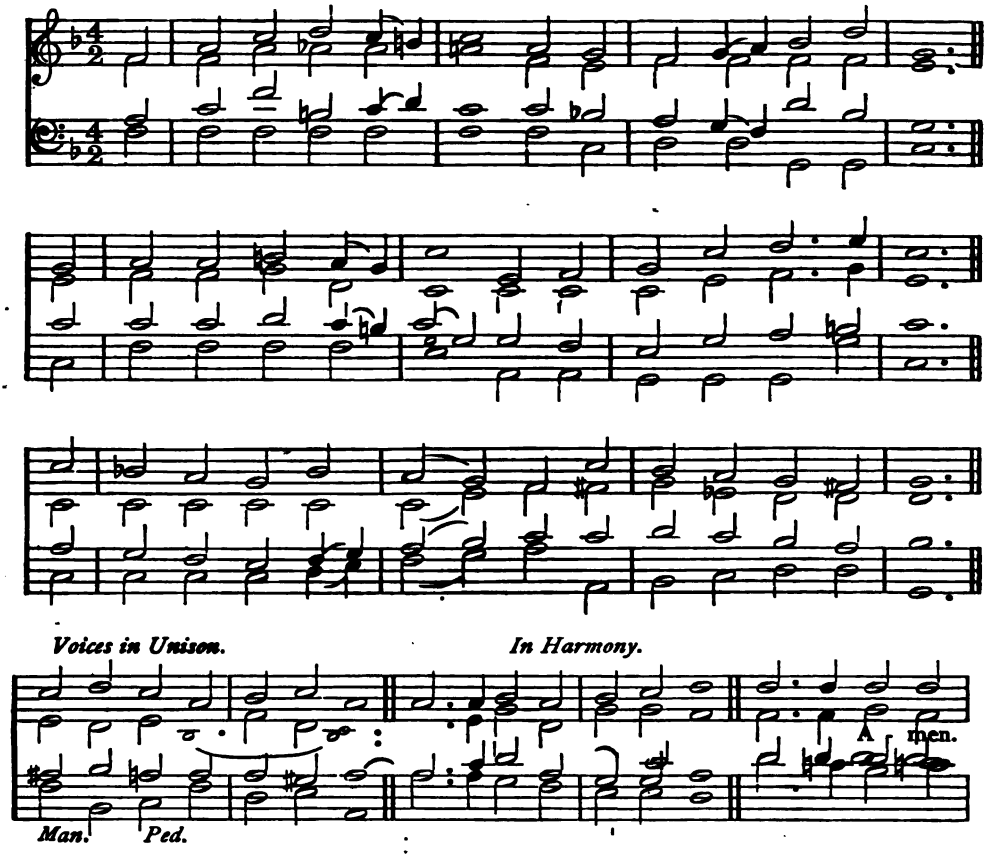
8,9,8,8,9,8,6,6,4,8,8.

SLEEPERS, WAKE. *Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.* PHILIPP NICOLAI.

116 *"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."*

1 *f* "WAKE, awake! for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
"Awake, Jerusalem, at last!"
mf Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
"Forth, virgins, haste ere night be past!
cres The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
f Hallelujah!
mf And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For we must go to meet Him there."

2 *mf* Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
cres For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
f Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
p Ah! come, Thou blessèd One,
cres God's own belovèd Son;
f Hallelujah!
mf We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 *ff* Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
mf Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
p Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
ff But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally. **Amen.**

DAY OF REST. 7,6,7,6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.

117

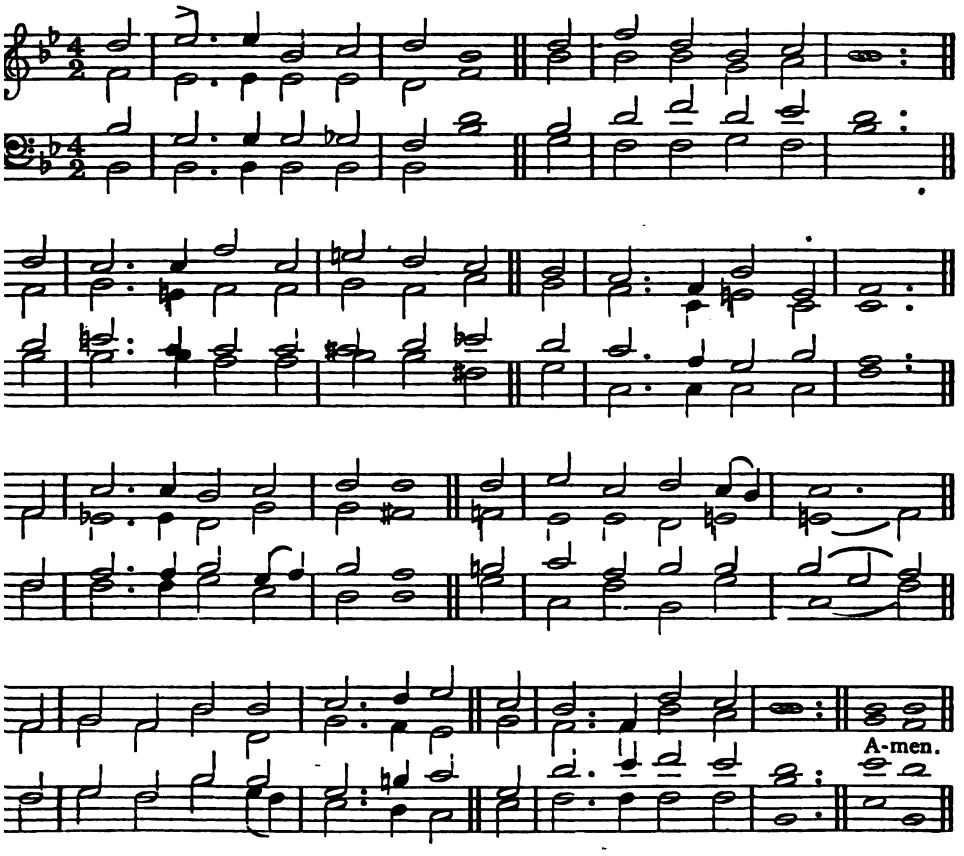
"Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

1 *mf* REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
p The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
cres The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh;
f Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry!

2 *mf* See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
f Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear!

3 *mf* Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in glad songs of jubilee,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
f Up! up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand!

4 *mf* Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
cres Arise, Thou Sun, so longed-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
f With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee! Amen.

ALFORD. 7,6,8,6. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

118

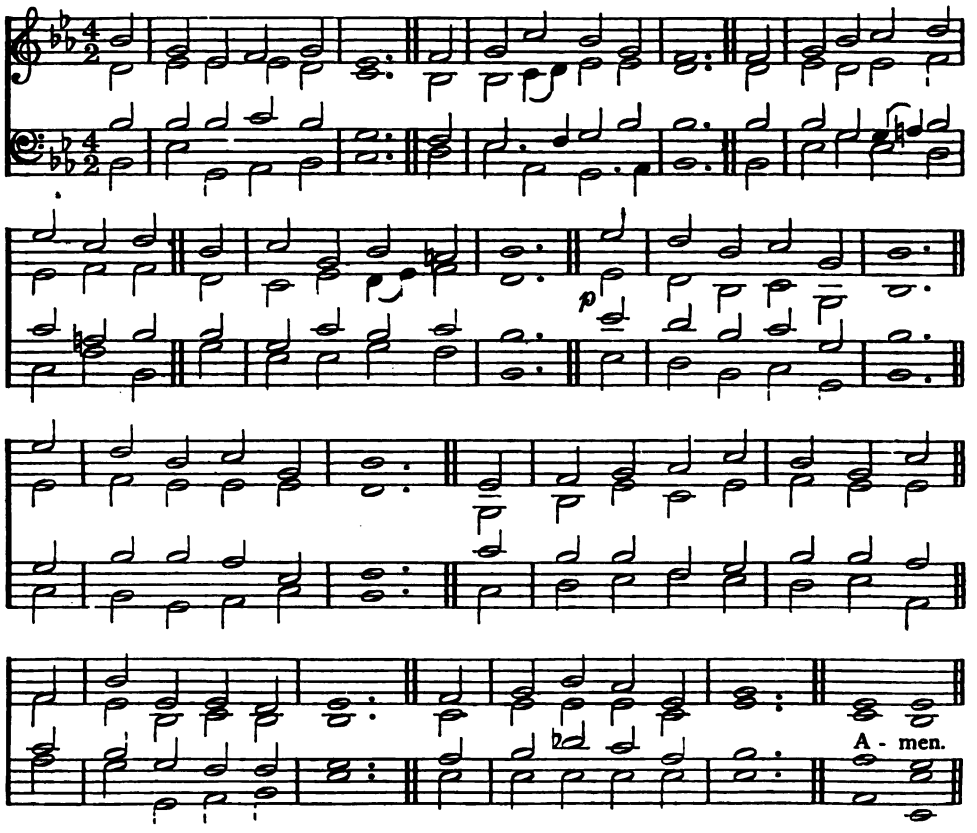
"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

1 *f* TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finished! all is finished,—
Their fight with death and sin;
f Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 *f* What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
cres O joy, for all its former woes
ff A thousandfold repaid!

3 *mf* Oh, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
p That brimmed with tears of late;
cres Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 *p* Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
cres Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power, and reign:
mf Appear, Desire of nations!
p Thine exiles long for home;
cres Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
f Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen.

BONAR 6,6,8,6,6,6,8,6,6. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

119

"Looking for that blessed hope."

1 *p* THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet:
cres Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

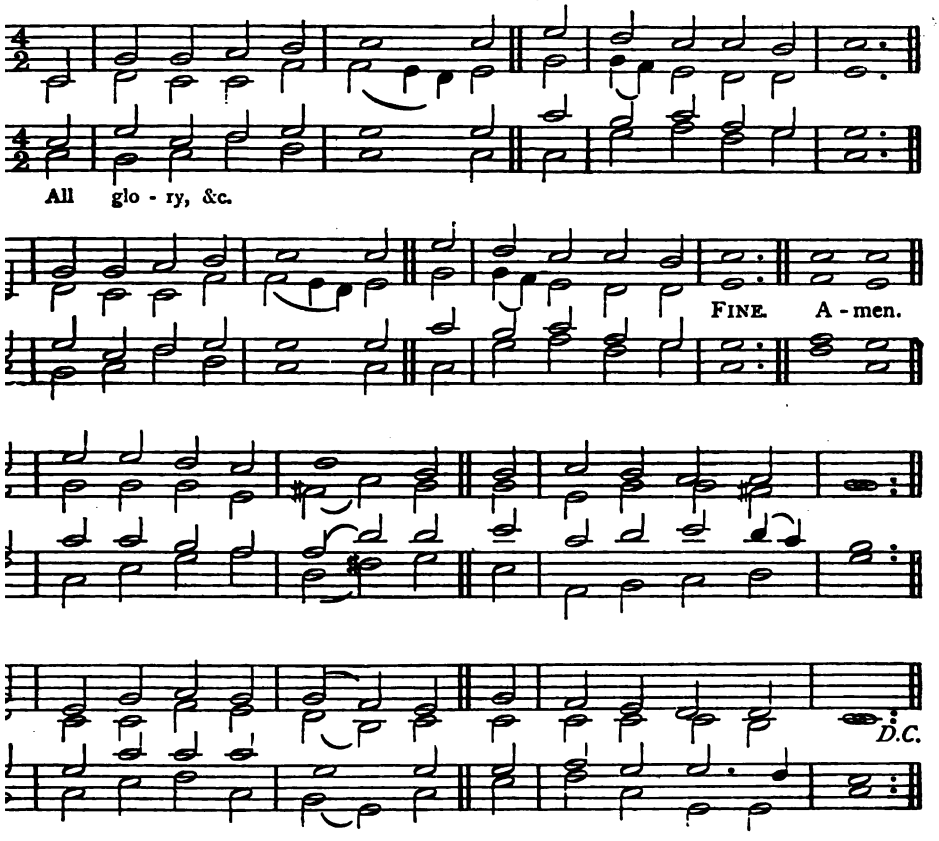
2 *p* Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And, as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them to await the change
cres Till the last glorious morn:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 *mf* We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory there.
As here we share Thy grace.
p Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until the Lord return?
cres Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 *p* The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
Which shall restore her comeliness
cres And make her wastes rejoice.
mf Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
f And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again:
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
Amen.

IX.—HIS GLORY AND PRAISE.

7,6,7,6. D.

'. THEODULPH. *Valet will ich dir geben, du arge falsche Welt.* MELCHIOR TESCHNER.

20 *"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

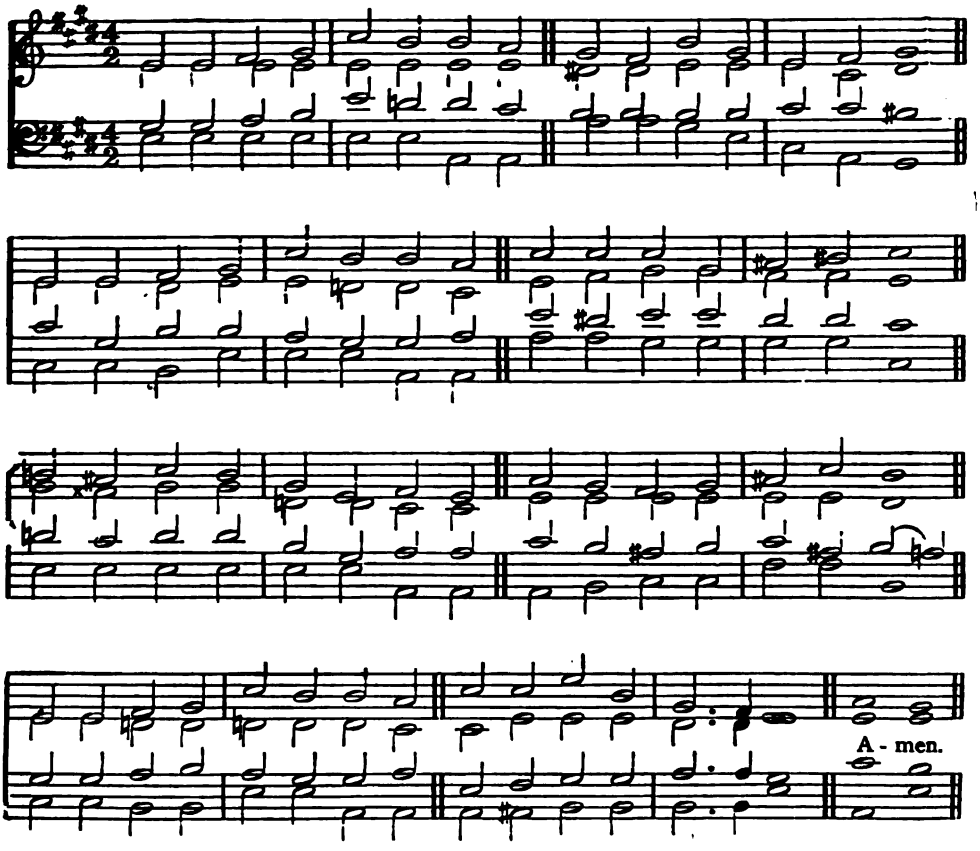
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One!
f All glory, &c.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
f All glory, &c.

4 *mf* The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
f All glory, &c.

5 *mf* To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They sang their hymns of praise:
cres To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
f All glory, &c.

6 *mf* Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring;
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
f All glory, &c. Amen.

ST. HILDA. 8,7,8,7. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.

121 *"Who . . . when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."*

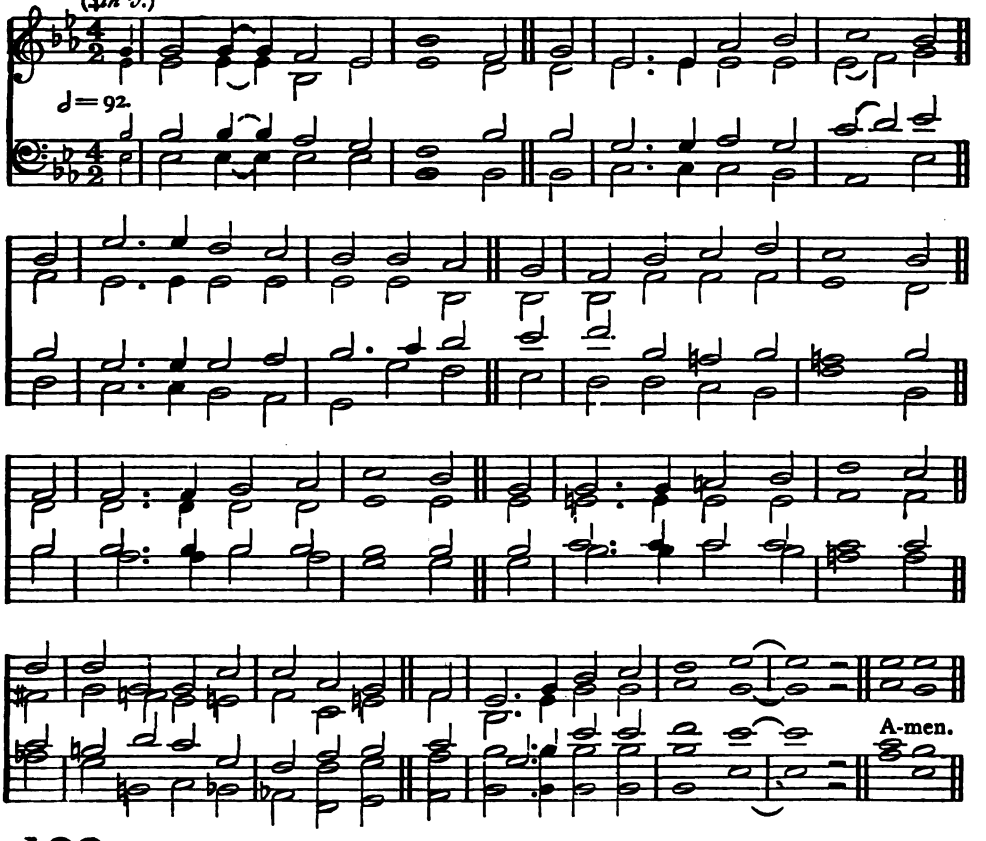
1 *mf* HAIL, Thou once-despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilæan King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou glorious God and Saviour!
Thou hast borne our sin and shame;
cres By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 *mf* Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
cres Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
f Opened is the gate of heaven;
p Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 *f* Jesus, hail! Enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
mf There for sinners Thou art pleading,
p "Spare them yet another year;"
cres Thou for saints art interceding
Till in glory they appear.

4 *f* Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
cres Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!
Amen.

ESDAILE. *7,7,4,4,7.* D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

(*4th v.*)

122

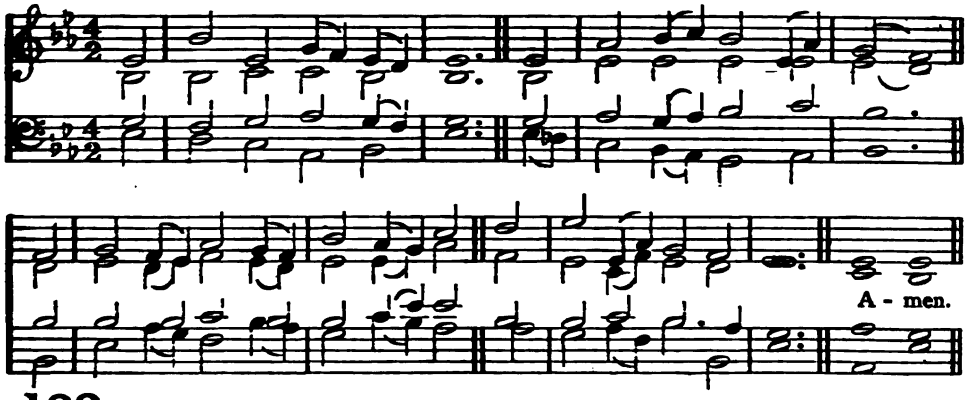
"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

1 *f* HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
p Till Thou appear,
cres Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
f And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 *p* While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire,
cres Thy love we praise
Which knows our days.
And ever brings us nigher:
f We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The love divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 *mf* Thou dost conduct Thy people
cres Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
mf The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall
cres Break through them all
dim Ere death our conflict closes.

4 *f* By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
p And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
cres Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
f To take us up to heaven. Amen.

CARLISLE. S.M. C. LOCKHART.

123 *"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."*

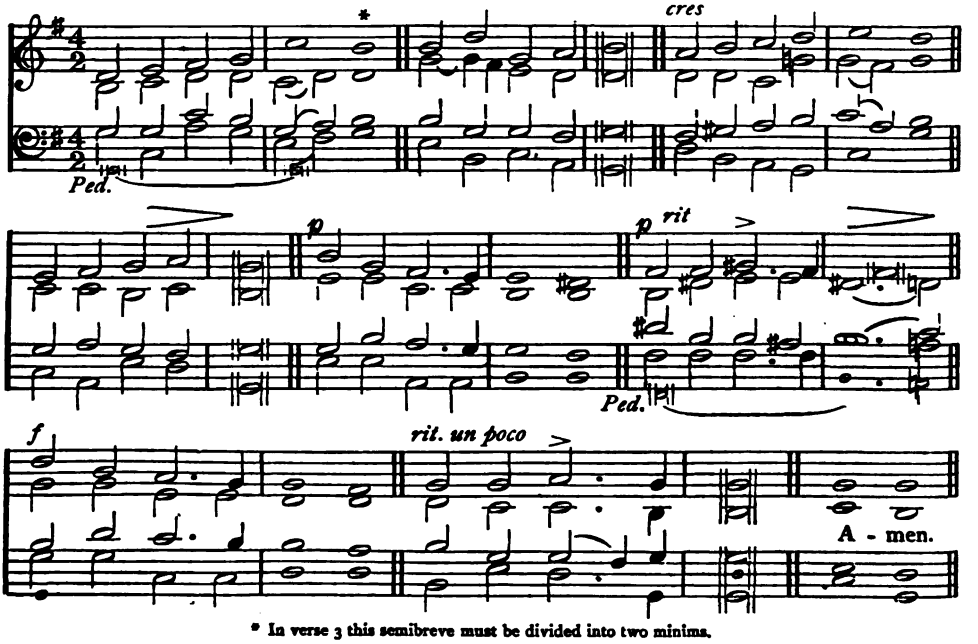
1 *f* AWAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 *p* Sing of His dying love;
cres Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

3 *f* Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 *mf* Soon shall ye hear Him say
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
p Soon will He call you hence away,
cres And take His wanderers home.

5 *f* There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

EDINA. 6,5,6,5. D. Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, Mus. Doc.

* In verse 3 this semibreve must be divided into two minims.

124

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

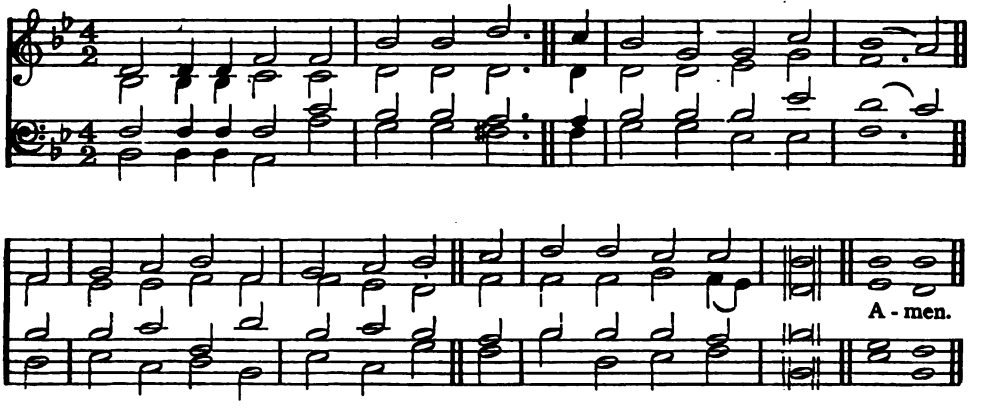
1 *mf* AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cres Every tongue confess Him
f King of Glory now;
mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
cres Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 *p* Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
cres Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

3 *f* Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder,
pp And with 'bated breath;
p He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
cres Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

4 *mf* In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cres Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 *f* Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now. Amen.

NATIVITY. C.M. HENRY LAHEE.

125

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

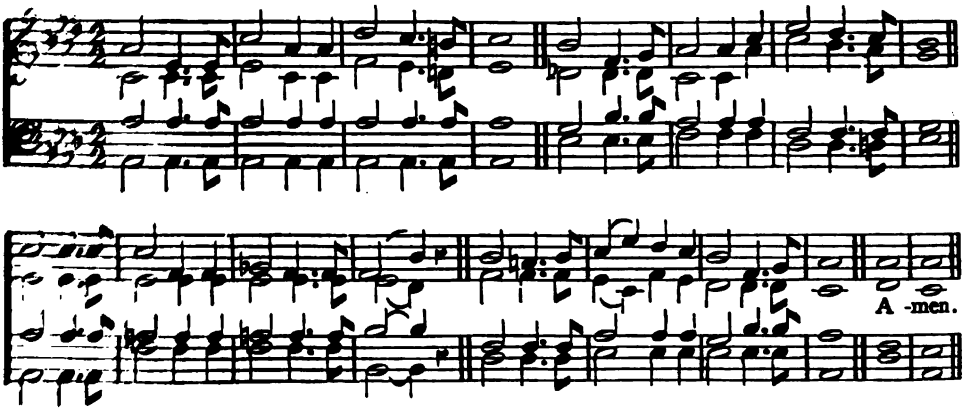
1 *f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *f* "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
p "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
cres "For He was slain for us!"

3 *mf* Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
cres And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 *f* Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 *f* The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb! Amen.

NAAMAN. 10,10,10,10. Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

126 *"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever"*

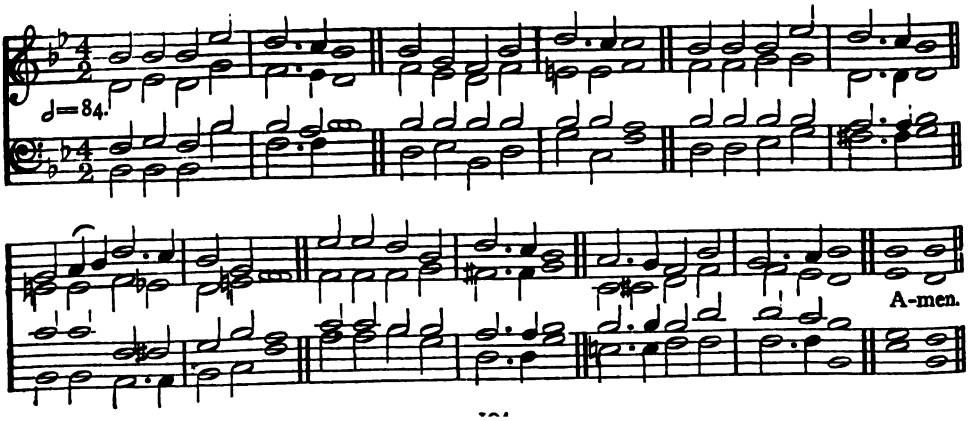
1 *f* BLESSING and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength, evermore,
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 *f* Into the heaven of the heavens hath He gone;
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne;
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown;
Singeth He now the new song with His own.

3 *ff* Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His name,
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame,
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower,
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

4 *f* Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high:
Blessing and honour and glory and praise—
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

5 *f* Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
p Dying in weakness, (*cres*) but rising to reign. Amen.

PRAISE. 7,7,7,7,7,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

127

"By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually."

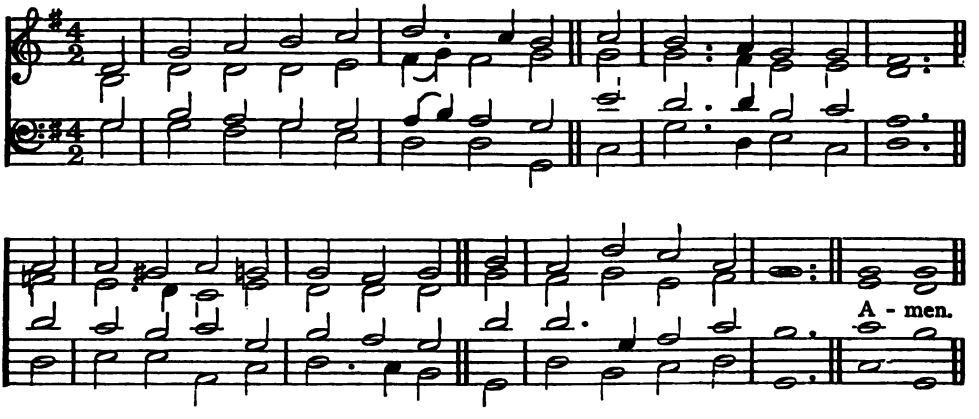
1 *mf* FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 *mf* For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 *mf* For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart's and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 *mf* For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child, [above,
Friends on earth, and (*dim*) friends
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 *f* For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. Amen.

SOUTHWARK. C.M. CHRISTOPHER TYE, Mus. Doc., 1559.

128

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power."

1 *mf* HARK, how the adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.

2 *mf* "Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
cres "Worthy the Lamb!" let us reply,
f "For He was slain for us."

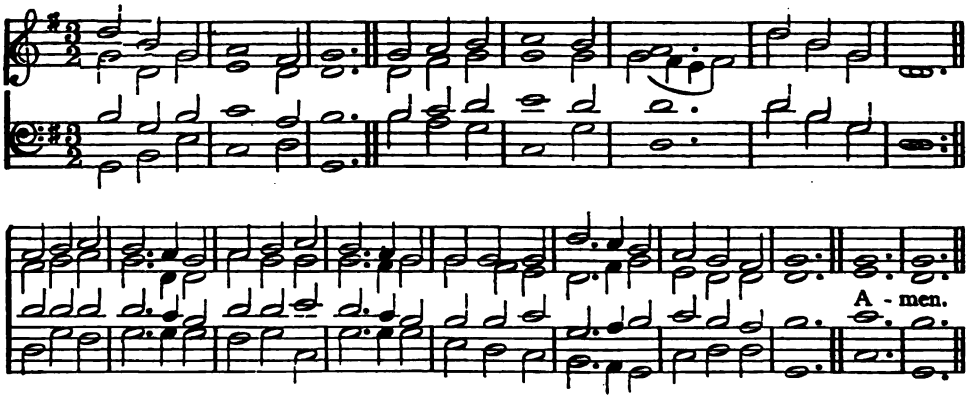
3 *f* To Him be power divine ascribed,
And endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on His head!

4 *f* Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

5 *mf* From every kindred, every tongue,
Thou brought'st Thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shared
The riches of Thy grace.

6 *mf* Let all that dwell above the sky,
Or on the earth below,
cres With fields and floods and ocean's shores,
To Thee their homage show.

7 *f* To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore! Amen.

MOSCOW. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. FELICE GIARDINI.

129

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

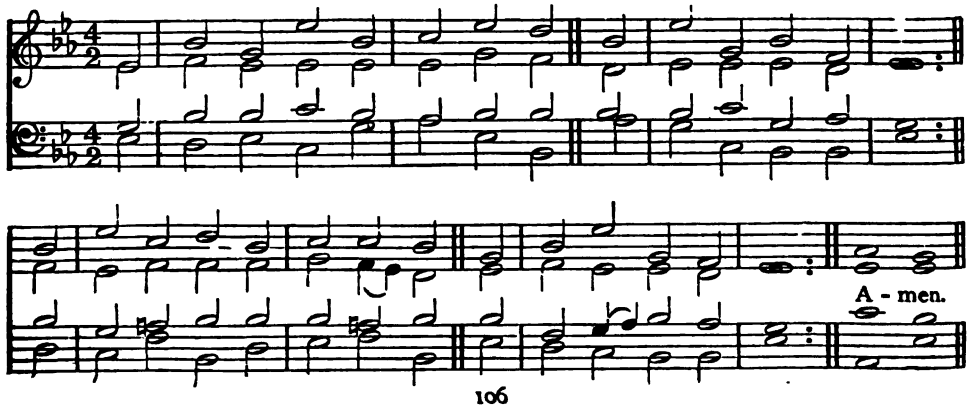
1 *f* GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His name!
Angels His name adore
p Who all our sorrows bore,
cres And saints cry evermore
f "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 *f* Jesus, our Lord and God,
p Bore sin's tremendous load;
cres Praise ye His name!
f Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 *f* While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,
p We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
cres Sound His high praise abroad:
f Worthy the Lamb!

4 *f* Join, all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

5 *p* Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
cres Praising His name:
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing
ff "Worthy the Lamb!" Amen.

LONDON NEW. C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1635.

30

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins."

OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

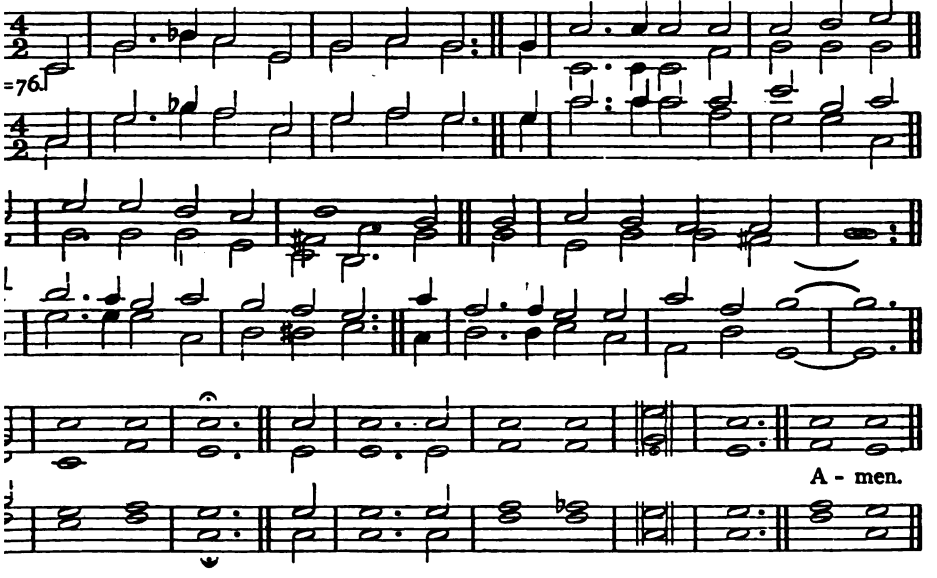
Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

5 *mf* He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 *f* Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 *f* Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone.
Be justified by grace. Amen.

URLE. 8,8,8,8,4,7. JAMES TURLE.

31

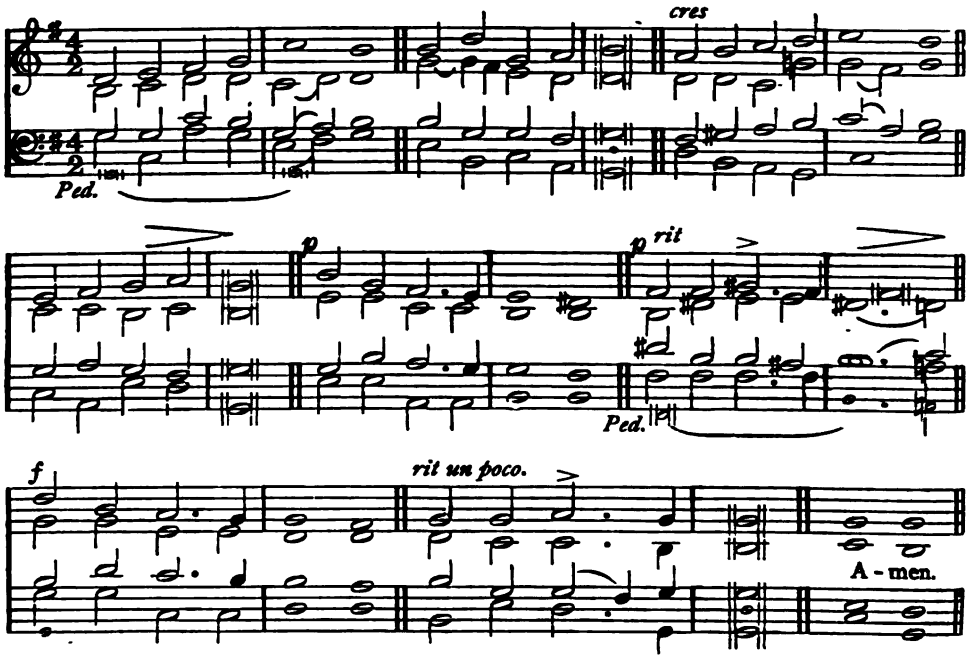
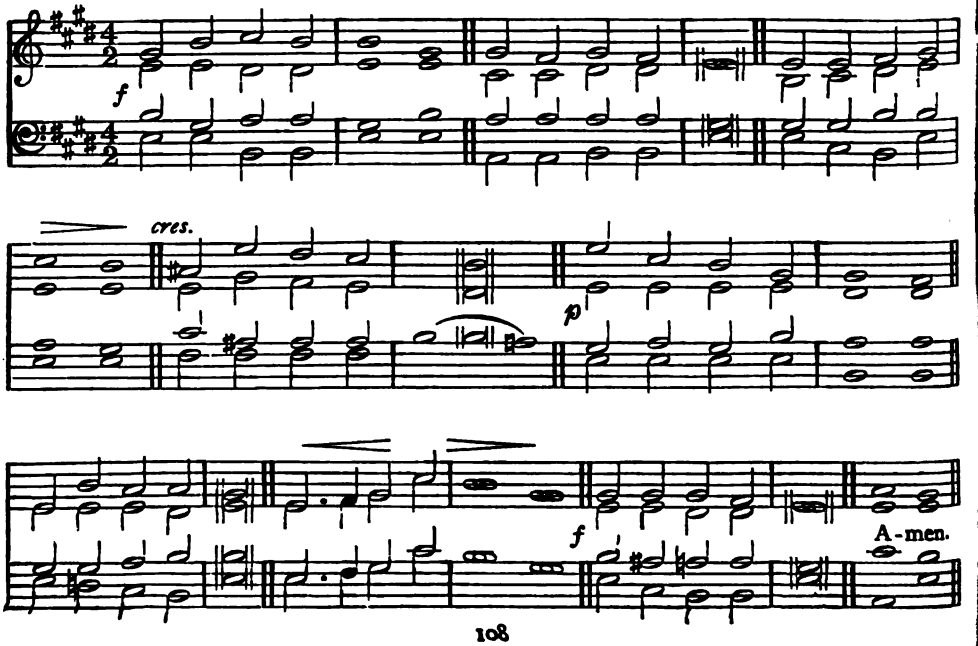
"Hosanna in the highest."

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
f Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred name!
f Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

3 *p* But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
cres A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

4 *p* So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cres Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
f Shall swell the sound of praise again.
ff Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

EDINA (*1st Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, Mus. Doc.

KIRKBRADDAN (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. Rev. E. C. WALKER.

132

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

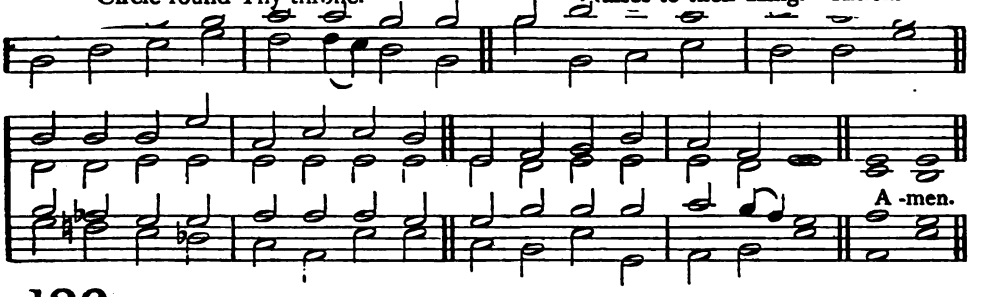
1 *mf* SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
cres Hearts and voices raising
f Praises to our King.
mf All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 *mf* Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
dim Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
p Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
cres Thou, that we might follow,
f Hast gone up on high.

3 *f* Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known
cres Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 *f* Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
p In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
cres Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 *mf* Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
cres Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
f Till the prize is won.

6 *f* Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

136

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour."

1 *mf* MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

3 *mf* But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?

133

"To the only wise God our Saviour."

1 *f* TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

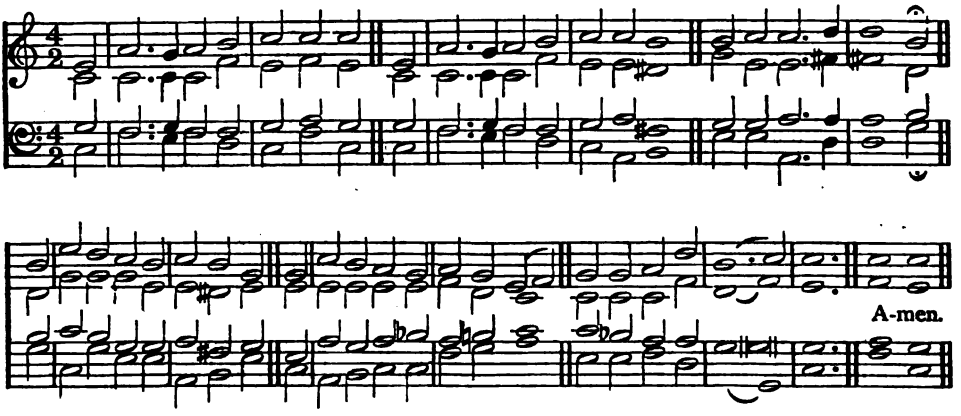
2 *mf* 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

3 *mf* He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
cres Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 *mf* Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 *f* To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song. Amen.

ALLELUIA. 8,8,6,8,8,6. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

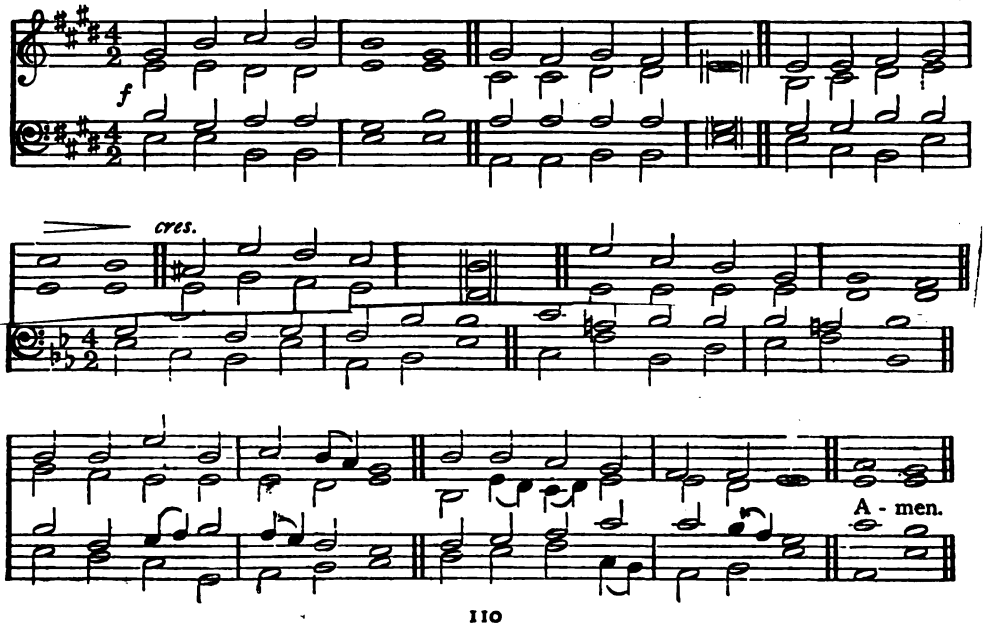


134

"Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever."

1 *mf* TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
cres Sing we Hallelujah!
To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
p Who gave His [illegible] immortality.

3 *p* To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
cres Sing we Hallelujah!
mf To Him who doth prepare on high

KIRKBRADDAN (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. Rev. E. C. WALKER.

35

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

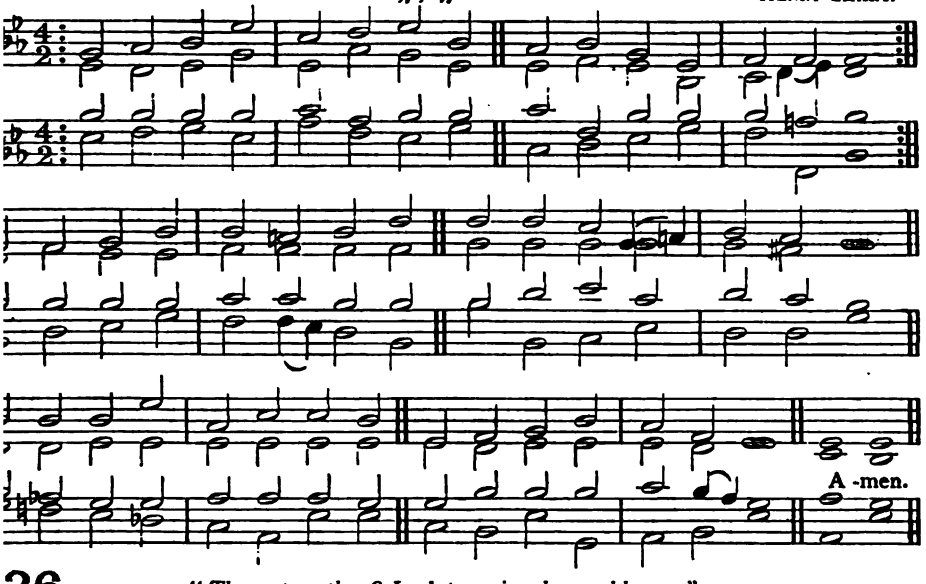
Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 *p* And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
cres No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 *mf* Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
cres Learning here, by faith and love,
f Songs of praise to sing above.

6 *mf* Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
cres Then, amidst eternal joy,
f Songs of praise their powers employ.

Amen.

/ERTON. 8,7,8,7. D. HENRY SMART.

36

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour."

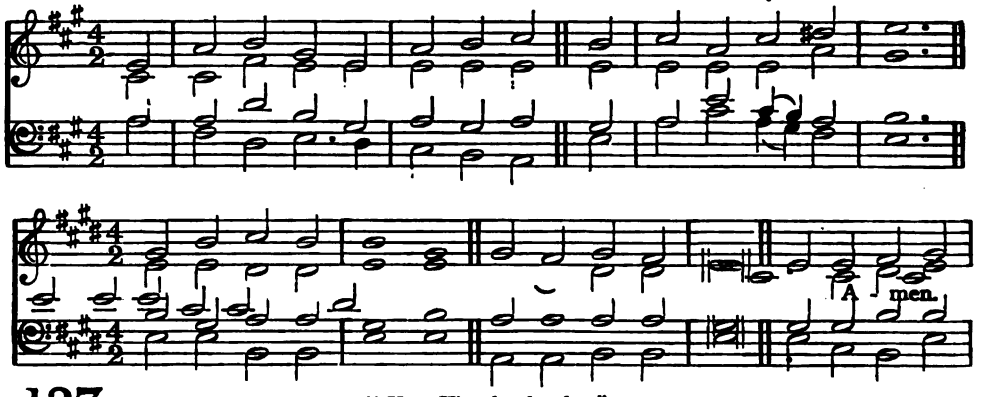
MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
f Be Thy just and endless praise.

For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign!

3 *mf* But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
cres Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord (*dim*) who came to die,

4 *mf* From the highest throne of glory
p To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
cres Flow my praise, for ever flow;
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
f Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Amen.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

137

"Unto Him that loved us."

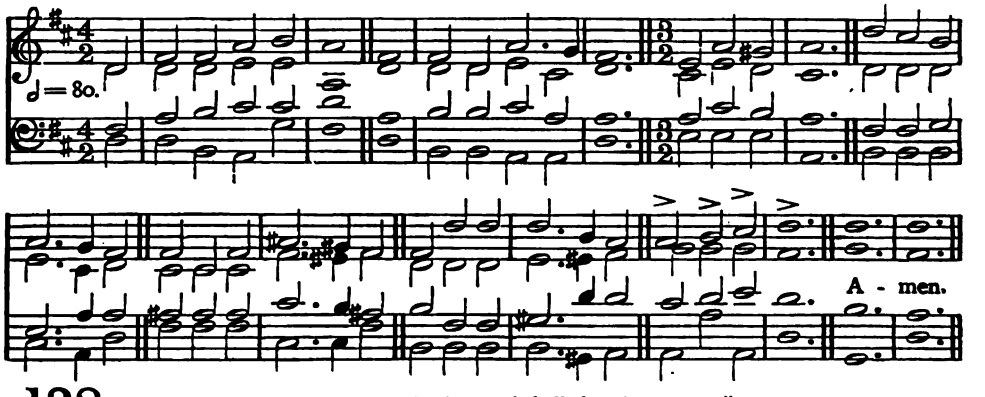
1 *mf* TO Him that loved the souls of men
And washed us in His blood,
cres To royal honours raised our head
And made us priests to God,—

2 *f* To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

3 *f* Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
p While they that pierced Him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 *mf* Thou art the First, and Thou the Last;
Time centres all in Thee,
cres Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be. Amen.

XC.—The Holy Spirit.

ST. GABRIEL. 6,6,4,6,6,4 Rev. EDWARD SEYMOUR.

138

"He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you."

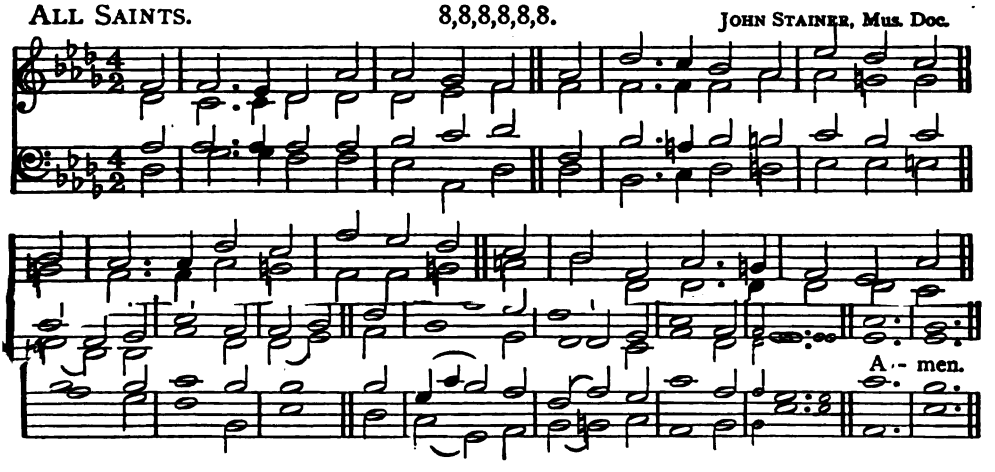
1 *mf* COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
cres *Oh, come to-day!*

2 *mf* Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
p Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
cres Cheer us, this hour!

3 *mf* Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
cres Send forth Thy beams divine,
In our dark souls to shine
And make us blest!

4 *mf* Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
p Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
cres Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 *f* Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
cres And, with our gracious Lord,
ff Eternal joy! Amen.

ALL SAINTS. 8,8,8,8,8,8. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

141

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

1 *mf* COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

2 *p* Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 *cres* Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 *mf* Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 *mf* Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 *cres* Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

7 *mf* Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;

8 *f* That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

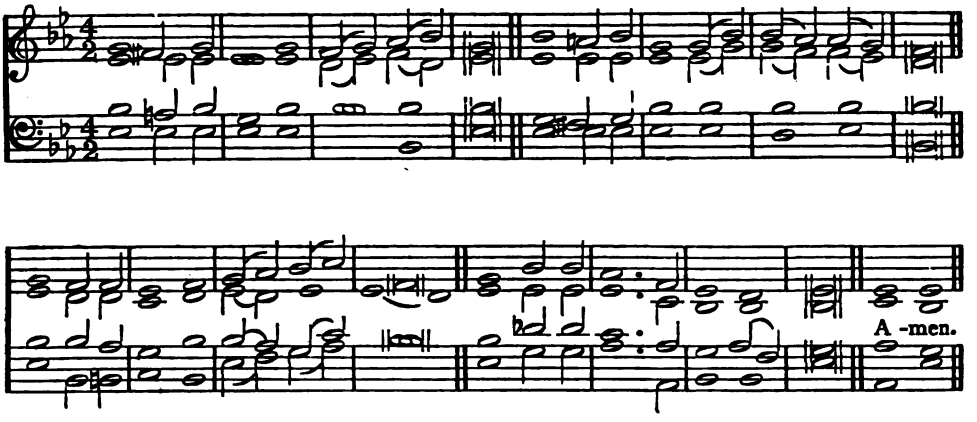
9 *ff* "Praise to Thy eternal merit!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." Amen.

* These ties and the small notes in last bar to be used in Ninth Stanza only.

† The last syllable of the words "Merit" and "Spirit" to be sung to these minims.

In the case of the *first* Tune Two Stanzas are required to each Verse, and in the Second Tune, *Three*.

HOLLY. L.M. GEORGE HEWS.



142

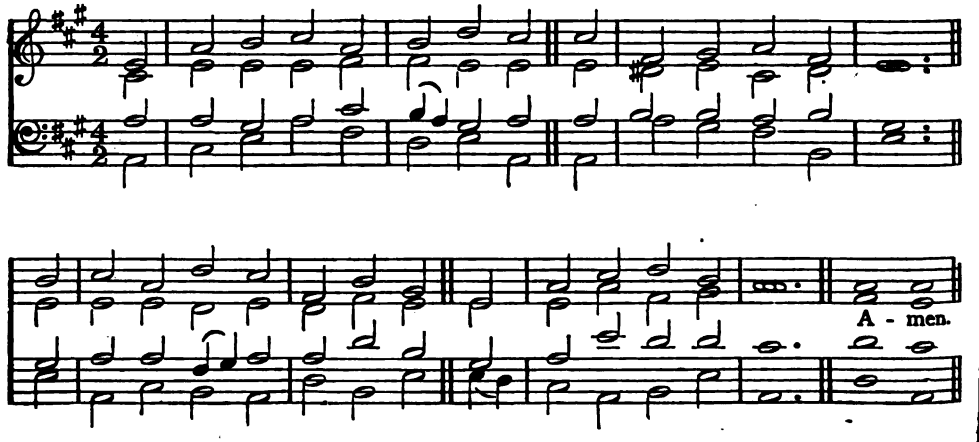
"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

1 *mf* COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 *mf* The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 *mf* Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living Way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 *cres* Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is:
p Lead us to God, our final rest,
f To be with Him, for ever blest. Amen.

ST. JAMES. C.M. RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

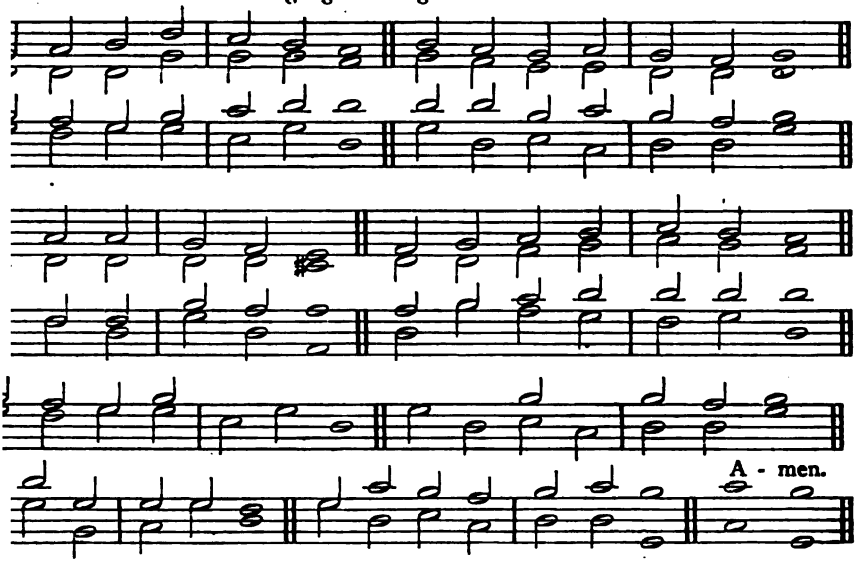
Spirit breathes upon the Word,
l brings the truth to sight;
)ts and promises afford
inctifying light.

y gilds the sacred page,
estic, like the sun;
:s a light to every age,
ives, but borrows none.

and, that gave it, still supplies
: gracious light and heat:
cres His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 *f* Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 *mf* My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
cres Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.

7,7,7,7,7,7.
O gesegnetes Regieren. GERMAN.

"Be filled with the Spirit."

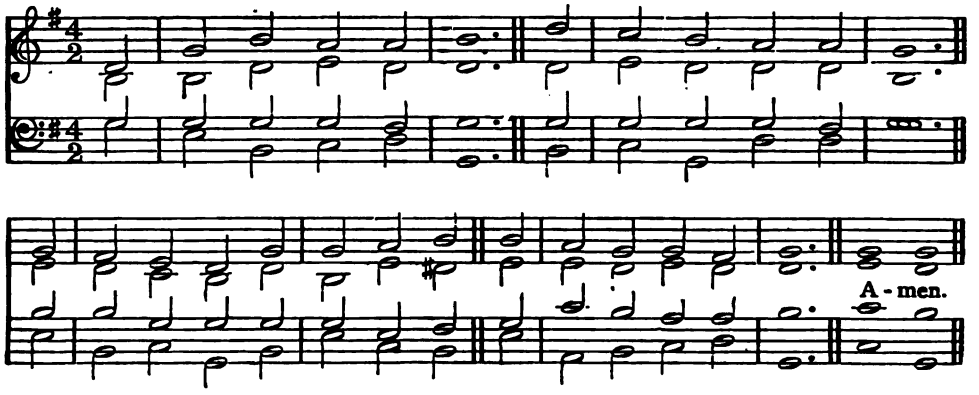
CIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
elf would gracious be;
with words that help and heal,
l Thy life in mine reveal;
with actions bold and meek,
l for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

ful Spirit, dwell with me!
elf would truthful be;
with wisdom kind and clear,
hy life in mine appear;
with actions brotherly,
my Lord's sincerity.

r Spirit, dwell with me!
elf would tender be;
ny heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
cres Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 *mf* Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
cres Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 *p* Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
cres Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
mf And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee!
Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

145

"The Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him."

1 *mf* COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

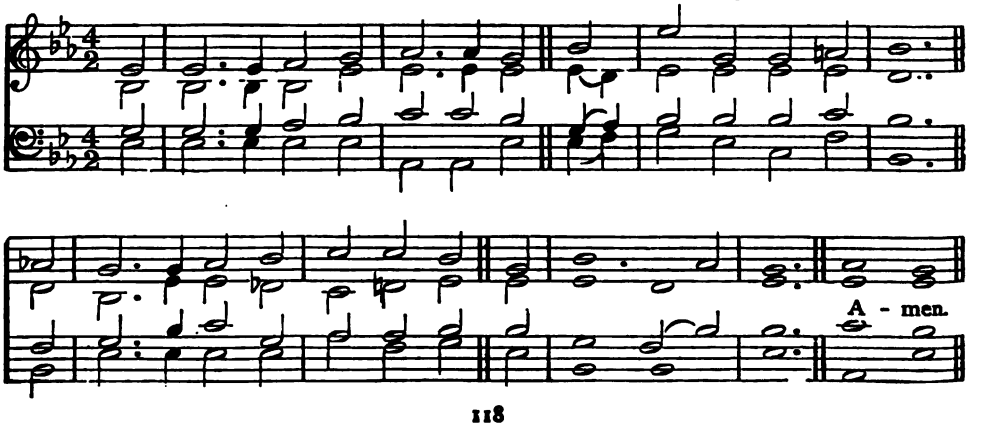
2 *mf* Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 *p* Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
cres And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 *mf* Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

5 *mf* 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

6 *f* Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
cres Then shall we know and praise and love
ff The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8,6,8,4. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

146

"If I depart, I will send Him unto you."

1 *p* OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

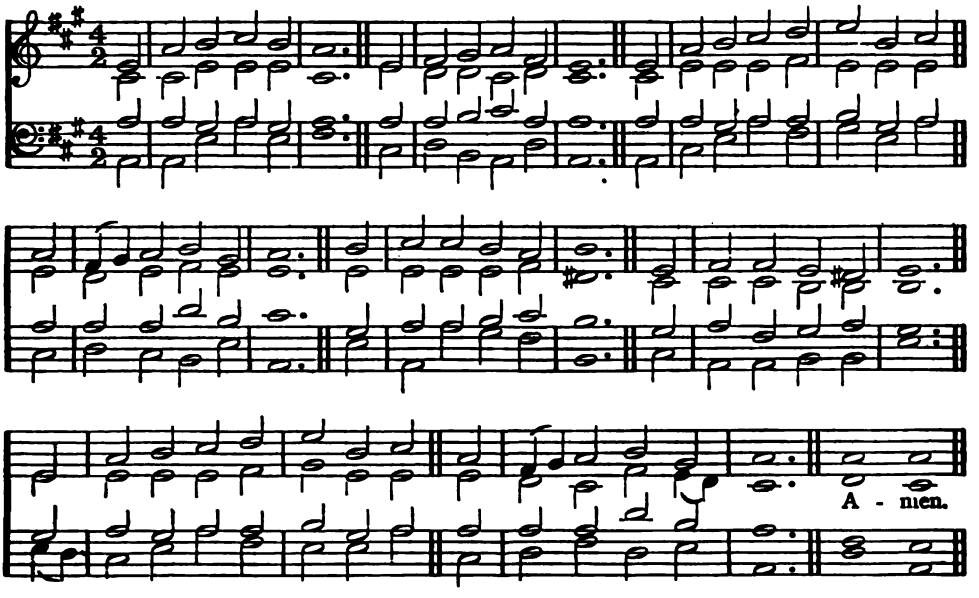
2 *f* He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
p As viewless too.

3 *mf* He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
p Wherein to rest.

4 *p* And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
pp And speaks of heaven.

5 *cres* And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
mf Are His alone.

6 *p* Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
cres Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
dim And worthier Thee! Amen.

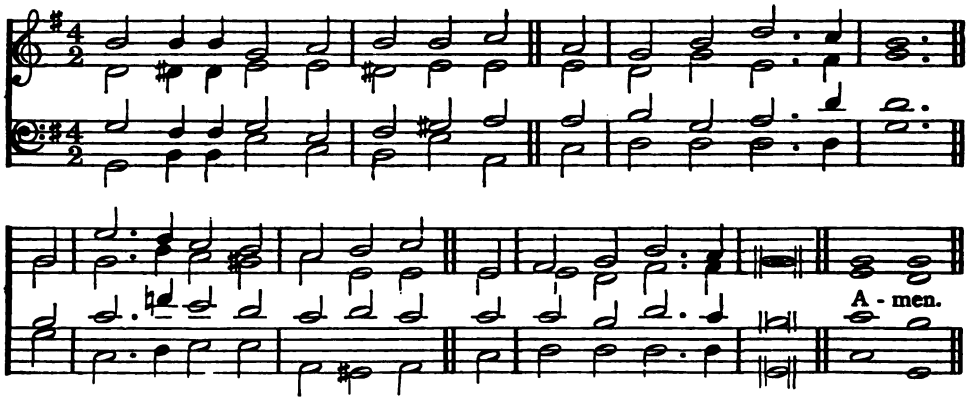
KANE. S.M. D. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

147

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

1 *mf* LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
cres Descend in all Thy power;
mf We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 *f* Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe;
p The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
cres And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

3 *p* Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
cres With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day;
mf Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
cres O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified! Amen.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

148 *"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"*

1 *mf* SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers:
f Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 *mf* Come as the light: to us reveal
p Our emptiness and woe;
cres And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

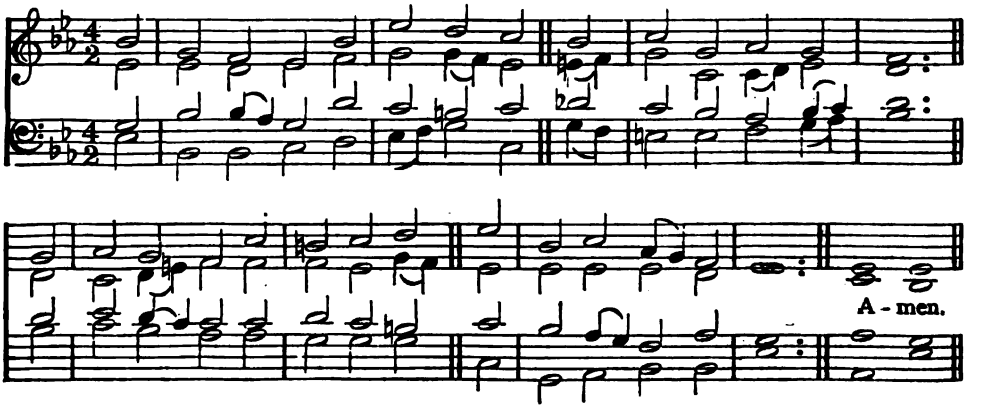
3 *mf* Come as the fire: and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
cres Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 *p* Come as the dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
cres May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 *p* Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,
cres And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 *mf* Come as the wind: with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 *mf* Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers
ff Oh, come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

SUDELEY. C.M. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

149

"Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

1 *f* WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 *p* But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

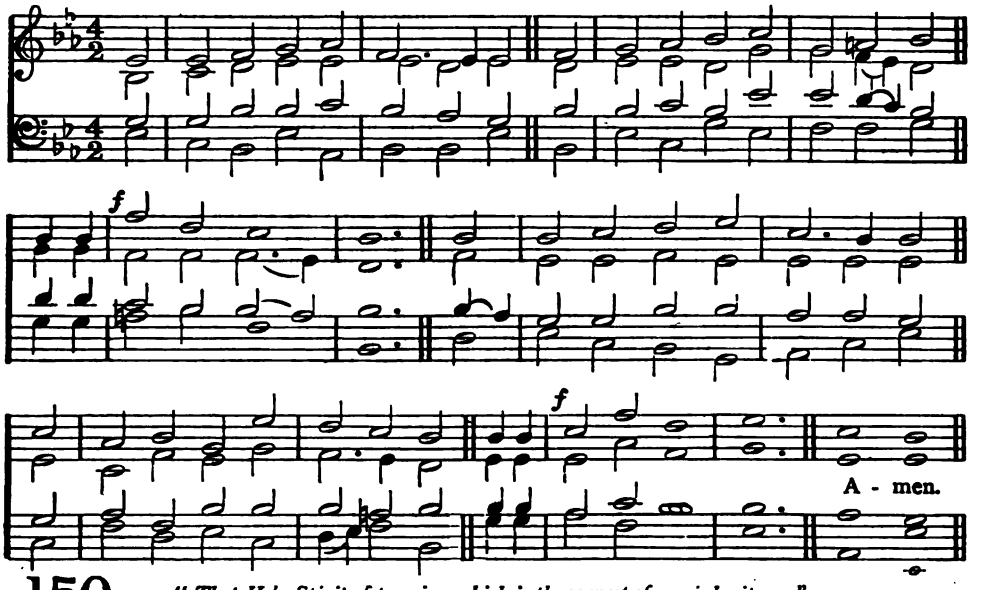
3 *f* The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
p Now gently light, (*cres*) a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 *f* And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
ff The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud:

5 *mf* So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
cres A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 *f* It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
p Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 *mf* Come, Lord! come, Wisdom, Love, and Power!
Open our ears to hear;
cres Let us not miss the accepted hour;
f Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

PARACLETE. 8,8,6,8,8,6. A. CROIL FALCONER.

150

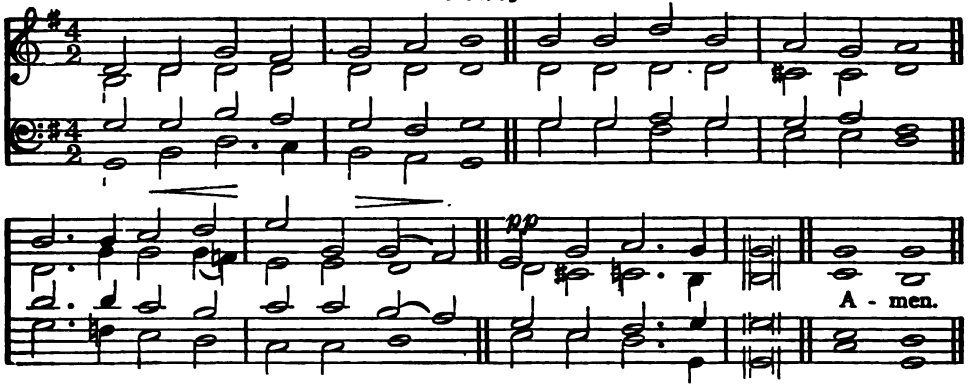
"That Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance."

1 *mf* TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!
mf To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!

2 *mf* To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
p The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!
mf To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!

3 *mf* To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!
mf To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
cres Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we (*f*) Hallelujah!

4 *mf* To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we (*ff*) Hallelujah!
f To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
rall Sing we (*ff*) Hallelujah! Amen.

CONSOLATOR. 7,7,7,5. A. CROIL FALCONER.

151 *"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name."*

1 *mf* COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
p Comforter Divine!

2 *p* Orphans are our souls, and poor;
cres Give us from Thy heavenly store,
f Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine!

3 *mf* Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
p Comforter Divine!

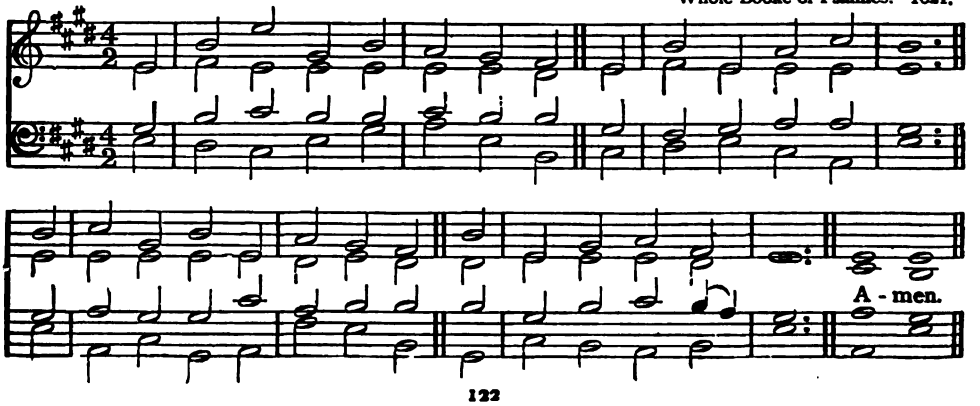
4 *p* Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine!

5 *p* In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

6 *mf* In us "Abba, Father!" cry;
cres Earnest of our bliss on high,
f Seal of immortality,
p Comforter Divine!

7 *mf* Search for us the depths of God;
cres Upwards, by the starry road,
f Bear us to Thy high abode,
dim Comforter Divine! Amen.

V.—The Gospel.

ST. DAVID. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Whole Booke of Psalmes. 1621.

152 *"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."*

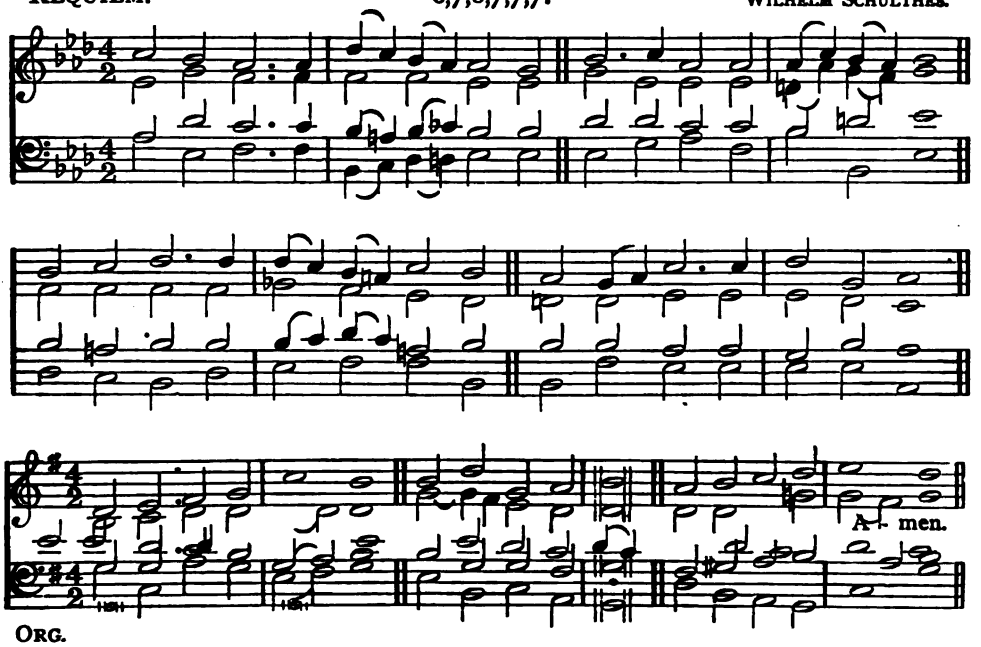
1 *mf* AS, when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high, [cured,
The wounded looked and straight were
The people ceased to die,

2 *mf* So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
p Is saved from endless woes.

3 *f* For God gave up His Son to death,
So generous was His love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

4 *mf* Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard:

5 *mf* He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
cres Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
f And bids us fear no more. Amen.

REQUIEM. 8,7,8,7,7,7. WILHELM SCHULTHES.

ORG.

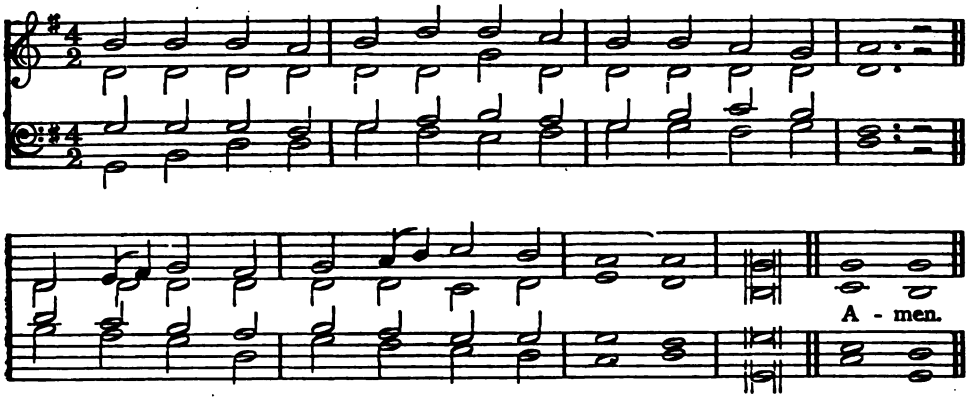
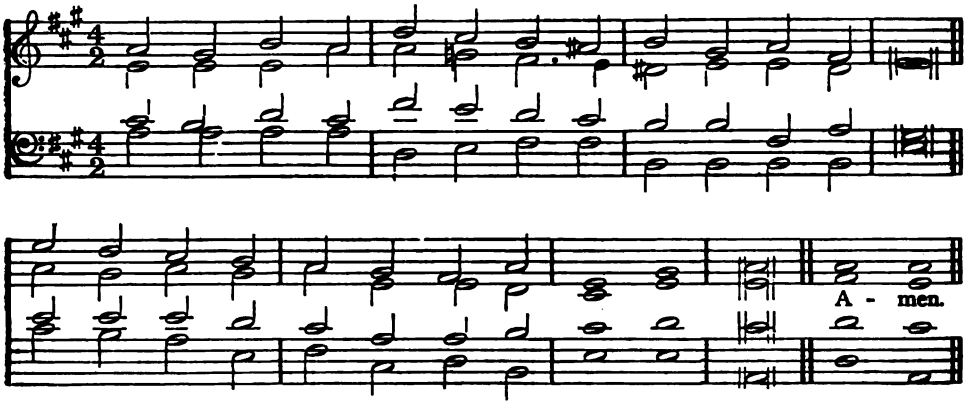
153 *"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."*

1 *mf* COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
cres Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 *p* Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin, [white:
cres Wash your robes, and make them
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 *p* Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
cres Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
mf Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 *mf* He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
f God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
p Signed when our Redeemer died,
cres Sealed when He was glorified. Amen

STEPHANOS (*1st Tune*). 8,5,8,3. Rev. Sir HENRY BAKER.

REST (*2nd Tune*). 8,5,8,3. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

154

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."

1 *p* ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
cres "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
p Be at rest!"

2 *mf* Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
dim "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
p And His side."

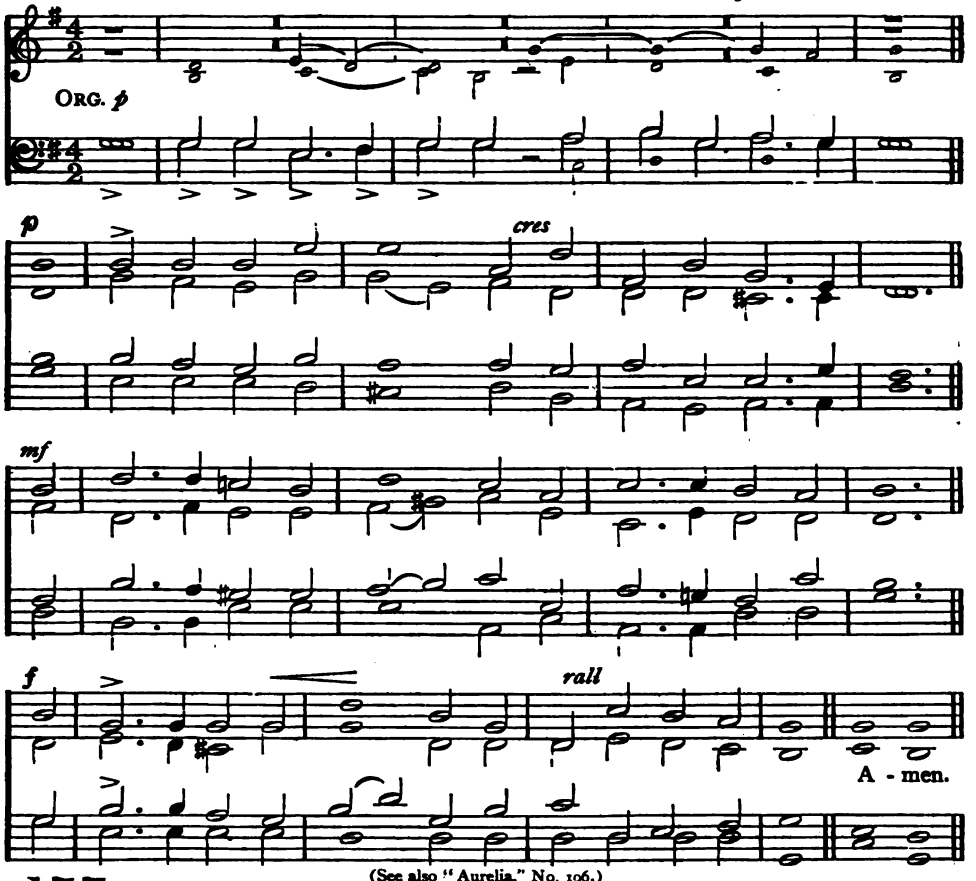
3 *mf* Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cres "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!"

4 *mf* If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 *mf* If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
cres Jordan past!"

6 *mf* If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

7 *mf* Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f "Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
ff Answer, Yes!" Amen.

"COME UNTO ME." 7,6,7,6. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Aurelia." No. 196.)

155 *"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*

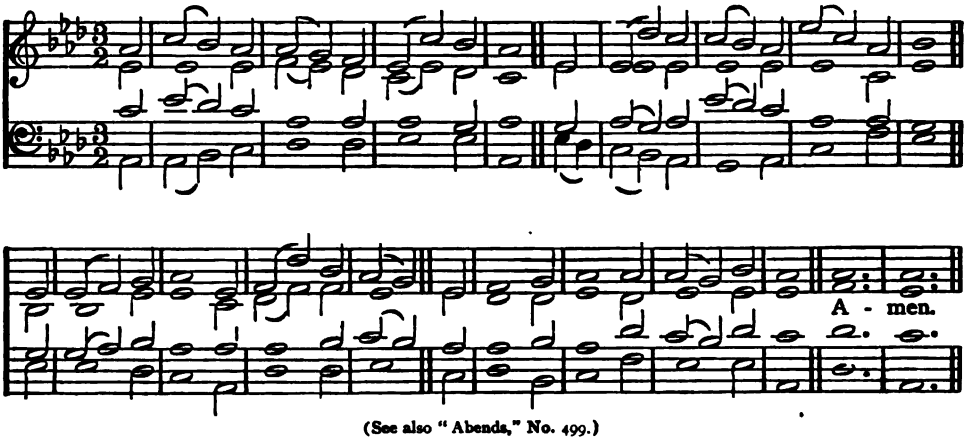
1 *mf* "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
p Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to hearts opprest!
mf It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 *mf* "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
p Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs, the break of day.

3 *mf* "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
cres Which comes to aid our strife!
mf The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 *mf* "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
cres Which drives away our doubt!
mf Which calls us, very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be
cres Of love so free and boundless,
rall To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
Amen.

NOTE.—It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only; but, if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the Voices.

EDEN. L.M. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

(See also "Abends," No. 499.)

156

"*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.*"

1 *mf* BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
p He gently knocks, has knocked before,
cres Has waited long, is waiting still:
dim You treat no other friend so ill.

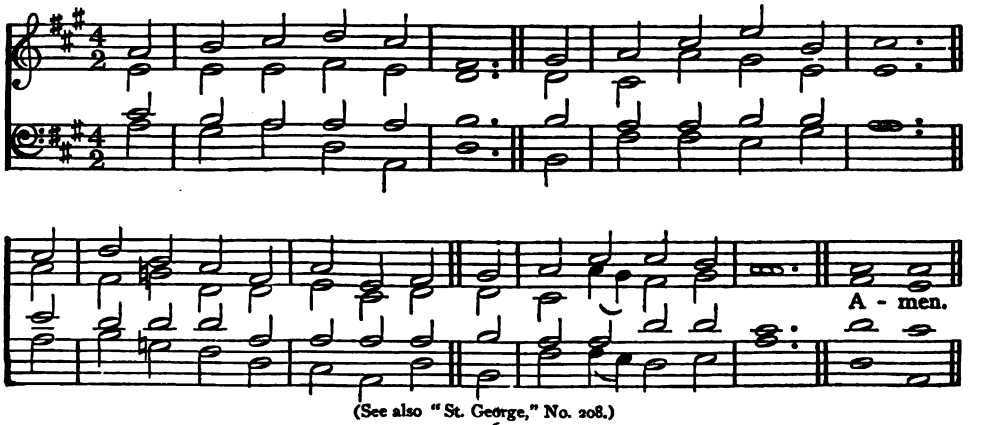
2 *mf* O lovely attitude! He stands
p With melting heart and laden hands;
cres O matchless kindness! and He shows
p This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 *mf* Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
cres No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

4 *p* Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
cres Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
dim When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

5 *mf* Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
f Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

6 *f* Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
Oh, may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
ff And be His empire all mankind!
Amen.

STRATHPEFFER. S.M. Prof. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

(See also "St. George," No. 208.)

157 *"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."*

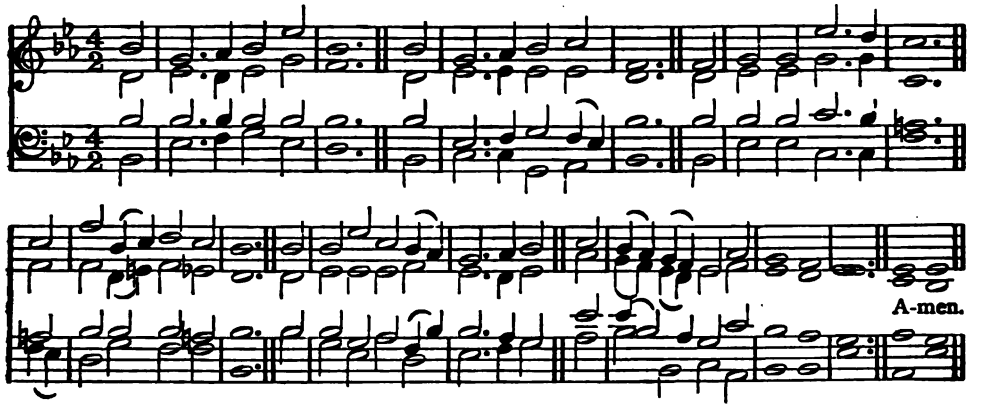
1 *mf* HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 *mf* How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
cres "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 *mf* How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 *mf* How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 *f* The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. Amen.

WATERSTOCK. 6,6,6,6,8,8. Sir JOHN GOSS.

158 *"He hath sent Me to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."*

1 *mf* BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

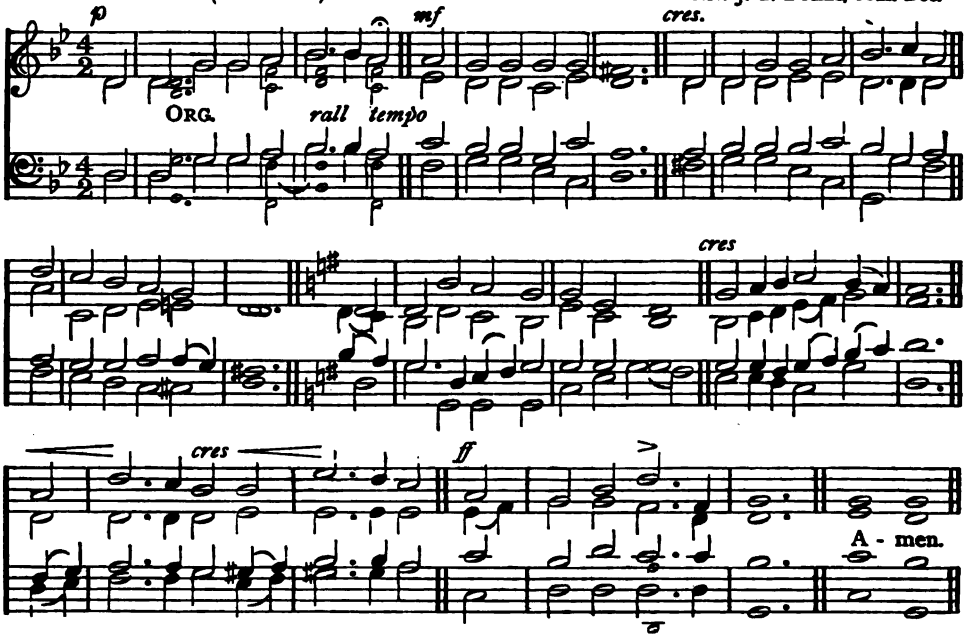
2 *mf* Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
p Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

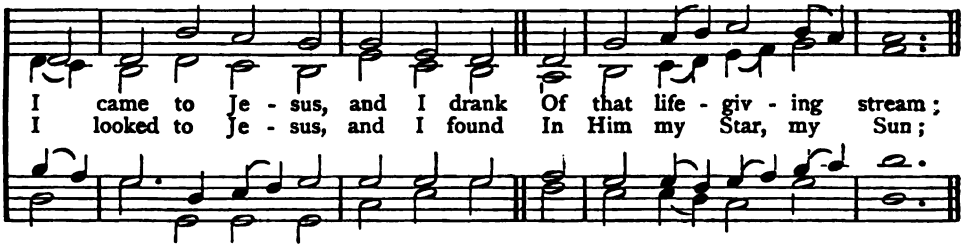
3 *mf* Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

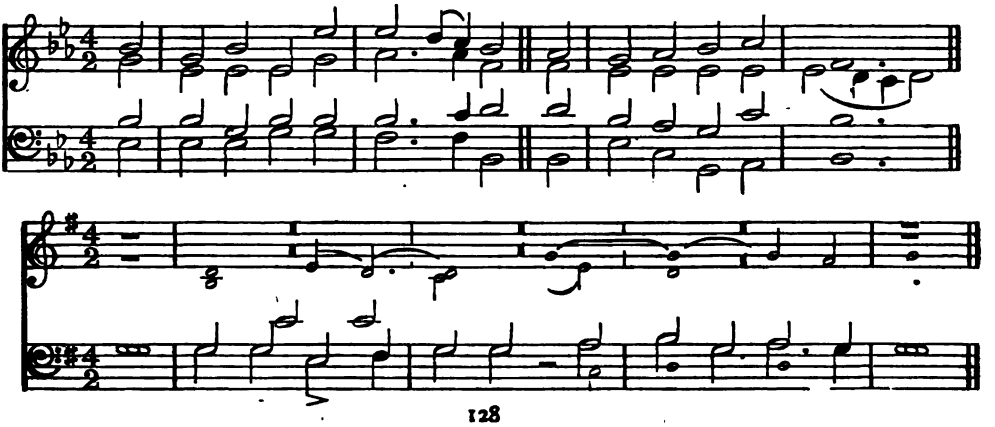
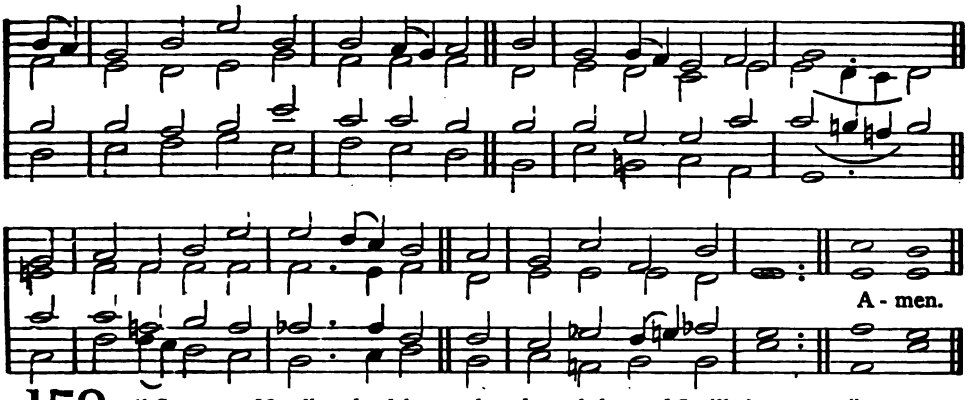
4 *p* Ye slaves of sin and hell,
cres Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 *mf* Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 *mf* The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
f The year of Jubilee is come;
rall Return to your eternal home. Amen

VOX DILECTI (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

* *In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following :—*



FLENSBURG (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. LOUIS SPOHR.

159

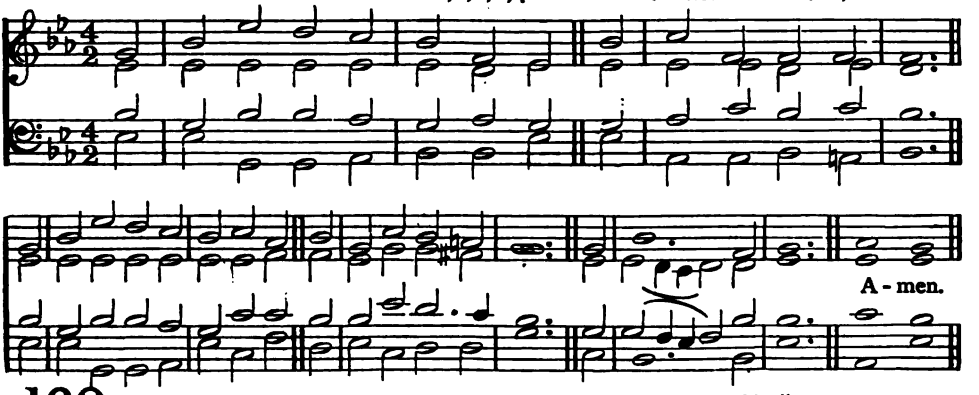
"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

1 *p* I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
mf "Come unto Me, and rest;
cres Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:"
p I came to Jesus as I was,
cres Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
ff And He has made me glad.

2 *p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf "Behold, I freely give
cres The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
cres Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
ff And now I live in Him.

3 *p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf "I am this dark world's Light;
cres Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cres In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
ff Till travelling days are done. Amen.

PENITENCE. 8,6,8,6,4. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



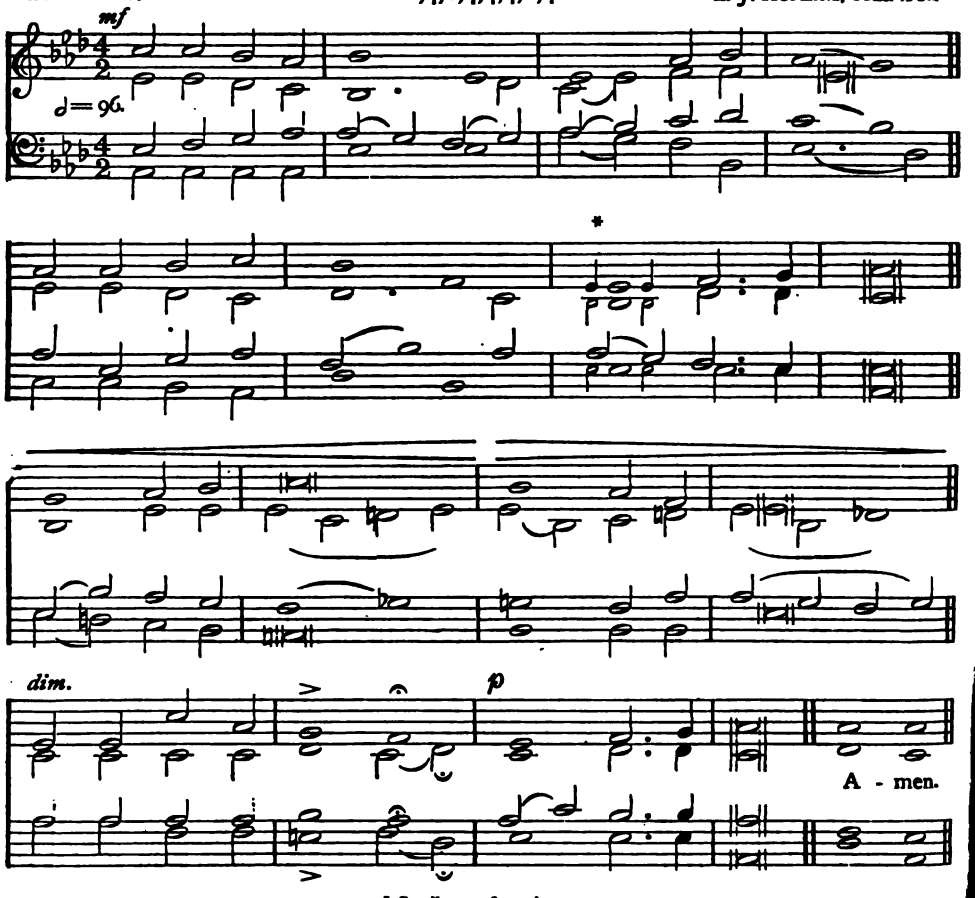
160

"Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him."

1 *p* RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
cres Return, return!

2 *p* Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
mf The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Oh! now for refuge flee:
f Return, return!

3 *p* Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
pp There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
f Return, return! Amen.

TARRING. 6,4,6,4,4,4,6,4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

* Small notes for 3rd verse.

161

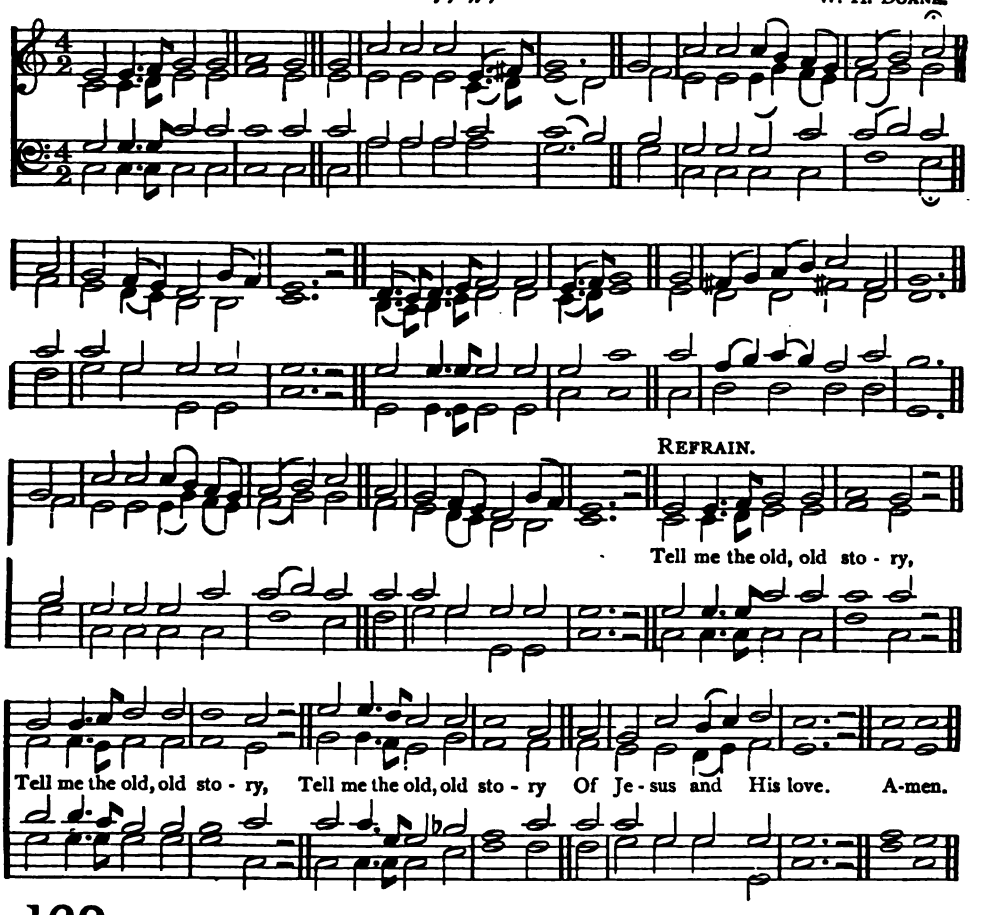
"Behold, now is the day of salvation."

1 *mf* CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
cres Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room,
dim Child of sin and sorrow,
p Hear and obey.

2 *mf* Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
cres Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
dim Child of sin and sorrow,
p Would bring thee nigh.

3 *mf* Child of sin and sorrow,
The moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
cres Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
dim Child of sin and sorrow,
p In Christ confide.

4 *mf* Child of sin and sorrow,
Cease now the tear;
Wait not for to-morrow,
cres Banish thy fear!
Christ now receives
Him who believes;
Child of sin and sorrow,
f Be of good cheer! Amen.

EVANGEL. 7,6,7,6. D. W. H. DOANE.

162

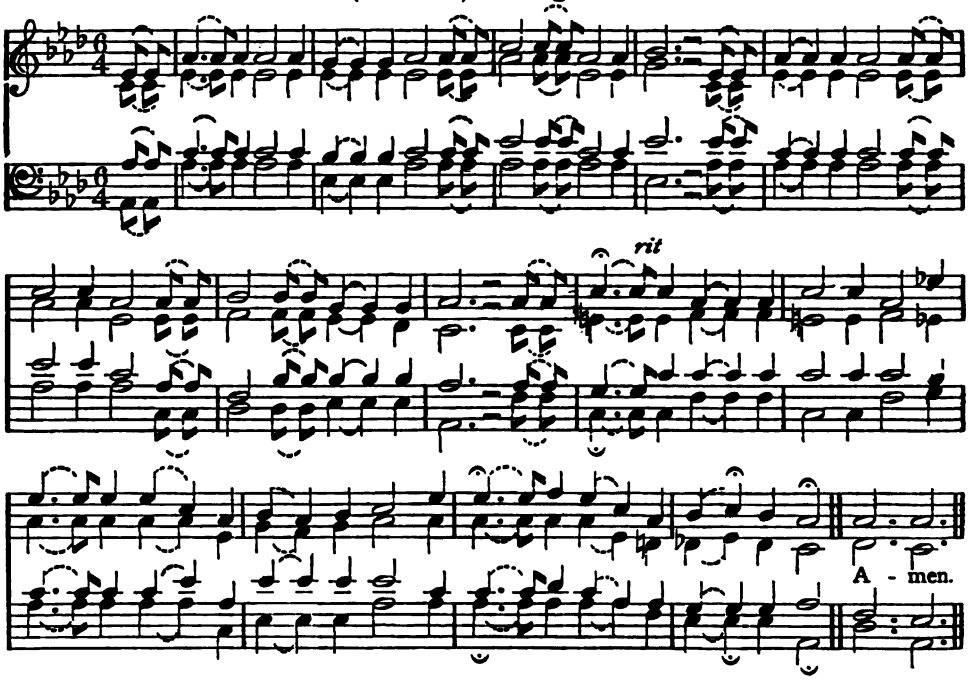
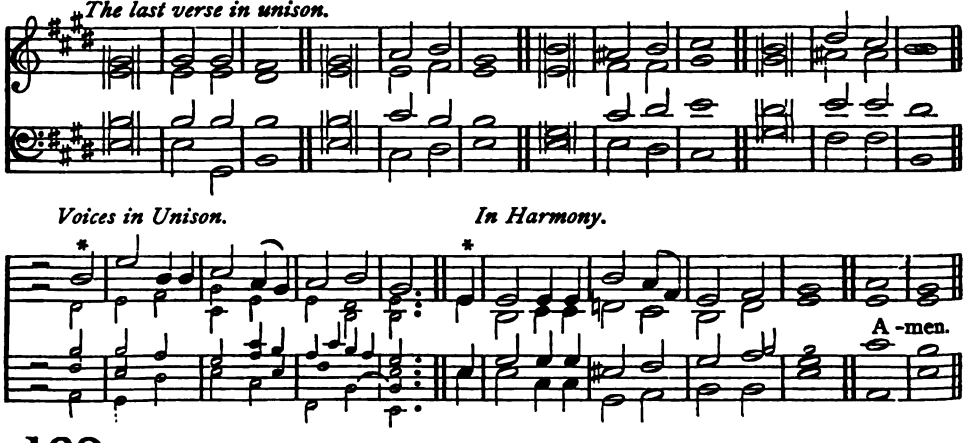
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

1 *mf* TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
p For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 *mf* Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
cres That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
p The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 *p* Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
cres Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save!
mf Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
p In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

4 *mf* Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
p Is costing me too dear.
cres Yes; and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
f "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Amen.

THE NINETY AND NINE (*1st Tune*). Irregular. IRA D. SANKEY.

EUREKA (*2nd Tune*). Irregular. A. CROIL FALCONER.

163

"Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep that was lost."

1 *f* THERE were ninety and nine that
sáfely lay
In the shelter óf the fold;
mf But one was out on the hílls away,
Far off from the gátes of gold,
dim Away on the mountains wild and bare,
p Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

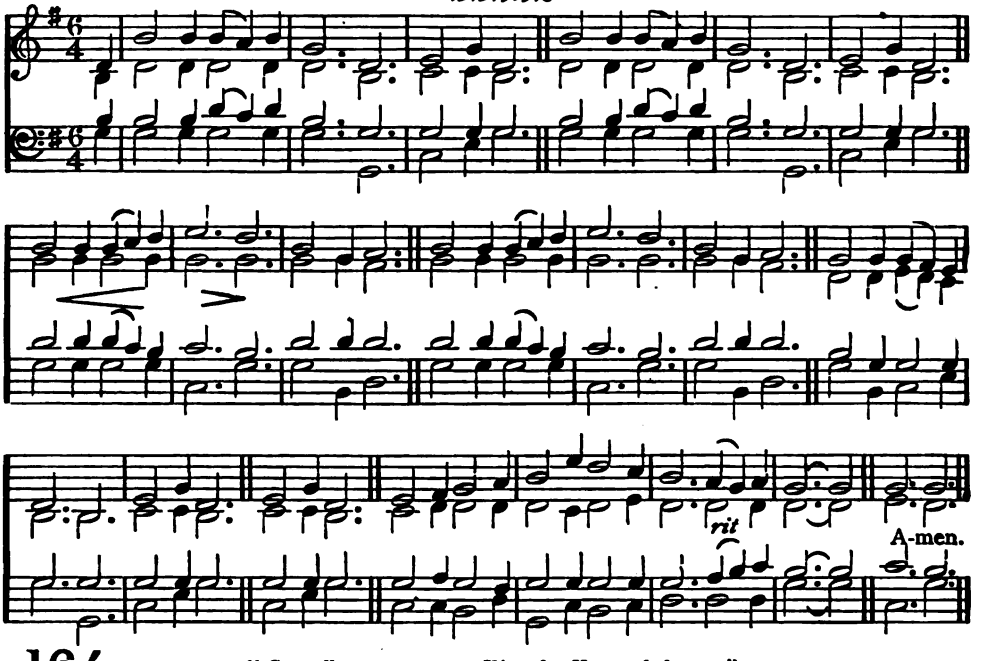
2 *mf* "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nínety and nine;
Are they not enóugh for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:—"This
of Mine
Has wandered awáy from Me;
cres And, although the road be rough and steep.
f I go to the desert to find My sheep."

* These notes to be omitted in verse 3. Care must be taken to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

3 *mf* But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night when the Lord passed through
dim Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
p Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 *mf* "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
p "They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
mf "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
dim "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 *cres* And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
f There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
ff "Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!" Amen.

SELF-SURRENDER. 10,9,9,9,9,3. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

164

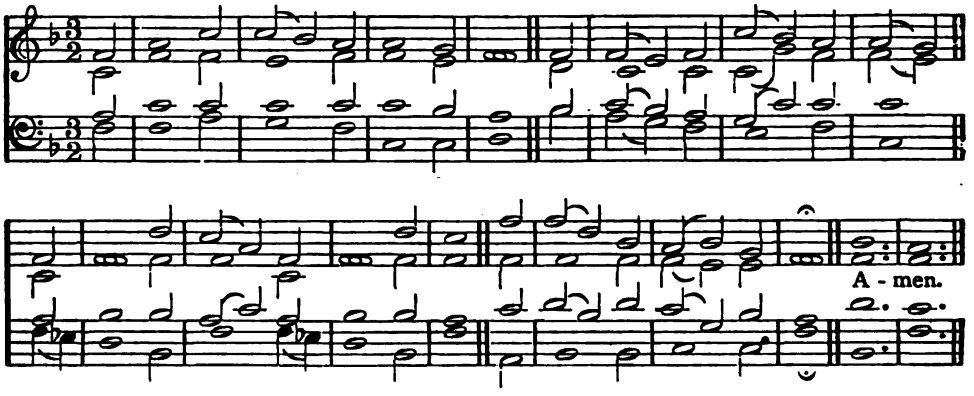
"Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

1 *mf* I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
p Heard His small still whisper, "'Tis for thee,"
cres From my heart the burden rolled away!
f Happy day!

2 *mf* I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
p How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
cres How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth on His might
f All seems light.

3 *mf* I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may:
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm sure haven of His breast:
cres Love esteems it Heaven to abide
At His side.

4 *mf* Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story, but the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command;
p Yet His tender bosom makes thee room—
cres Oh, come home! Amen.

SALZBURG (HAYDN). C.M. M. HAYDN.

165

"Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found."

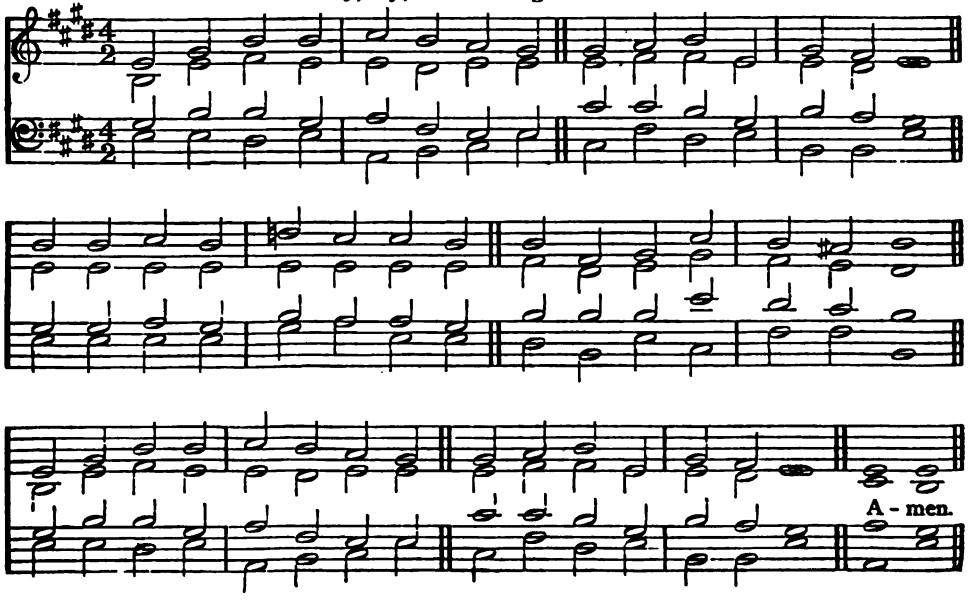
1 *mf* SEEK ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
p While offered mercy still is near,
cres Before His footstool fall.

2 *mf* Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego;
And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

3 *mf* He pardons with o'erflowing love:
"For," hear the voice divine!
dim "My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine;

4 "But, far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
cres As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend."
Amen.

8,7,8,7,4,7.

MANNHEIM. *Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen.* GERMAN.

66

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

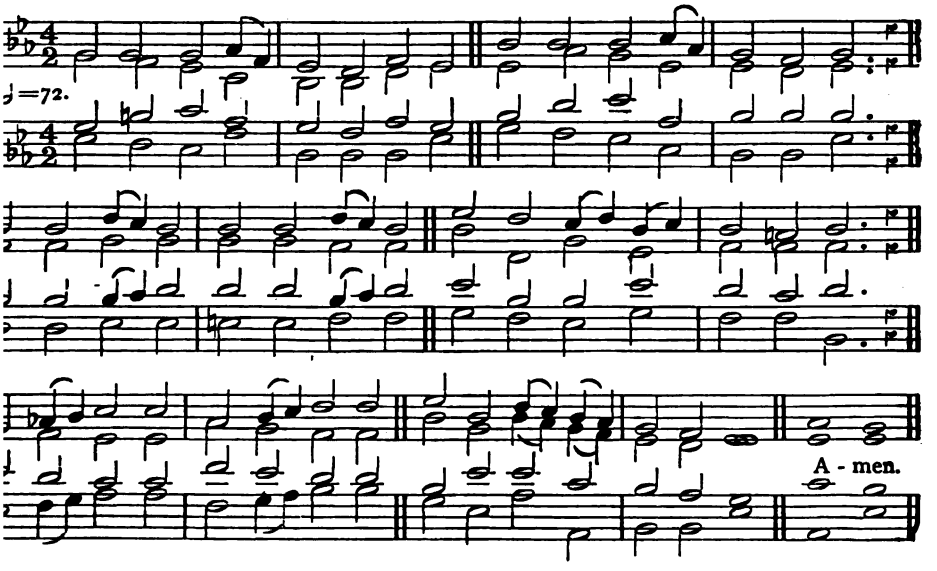
COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more!

f Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
cres Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

f Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
cres This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam!

4 *mf* Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 *mf* Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
f None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. Amen.

EDEMPTION. 8,7,8,7,4,7. CH. GOUNOD.

67

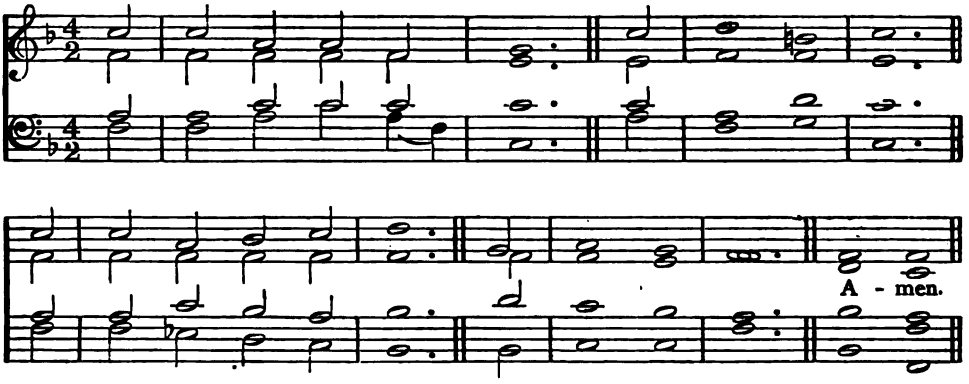
"A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench."

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted.
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
mf Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
cres While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

3 *mf* Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

4 *mf* Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies;
mf All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise. Amen.

MERCY'S HOUR. 6,4,6,4. DR. LOWELL MASON.

168

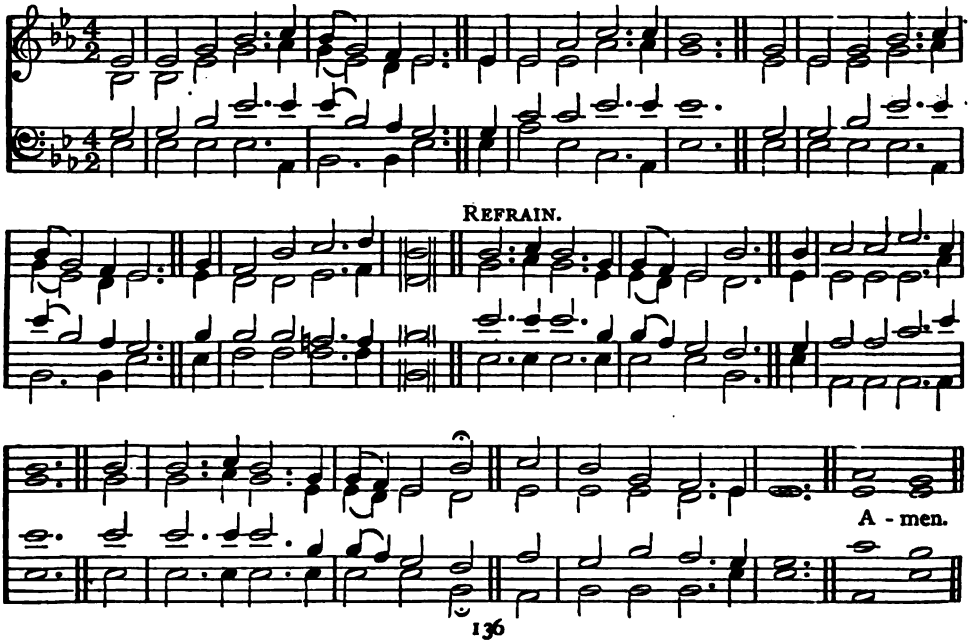
"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

1 *mf* TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
cres O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 *mf* To-day the Saviour calls:
cres Oh! hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 *mf* To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
p The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 *mf* The Spirit calls to-day:
cres Yield to His power;
p Oh! grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour. Amen.

WONDROUS LOVE. C.M. W. G. FISCHER.

169

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

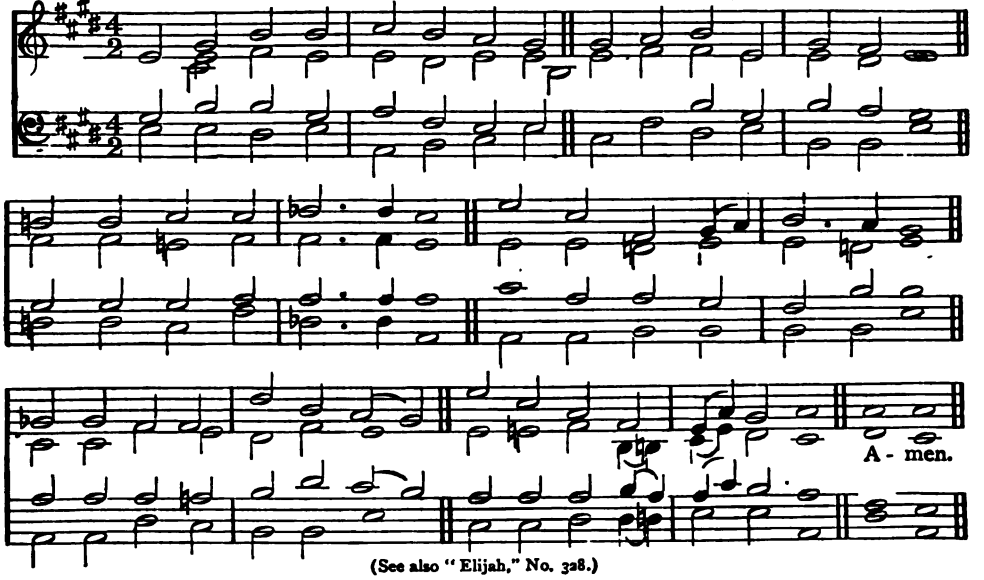
1 *mf* GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
f Oh! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
p To die on Calvary.

2 *mf* E'en now, by faith, I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.

3 *mf* Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
p The blessed rest from inbred sin,
cres Through faith in Christ alone.

4 *mf* Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

5 *f* Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.
Amen.

GLASTONBURY. 7,7,7,7,7,7 Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Elijah," No. 328.)

170

"This Man receiveth sinners."

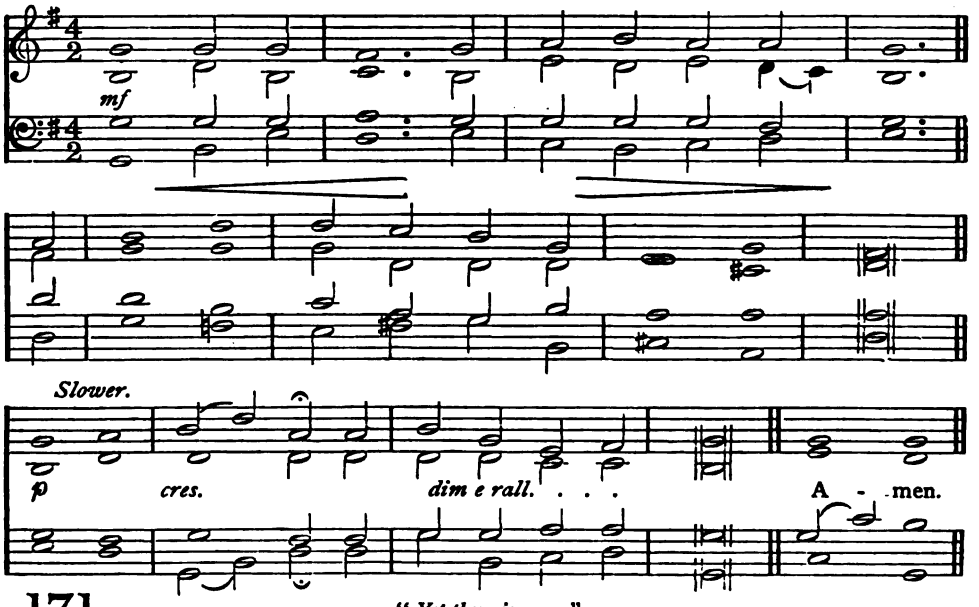
1 *mf* "SINNERS Jesus will receive:"
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
cres This can bring them back again,
"Christ receiveth sinful men."

2 *mf* Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold;
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold,
cres Seeking them o'er moor and fen:
"Christ receiveth sinful men."

3 *p* Sick and sorrowful and blind,
I, with all my sins, draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I:
cres Speak that word of love again,
"Christ receiveth sinful men."

4 *mf* Yea, my soul is comforted;
For Thy blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red,
And I stand in white array,
cres Purged from every spot and stain:
"Christ receiveth sinful men."

5 *f* "Christ receiveth sinful men:"
Even me with all my sin;
Openeth to me heaven again,
With Him I may enter in.
ff Death hath no more sting nor pain:
"Christ receiveth sinful men." Amen.

ST. REGULUS. 10,10,4,6. A. CROIL FALCONER.

171

"Yet there is room."

1 *mf* "YET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
p Room, room, (*cres*) still room!
dim Oh, enter, enter now!

2 *p* Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

3 *f* The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.

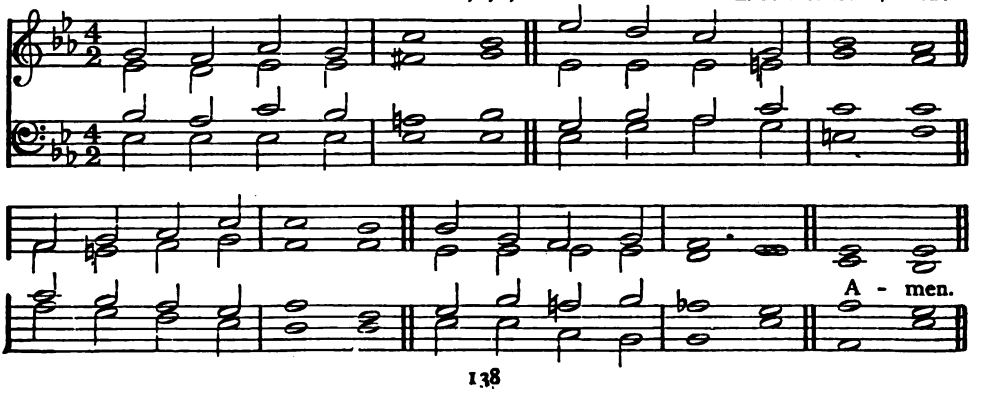
4 *f* It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee:
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee.

5 *mf* "Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

6 *f* Pass in, pass in! The banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 *f* All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in; [win.
The angels beckon thee the prize to

8 *ff* Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall! Amen.

ST. OSWALD. 6,6,6,6. E. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

172

"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

1 *mf* LORD, Thy Word abideth
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth,
Light and joy receiveth.

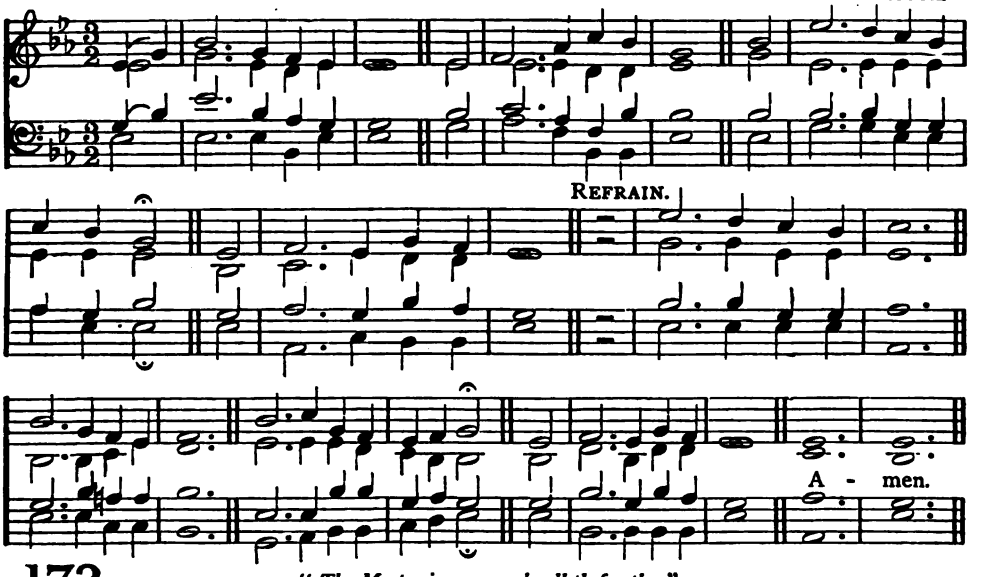
2 *mf* When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
p Word of consolation,
cres Message of salvation.

3 *p* When the storms are o'er us
And dark clouds before us,
cres Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

4 *mf* Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 *p* Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
dim Word of life, supplying
pp Comfort to the dying!

6 *cres* Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
f Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

CALVARY. S.M. L. HARTSOUGH.

173

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

1 *mf* I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
f I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
dim Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

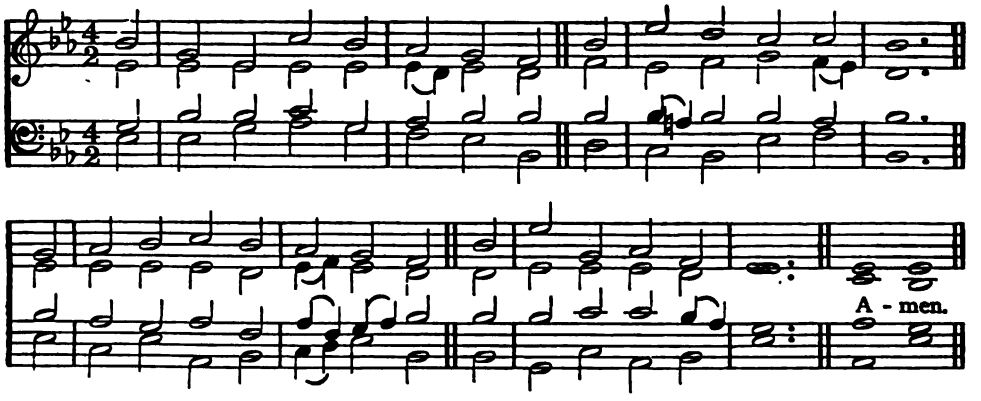
2 *p* Though coming weak and vile,
cres Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 *f* 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 *mf* 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 *mf* And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 *cres* All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
ff Our Strength and Righteousness!
Amen

BEDFORD. C.M. W. WHEALL, Mus. Bac.

174

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."

1 *mf* VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
p Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.

2 *mf* Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word,
p And, humbled low, confess their guilt
Before heaven's righteous Lord.

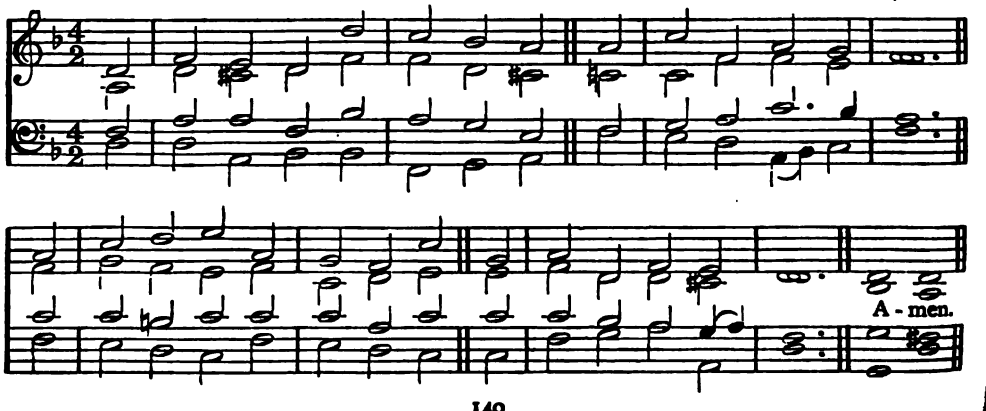
3 *mf* No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law that shows the sinner's guilt
p Condemns him to his face.

4 *f* Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

5 *p* And shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound?
cres Great God, forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found!

6 *mf* With Christ the Lord we died to sin;
cres With Him to life we rise,—
To life which, now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.

7 *p* Too long enthralled to Satan's sway,
cres We now are slaves no more;
f For Christ hath vanquished death and sin,
Our freedom to restore. Amen.

ST. MARY. C.M. Archdeacon PRY'S Book of Psalms, 1621.

175 *"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"*

1 *mf* HOW few receive, with cordial faith,
The tidings which we bring!
How few have seen the arm revealed
Of heaven's eternal King!

2 *mf* The Saviour comes! No outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

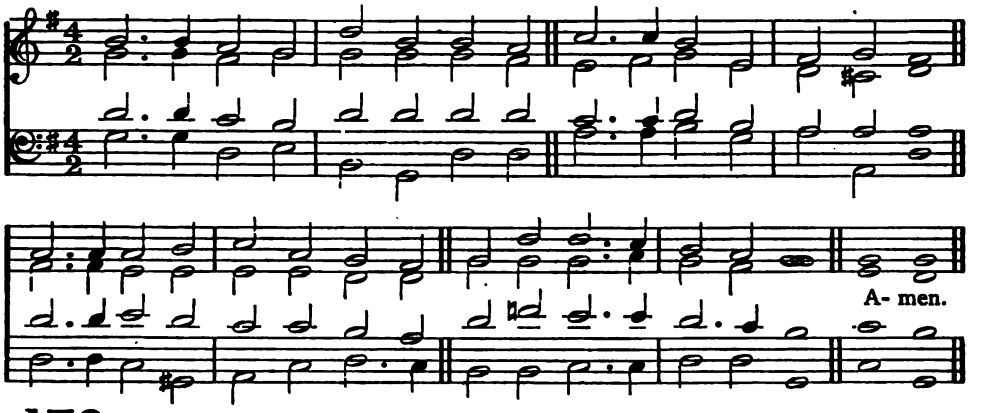
3 *mf* Fair as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heavenly Saviour rose.

4 *p* Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe!
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.

5 *p* Yet all the griefs He felt were ours;
Ours were the woes He bore:
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
pp With bitter anguish tore.

6 *p* We held Him as condemned by Heaven,
An outcast from His God;
While for our sins He groaned, He bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.

7 *mf* His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
cres His stripes have healed us, and His death
f Revived our souls again. Amen.

ST. MABYN. 8,7,8,7. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

176 *"I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."*

1 *mf* SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 *mf* Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
cres Come and gather round His feet?

3 *mf* There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 *p* There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

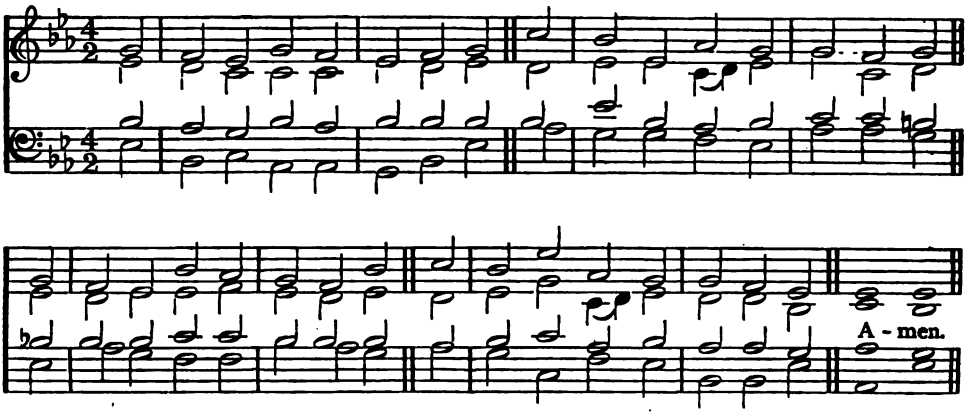
5 *mf* For, the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 *mf* There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7 *p* Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And oh, come not doubting thus,
cres But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

8 *f* If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

CL.—Missions.

DUBLIN. L.M. JOHN HULLAH.

177 *"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."*

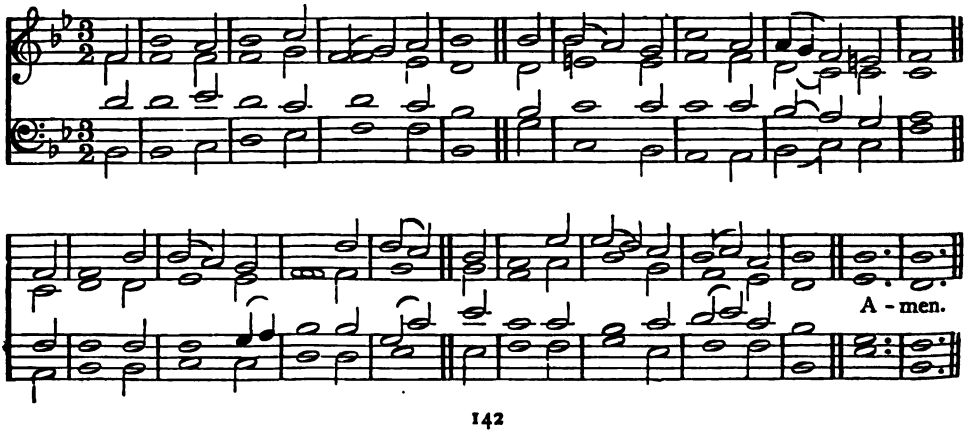
1 *mf* O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 *mf* Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word;
cres Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 *mf* Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 *mf* O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
cres Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 *f* Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
Amen.

WALTON. L.M. BEETHOVEN.

178 *"They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him.*

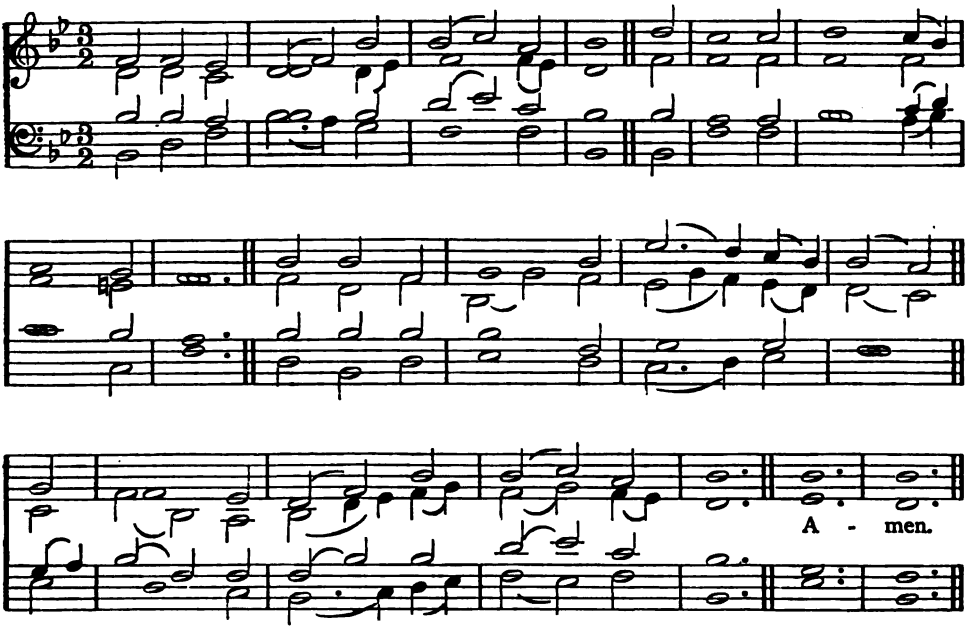
1 *mf* GREAT God of Abram, hear our prayer,
Let Abram's seed Thy mercy share,
Oh, may they now at length return,
p And look on Him they pierced, and mourn!

2 *mf* Remember Jacob's flock of old,
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Remember too Thy promised word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 *mf* Lord, put Thy law within their hearts
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 *cres* Oh, haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, a glorious throng,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
f And one Redeemer shall adore!
Amen.

WARRINGTON. L.M. Rev. R. HARRISON.



(See also "Ombersley," No. 205.)

179 *"Men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed."*

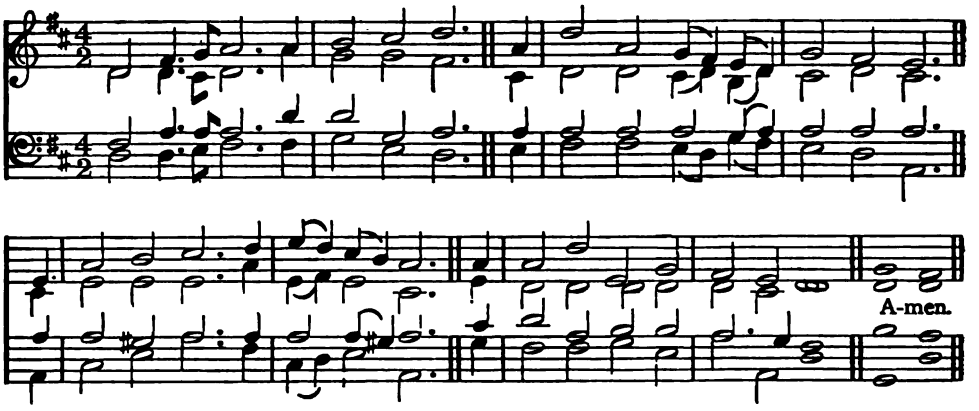
1 *f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

f For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

2 *f* People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
cres Their early blessings on His name.

4 *f* Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
p The weary find eternal rest;
cres And all the sons of want are blest.

5 *f* Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
ff And earth repeat the long "Amen."
Amen.

TRURO. L.M. CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. Doc.

180

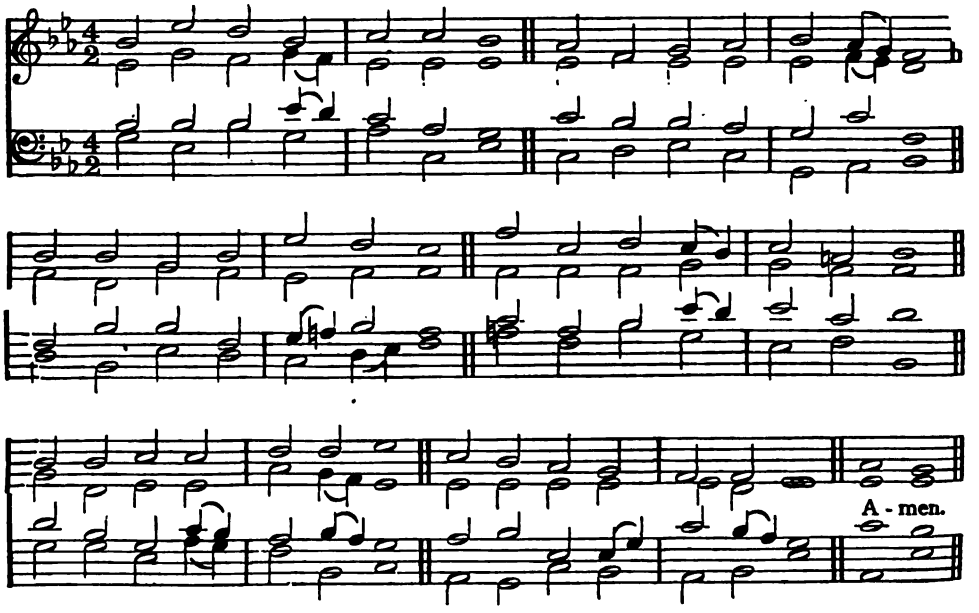
"Awake, awake, put on Thy strength, O arm of the Lord."

1 *f* ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 *mf* Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
cres Thy voice their idols shall confound
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 *mf* Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

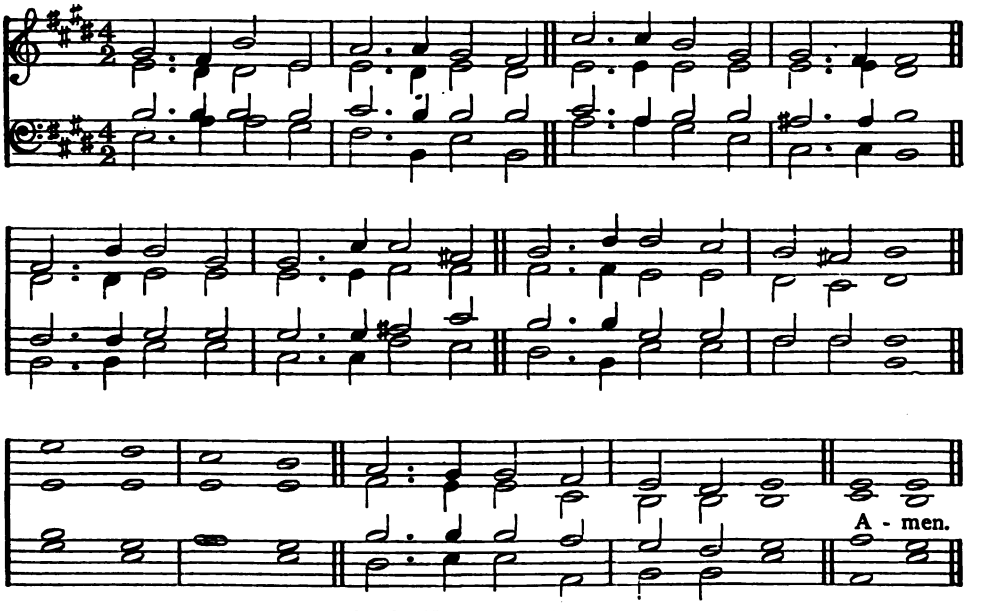
4 *mf* Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
cres Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
f And crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Amen.

HEATHLANDS. 7,7,7,7,7,7. HENRY SMART.

181 *"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us."*

1 *mf* GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
cres And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 *f* Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
dim At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 *f* Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live:
ff All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love. Amen.

ULPHA. 8,7,8,7,4,7. EDWIN MOSS.

(See also "Regent Square," No. 2.)

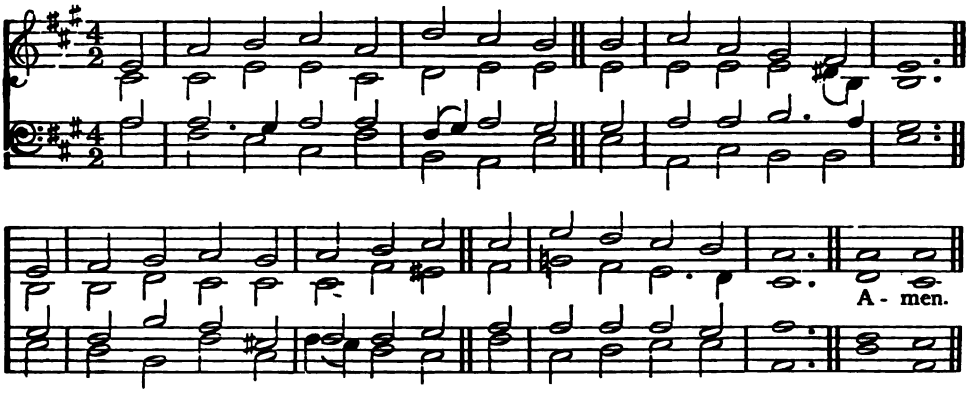
182 *"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."*

1 *mf* O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
cres Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 *mf* Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
cres Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 *mf* Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light,
cres And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 *f* Fly abroad, eternal gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
ff May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.
Amen.

LANCASTER C.M. SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc.

183 *"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains."*

1 *mf* BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 *mf* To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow,
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to His house, we'll go."

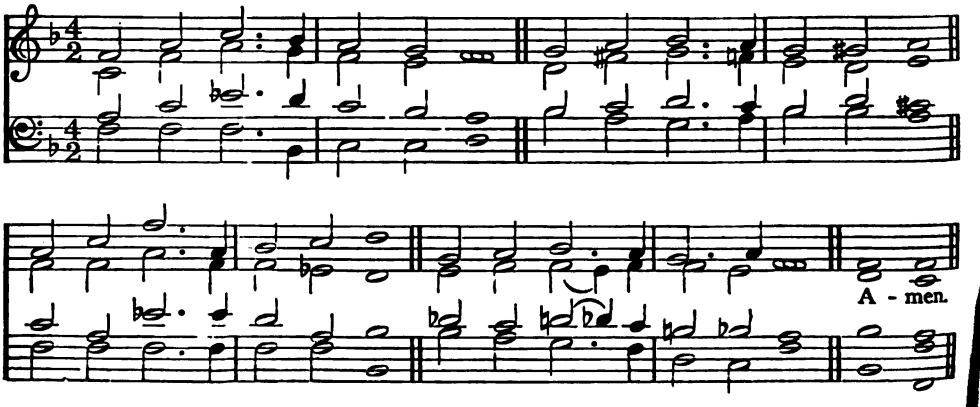
3 *f* The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 *mf* Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 *p* No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years; [swords,
cres To ploughshares men shall beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 *mf* No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 *cres* Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine. Amen.

ELI. 7,7,7,7. Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

184

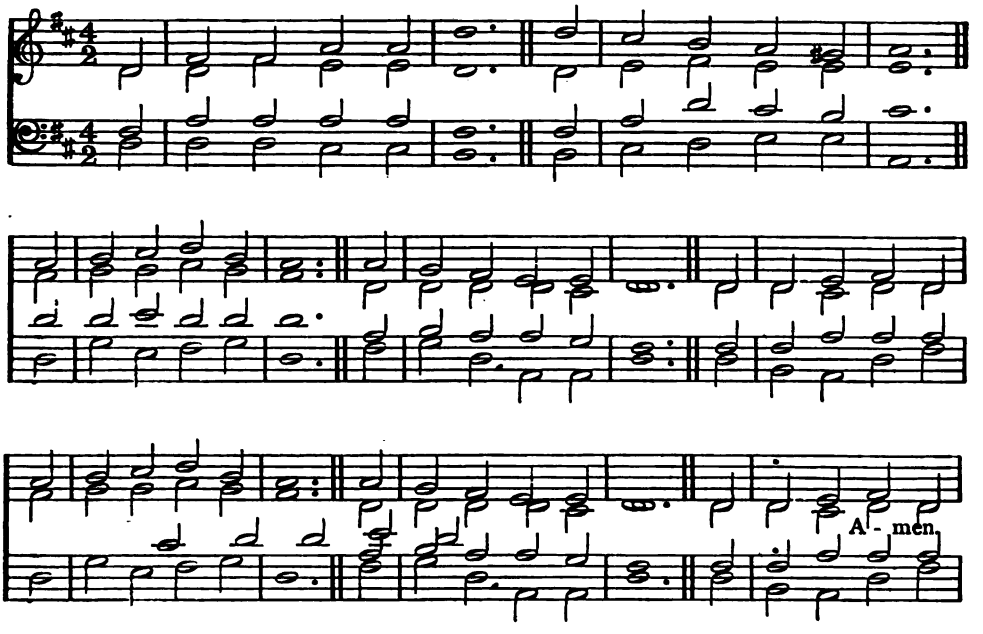
"Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion"

1 *mf* LORD, Thine ancient people see,
Captive still, in darkness bound;
cres Let Thy gospel set them free,
Let them hear its joyful sound.

2 *p* Still the veil is on their heart:
cres Rend it, Lord, at length in twain;
Bid their unbelief depart,
Bring them to Thy fold again.

3 *p* Let Thy love their blindness heal
God of Israel, hear our prayer;
mf Let Thy grace their pardon seal,
Still Thy covenant let them share.

4 *f* Harp of Judah, long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile, old and young,
ff Loud the glad hosanna raise. Amen.

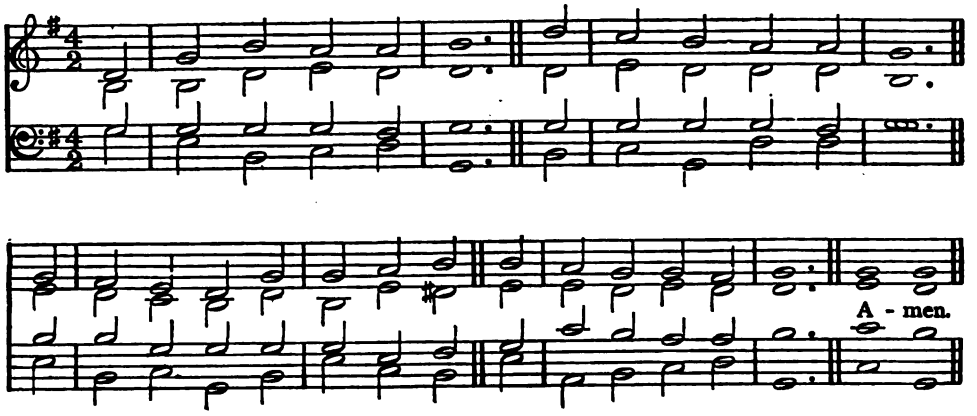
ST. JOHN. 6,6,6,6,8,8. OLD MELODY.

185

"O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy."

1 *f* RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all Thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 *mf* Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways:
f Reign, mighty God; assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 *f* To God, the only wise,
The One Immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living thing;
ff Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

186

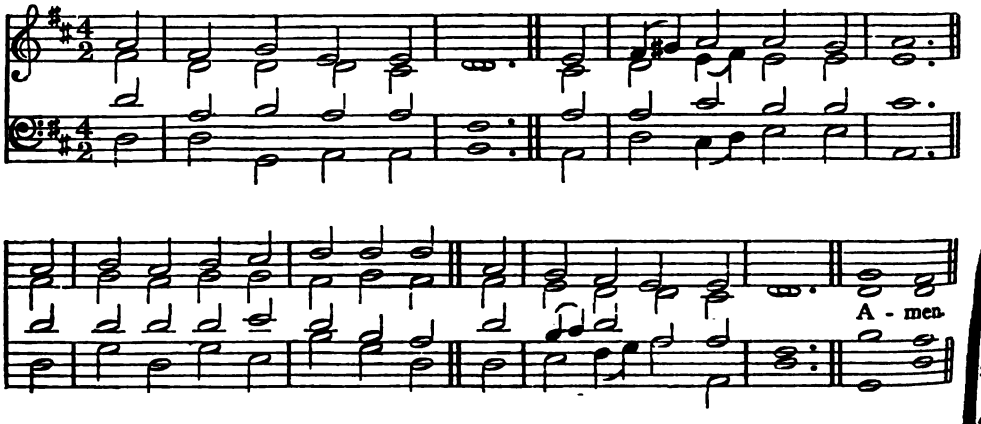
"Arise, O God, judge the earth: for Thou shalt inherit all nations."

1 *f* O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And, wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend Thy blessèd reign.

2 *f* Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 *f* Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing;
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 *f* All on the earth, arise,
To God our Saviour sing;
cres From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

SWABIA. S.M. GERMAN.

187

"O Lord, revive Thy work."

1 *mf* REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy work of quickening power;
O'er earth's parched wilderness pour down
The pentecostal shower

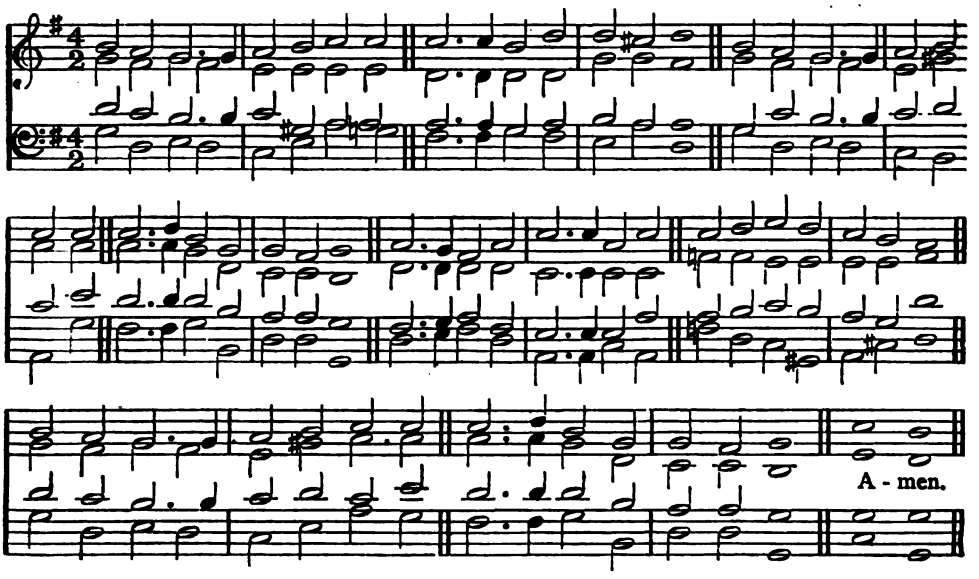
2 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In far-off Indian lands;
Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
Stretch forth to Thee their hands.

3 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Amid the polar snows;
Let nature's frozen wastes rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

4 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Among the long-lost sheep
dim Of Israel's house, and bid them look
p On Him they pierced, and weep.

5 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In this our native isle;
cres With floods of light and life divine
f Make all her borders smile.

6 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In our own souls, we pray;
cres May all for the great harvest-home
Be ripening day by day. Amen

FALFIELD, or FORMOSA. 8,7,8,7. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

188

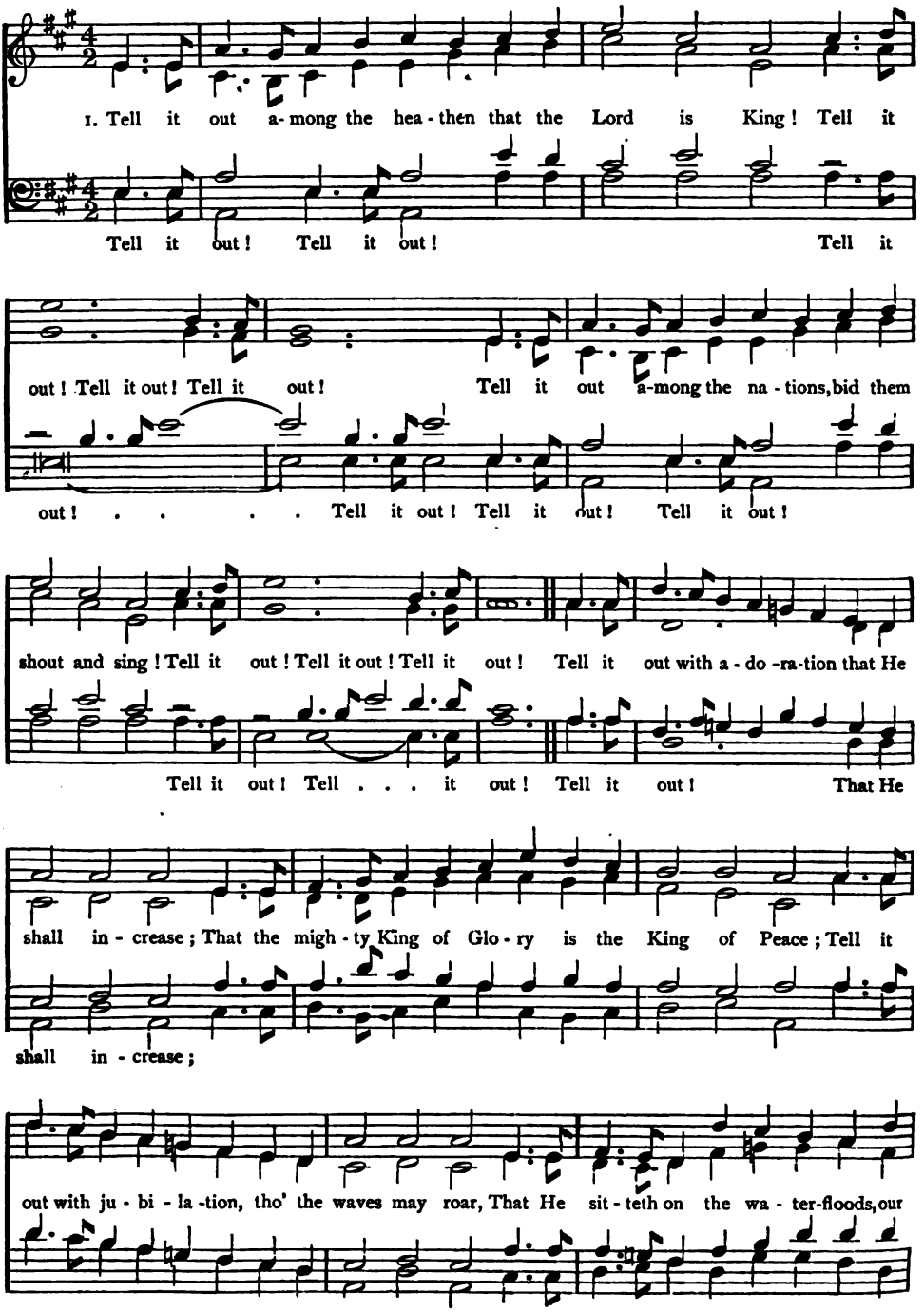
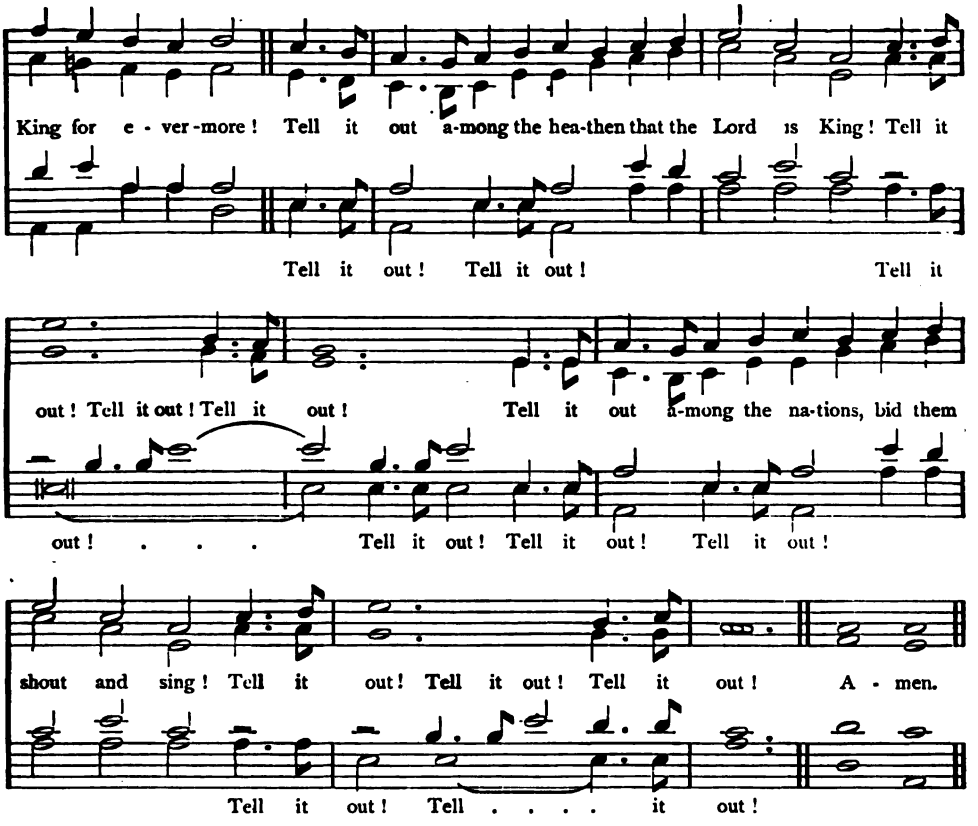
"So shall He sprinkle many nations."

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
cres Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 *mf* Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
dim Human tears for Thee are flowing,
p Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cres Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
dim Thee, as Man for sinners slain.

3 *p* Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
cres Give the word; and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
f Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

EPENETUS. Irregular. F. R. HAVERGAL.


1. Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
out! . . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a-do-ra-tion that He
Tell it out! Tell . . . it out! Tell it out! That He
shall in-crease; That the migh-ty King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
shall in-crease;
out with ju-bi-la-tion, tho' the waves may roar, That He sit-teth on the wa-ter-floods, our

King for e - ver-more! Tell it out a-mong the hea-then that the Lord is King! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, bid them
out! . . . Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! A - men.
Tell it out! Tell . . . . it out!

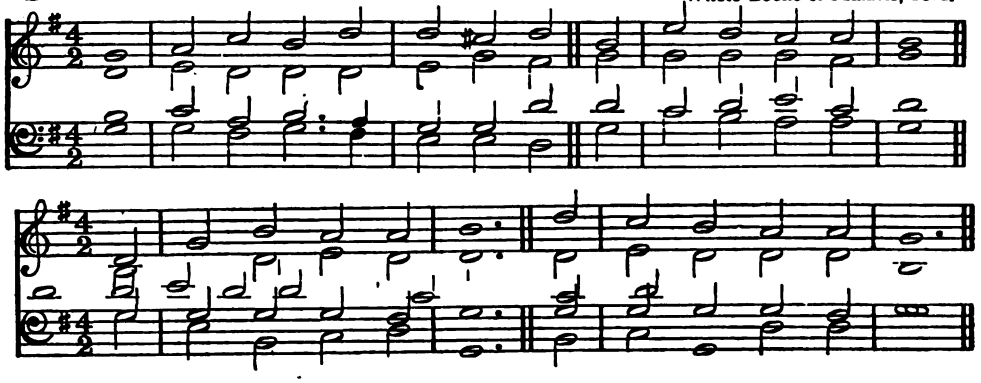
189

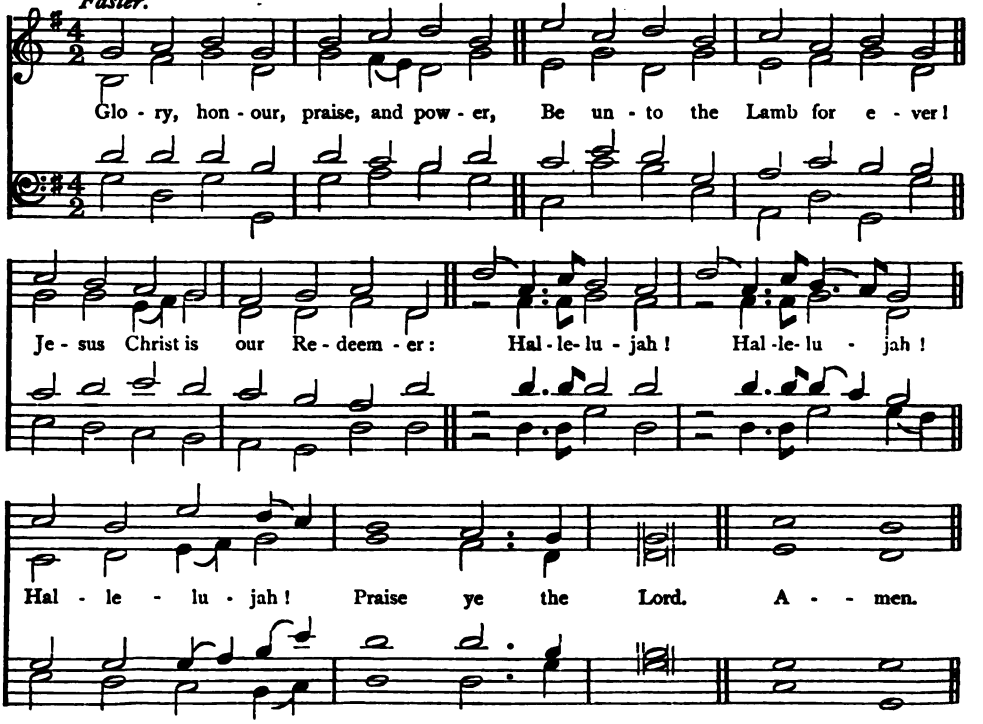
"Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth."

1 *f* TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

2 *f* Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains! Tell it out! Tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
cres Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
f Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave!

3 *f* Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love! Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home; [ocean foam!
Tell it out across the mountains and the
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
ff Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea! Amen.

SALISBURY. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621.

DOXOLOGY.

Faster.

Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for e - ver!
Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord. A - - men.

190

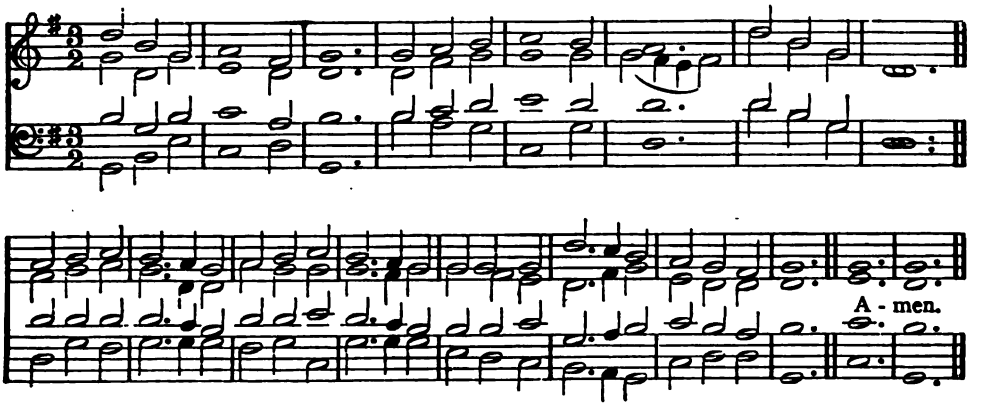
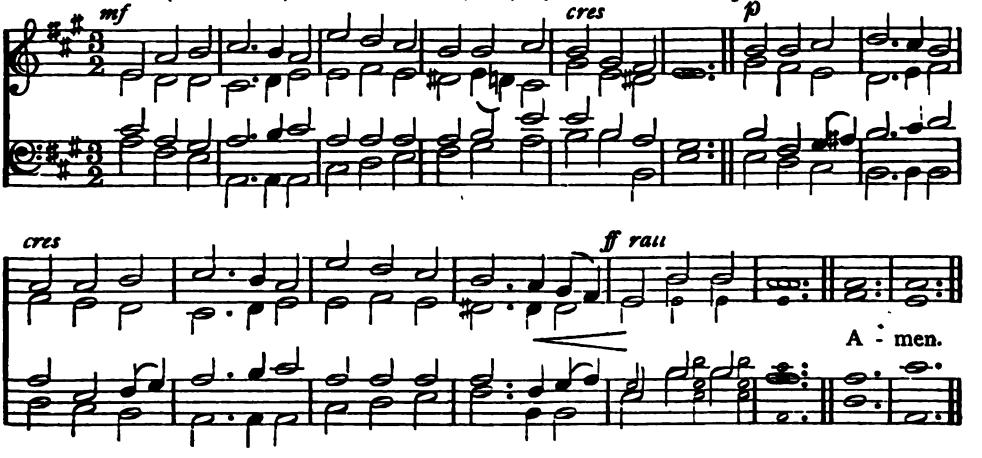
"All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

1 *mf* SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 *f* Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 *p* Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
cres Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

f Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
Amen.

MOSCOW (*1st Tune*). 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. FELICE GIARDINI.

FIAT LUX (*2nd Tune*). 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

191

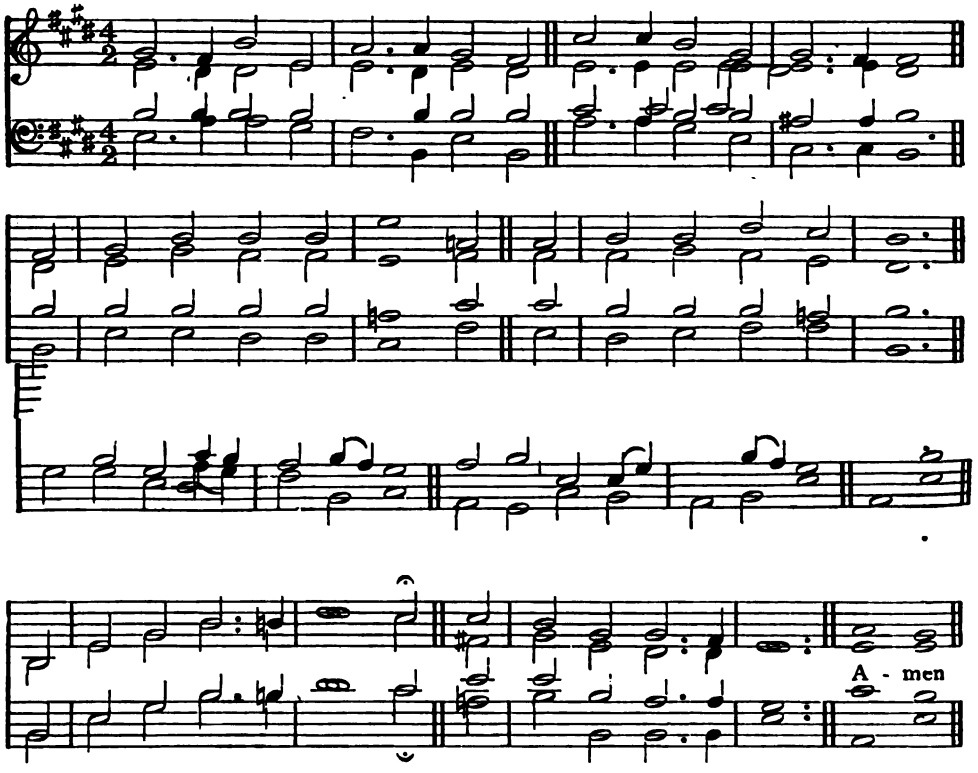
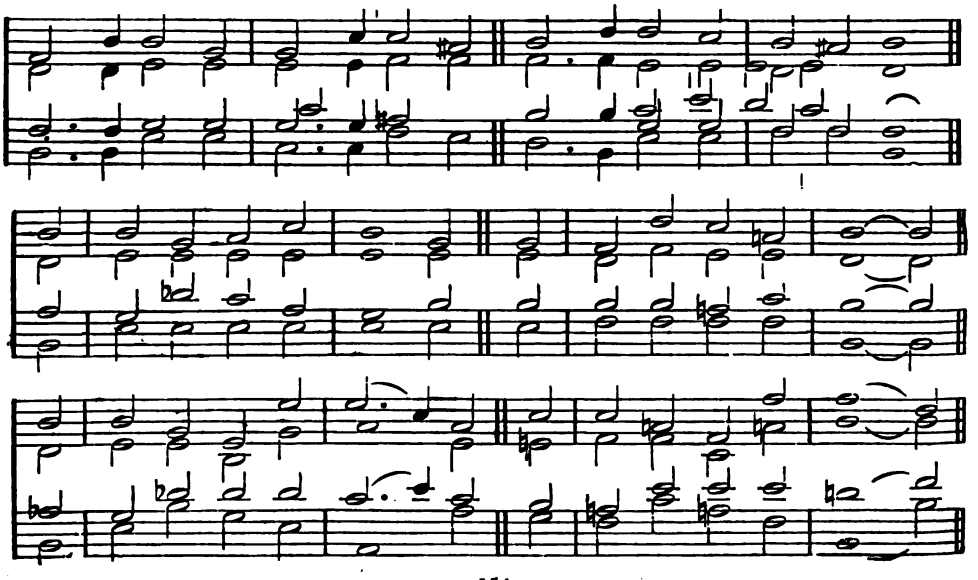
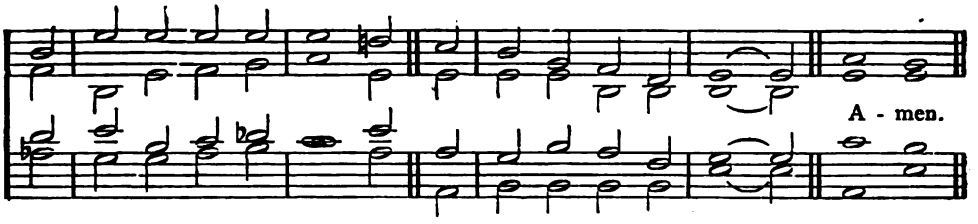
"God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

1 *f* THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
mf Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light!

2 *mf* Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cres Oh, now to all mankind
ff Let there be light!

3 *mf* Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
cres Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

4 *f* Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
cres Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide.
ff Let there be light! Amen.

GREENLAND (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. LAUSANNE PSALTER.

LANCASHIRE (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. HENRY SMART.

192

" The gospel must first be published among all nations.

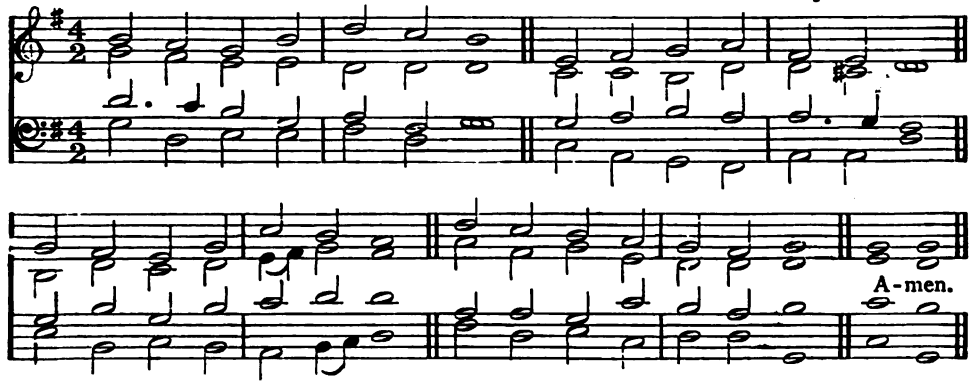
1 *mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 *mf* What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
dim And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
p The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 *mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
p Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 *f* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
ff Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

7,7,7,7.

RAVENNA. *Ohne Rast und unverweilt.* J. H. KNECHT.

193

" That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.

1 *f* SPREAD, oh, spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings made for heaven.

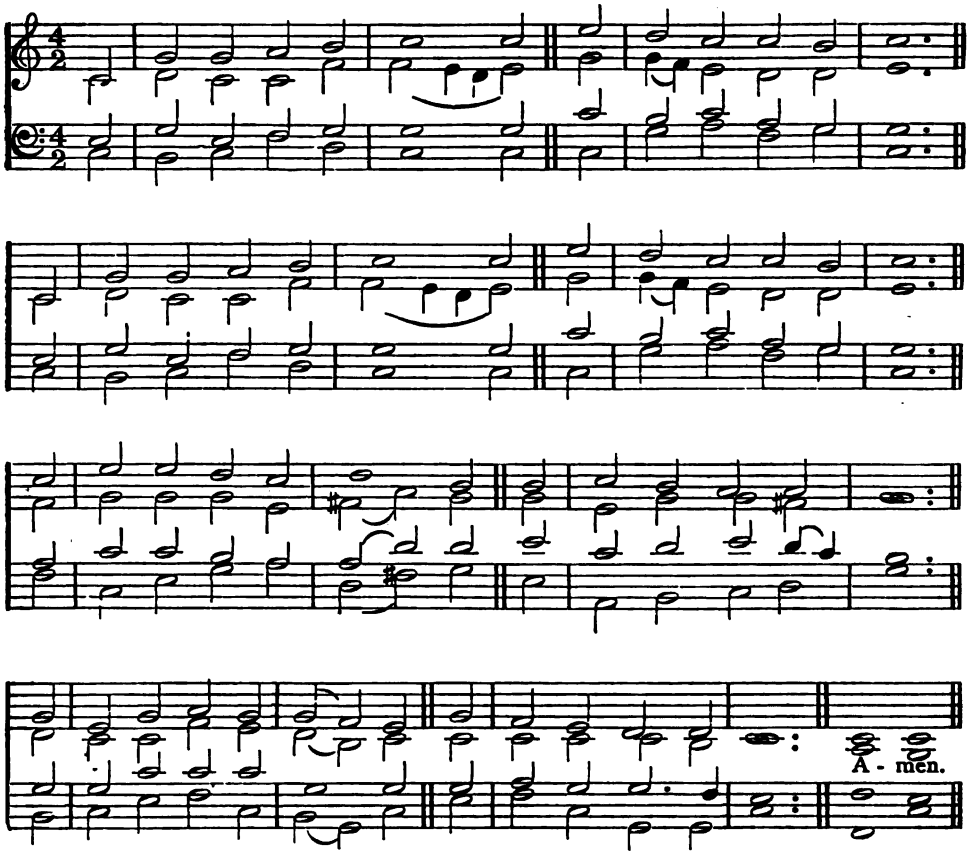
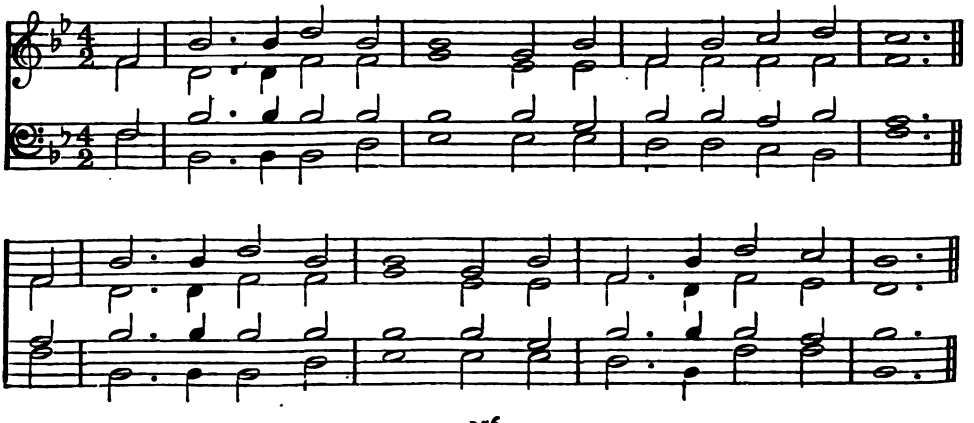
2 *mf* Word of Life, most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
cres Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

3 *mf* Up, the ripening fields ye see;
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do

4 *mf* Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
cres Let the nations far and near
See Thy light and learn Thy fear

Amen.

ST THEODULPH (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER.

Valet will ich dir geben, du arge falsche Welt.

MORNING LIGHT (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. G. J. WEBBE.

194 *"In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."*

1 *f* HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 *mf* He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
cres To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
dim Whose souls, condemned and dying,
mf Were precious in His sight.

3 *mf* By such shall He be fearèd
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 *p* He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
cres And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
mf Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
cres And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

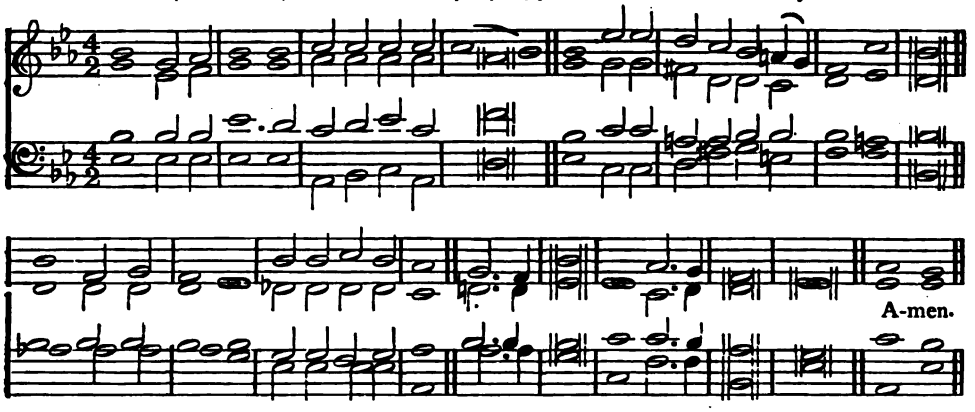
5 *mf* Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
cres For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

6 *p* For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
cres His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
mf The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
cres Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

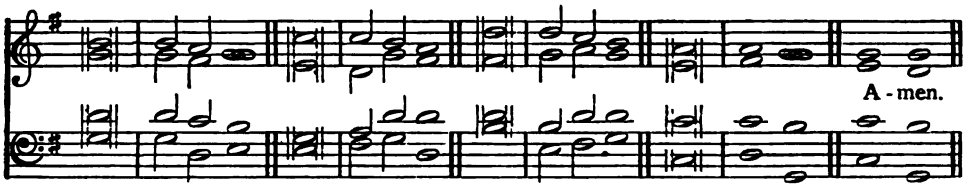
7 *f* O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
cres The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
rall His great, best name of Love! **Amen.**

CXX.—The Church.

ST. PHILIP (*1st Tune*). 10,10,10,4. JOSEPH BARNBY



TROYTE'S CHANT (No. 2) (*2nd Tune*). 10,10,10,4. A. H. D. TROYTE.



195 *"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

1 *f* FOR all the saints, who from their lábours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the wórld confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for éver blest.
Hallelujah!

2 *f* Thou wast their rock, their fortress, ánd their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the wéll-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their óne true light.
Hallelujah!

3 *f* Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, trúe, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fóught of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crówn of gold.
Hallelujah!

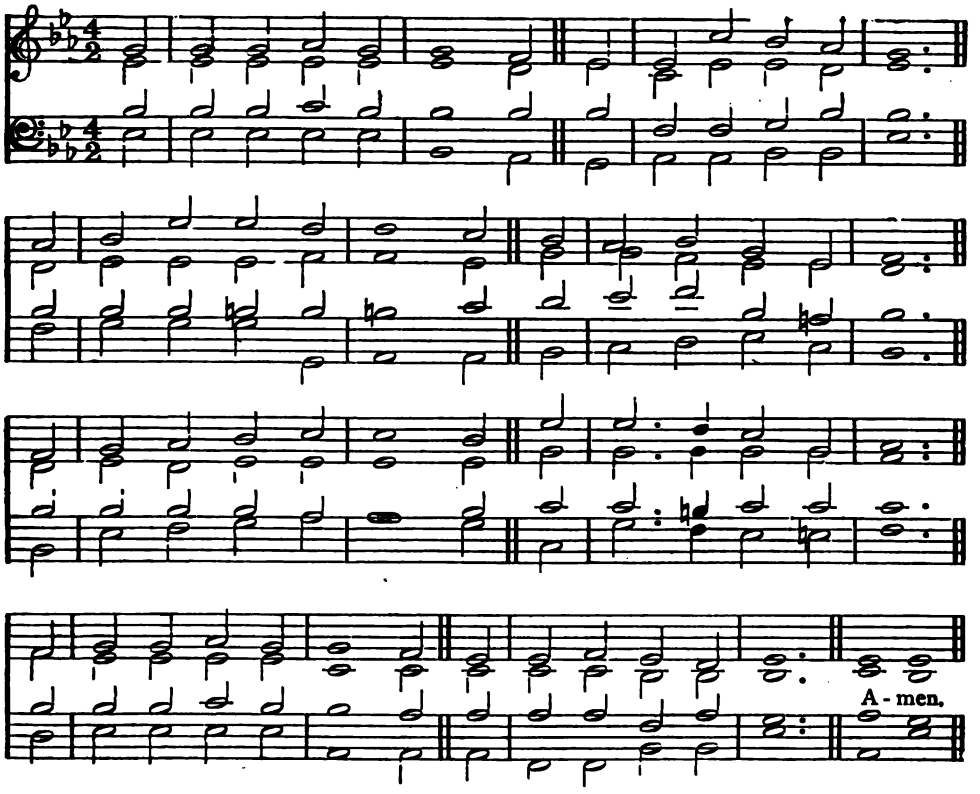
4 *mf* Oh, blest communion, fellowshíp divine!
p We feebly struggle; (*f*) they in glóry shine!
cres Yet all are one in Thee, for áll are Thine.
Hallelujah!

5 *p* And when the strife is fierce, the wárfare long,
cres Steals on the ear the distant triumph. [song,
f And hearts are brave again, and árms are strong!
Hallelujah!

6 *mf* The golden evening brightens ín the west;
dim Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cómeth rest;
p Sweet is the calm of Paradíse the blest.
Hallelujah!

7 *f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glórious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bríght array;
The King of Glory passes ón His way!
Hallelujah!

8 *ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's fárthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the cóuntless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Hóly Ghost—
Hallelujah! Amen.

AURELIA. 7,6,7,6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

196

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it."

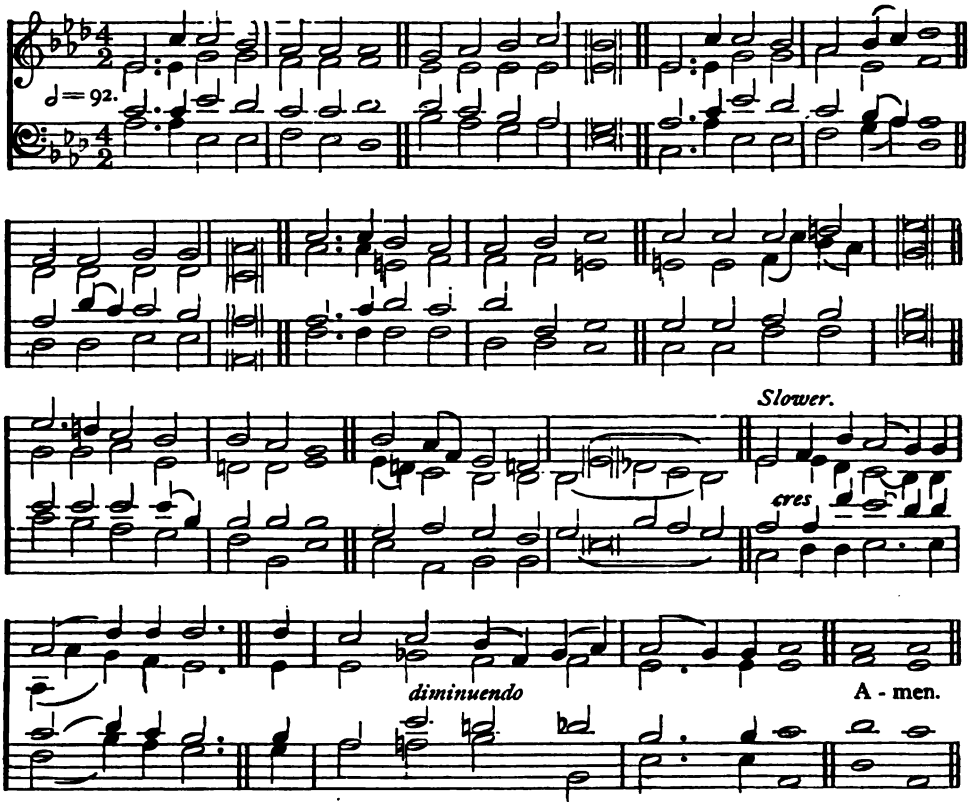
1 *mf* THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
dim With His own blood He bought her,
p And for her life He died.

2 *mf* Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
p One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 *p* Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
cres Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
mf And soon the night of weeping
cres Shall be the morn of song.

4 *p* 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cres Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.

5 *mf* Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
p And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
f Oh, happy ones and holy!
p Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
cres On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

INTERCESSION 7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5,8,8. W. H. CALLCOTT.

197

"Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place."

1 *mf* WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
p When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

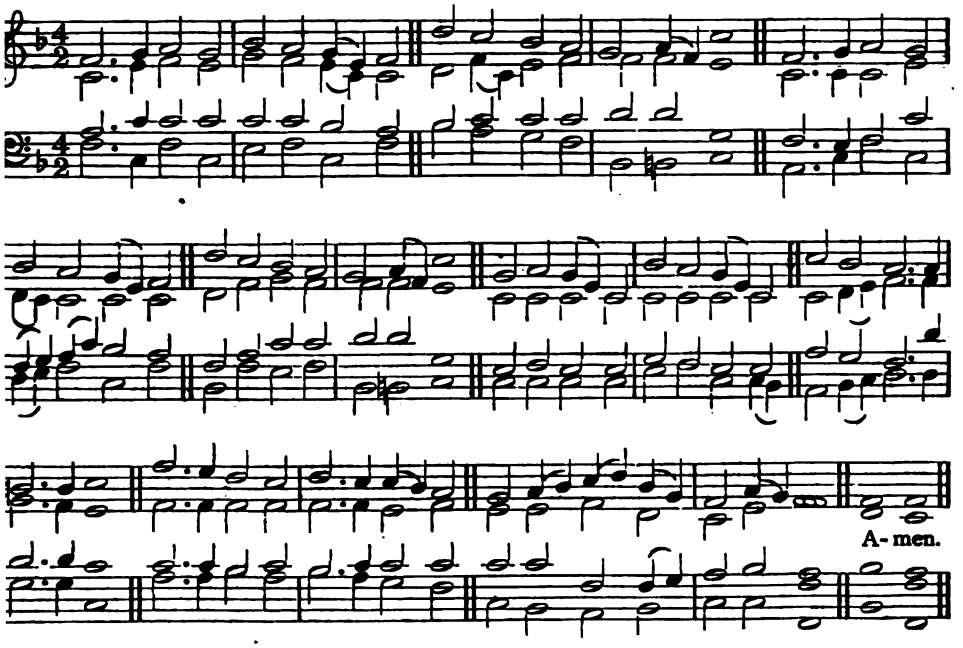
2 *mf* When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
p When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
mf When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 *mf* When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
p When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high

4 *mf* When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
p When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
mf When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high

5 *mf* When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
p When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee,
All his orphan woe:
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 *p* When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
dim When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
cres Sendeth up her silent sigh,
"Come, Lord Jesus, come!"
cres Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
dim In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen.

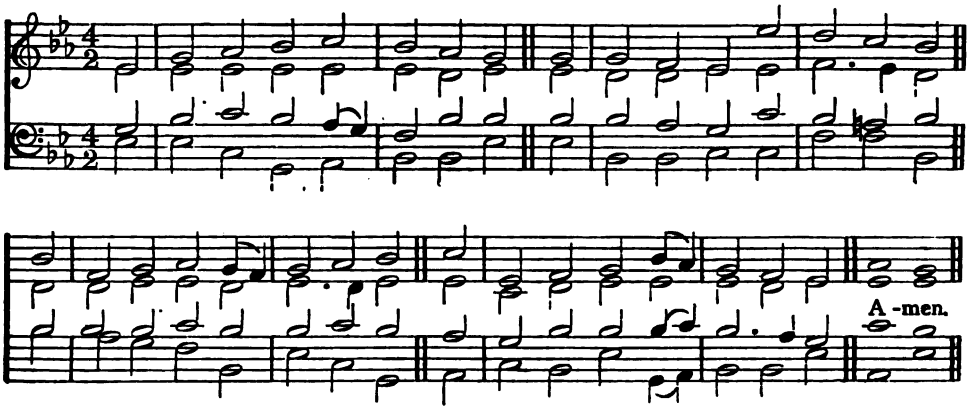
AUSTRIA. 8,7,8,7. D. HAYDN.

198

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

f See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord. the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 *f* Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And, as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings
Amen

LUDBOROUGH. L.M. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

199

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

1 *mf* GOD hath two families of love,
In earth below, and heaven above;
p One is in battle sharp and sore,
cres And one is happy evermore.

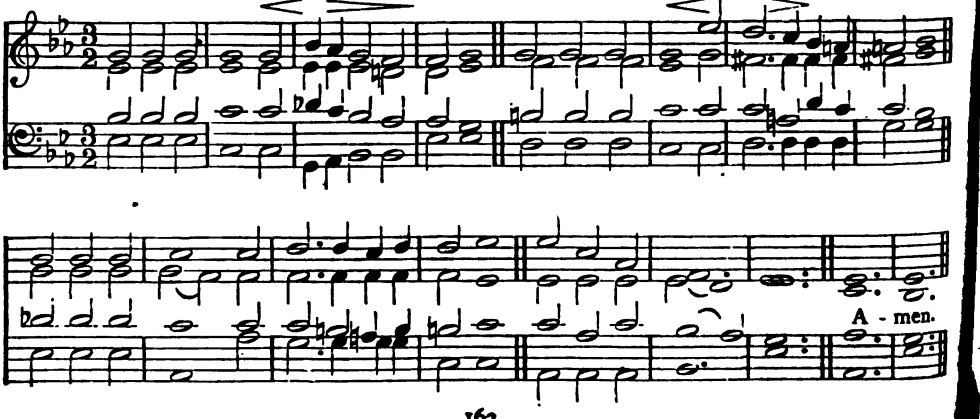
2 *mf* The holy Church on earth must fight
Against the devil and his might;
The Church in heaven with war hath done;
And yet the two are only one.

3 *mf* For they, who loved their Saviour here
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Have joined the glorious Church on high
And live and reign beyond the sky.

4 *mf* We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reached that blessèd place,
By which they dwell in endless day,
And sin and sorrow flee away.

5 *mf* In Thee, with all Thy saints, they rest,
And never more can be distressed,
cres Oh, teach us so to live that we
May follow them, as they did Thee;

6 *mf* To think on all their faith and love
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and bow
Before Thy throne, as they do now.
Amen.

CLOISTERS. 11,11,11,5. JOSEPH BARNBY.

200

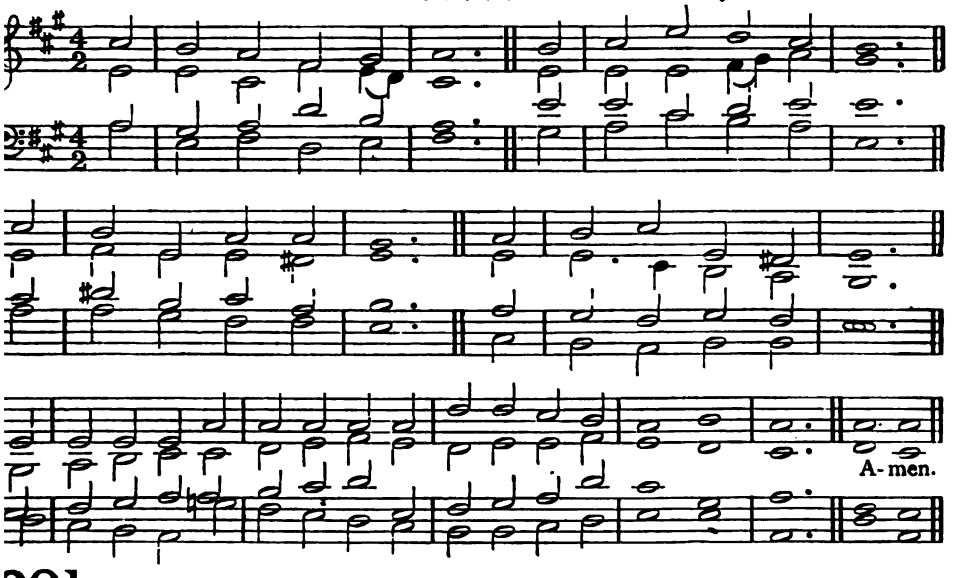
"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name."

mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
cres Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
f Lord God Almighty.

mf Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
cres Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
dim Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

3 *p* Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace when the world its busy war is waging:
Calm Thy foes' raging.

4 *mf* Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in Thy heaven.
Amen.

ST. GODRIC. 6,6,6,6,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

201

"One faith, one hope, one baptism."

mf ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above;
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword—Love;
cres From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

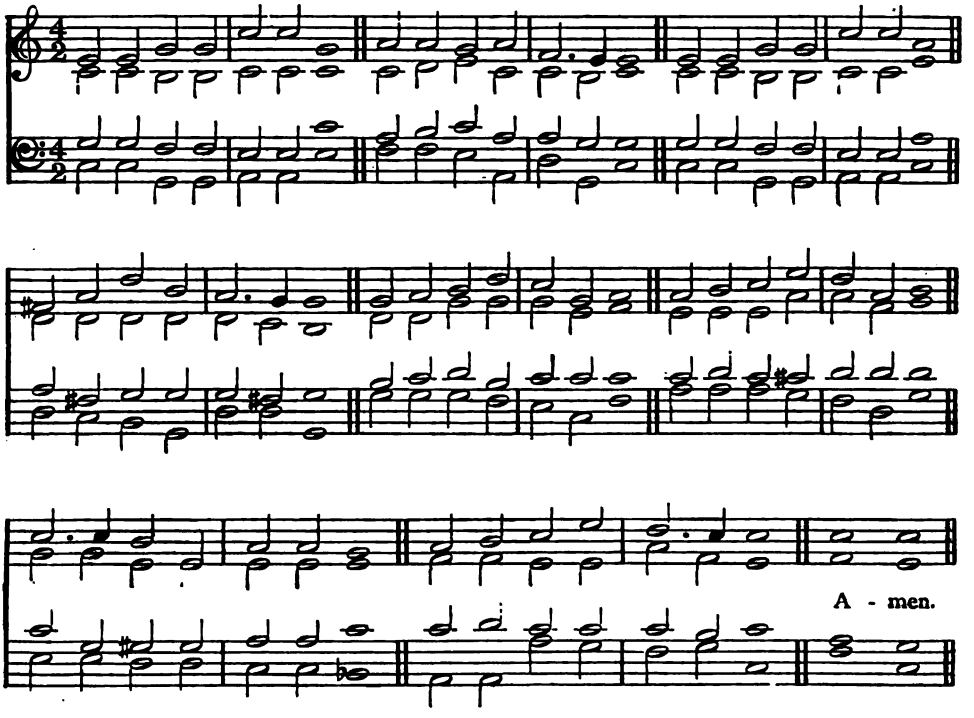
mf Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord, alone:
cres Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 *p* Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
cres No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 *mf* Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
cres Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one!
Amen.

VIII.—Public Worship.

I.—THE LORD'S DAY.

CULFORD. 7,7,7,7. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

202

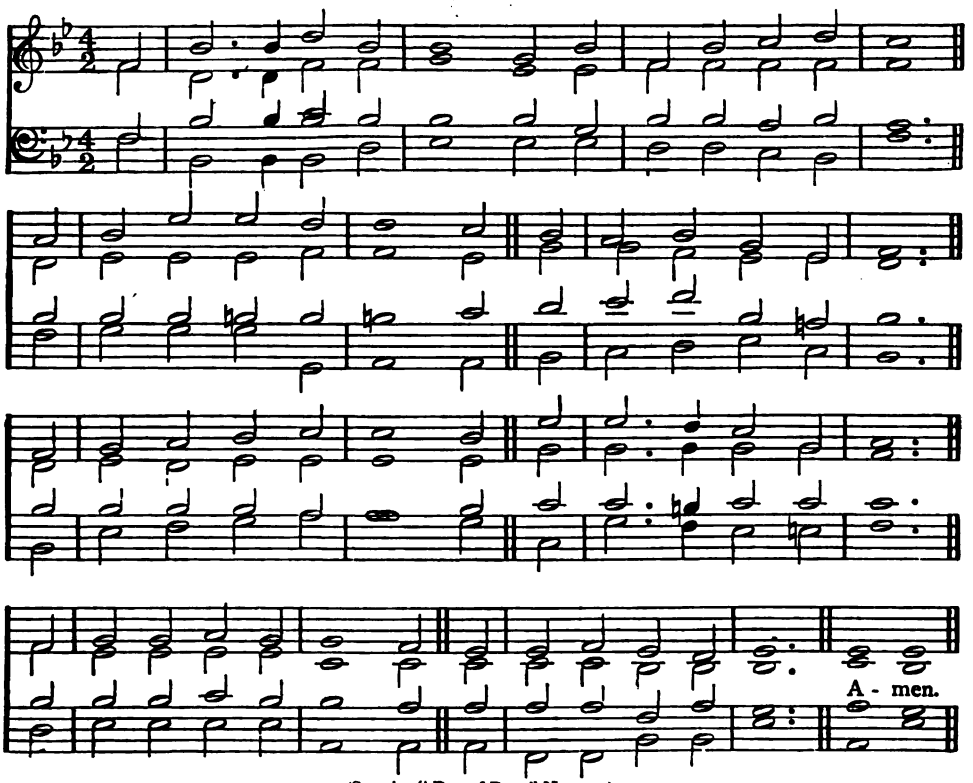
"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

1 *mf* LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day!
Thou who camest from on high,
p For our sins to bleed and die,
cres Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living Church be one.

2 *mf* Oh, from earthy cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
May our toils and conflicts cease
p In the calm of Sabbath peace,
cres That Thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 *p* From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear?
mf 'Tis the golden crowns on high!
'Tis the chorus of the sky!
dim Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.

4 *mf* Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness;
Then at length, a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
f Take the harp, and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore! Amen

AURELIA. 7,6,7,6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Day of Rest," No. 302.)

203

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."

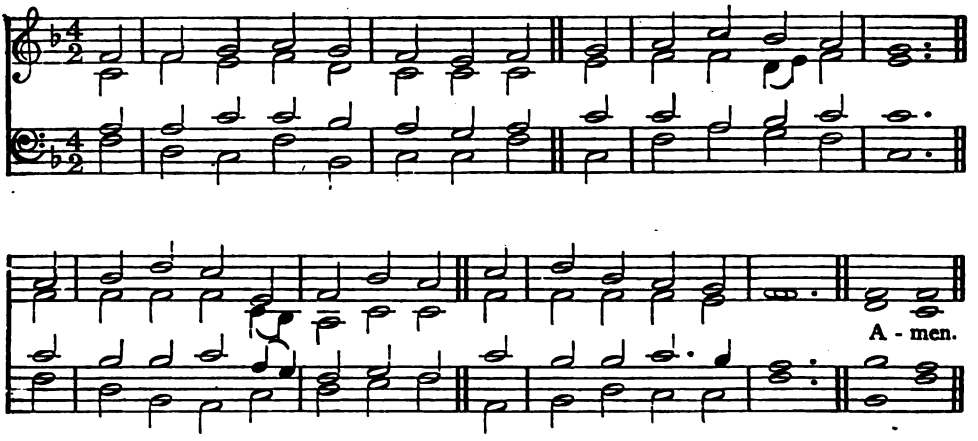
1 *mf* O DAY of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
p O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
cres On thee, the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
f Sing, "Holy, holy, holy!"
To the great Three in One.

2 *mf* On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
cres On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 *p* Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
cres From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
cres A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 *mf* To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
cres The silver trumpet calls,
f Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams

5 *mf* New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
cres To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
f The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
Amen.

ST. ETHELDREDA. **C.M.** Bishop TURTON.

204

"Call the Sabbath a delight."

1 *p* MY Lord, my Life, was crucified;
He all the pains did bear;
cres But in the sweetness of His rest
He makes His servants share.

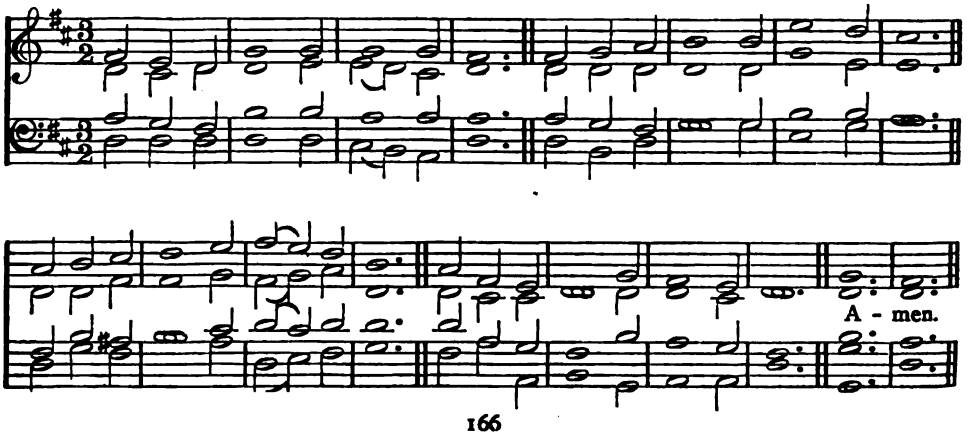
2 *mf* How sweetly rest Thy saints above,
Who in Thy bosom lie!
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

3 *mf* Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest.

4 *mf* Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love:
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

5 *mf* I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
That we may come to Thee.

6 *mf* I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace:
cres I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face! Amen.

OMBERSLEY. **L.M.** W. H. GLADSTONE.

205

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

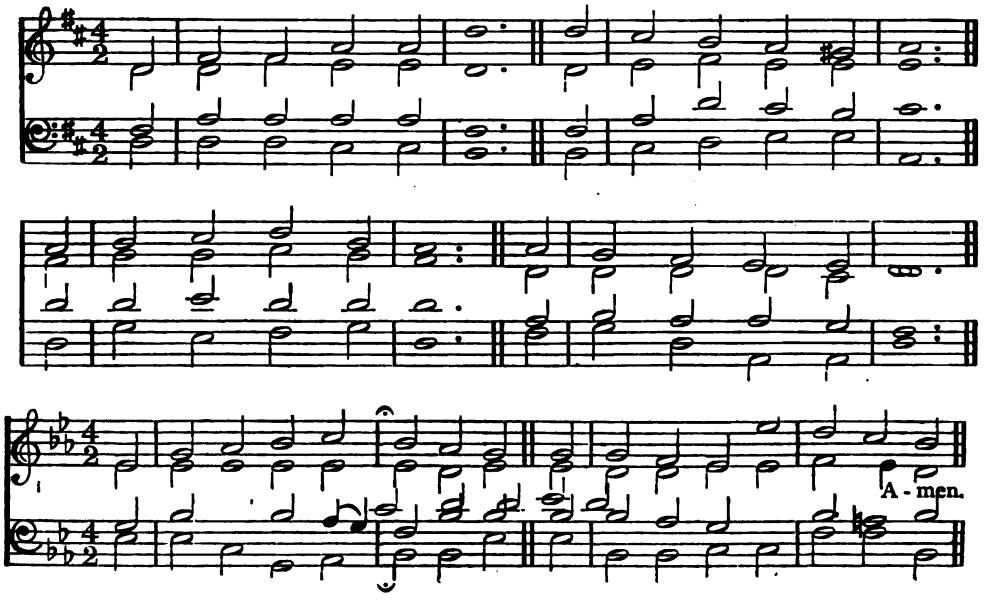
1 *mf* LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 *mf* Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
cres But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 *mf* No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;

4 *mf* No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
cres But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 *mf* O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
dim Fain would we leave this weary road,
p And sleep in death, to rest with God.
Amen.

ST. JOHN. 6,6,6,6,8,8. OLD MELODY.

206

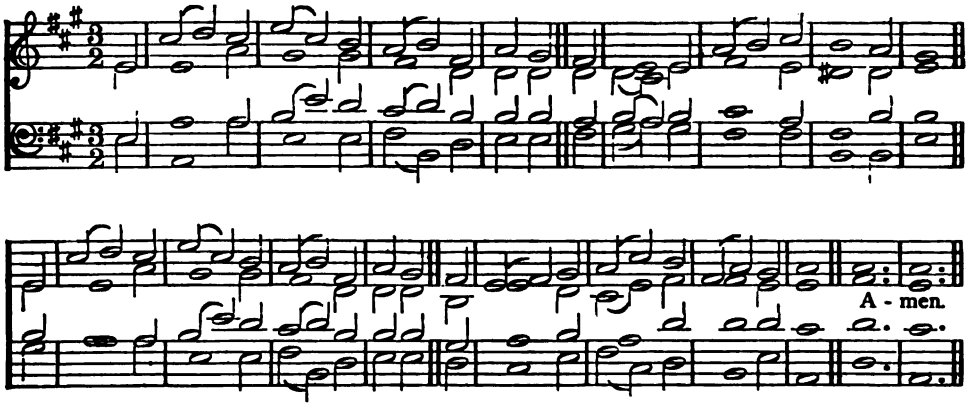
"He rose again the third day according to the scriptures."

1 *mf* AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 *mf* On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 *f* All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

4 *f* Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car,
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!
Amen

ST. CLEMENT. 9,8,9,8. Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

207

"Every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.

[EVENING.]

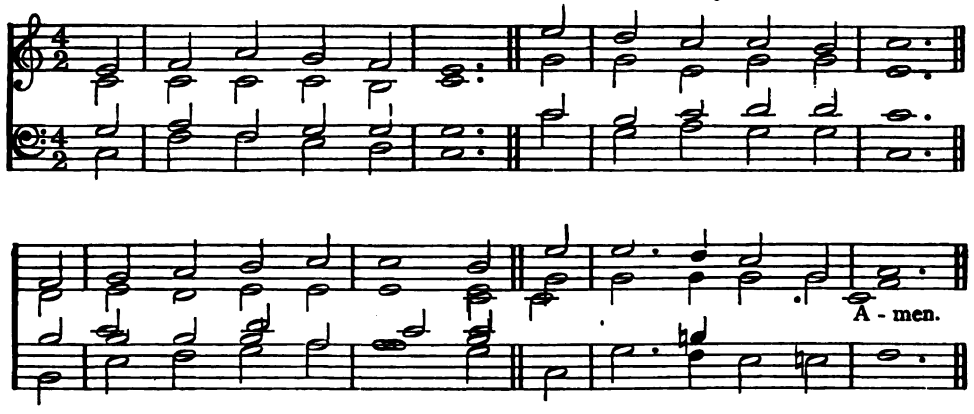
1 *mf* THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cres To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 *mf* We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 *mf* As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
cres Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 *mf* The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 *f* So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
cres But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
Amen.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

208 *"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it."*

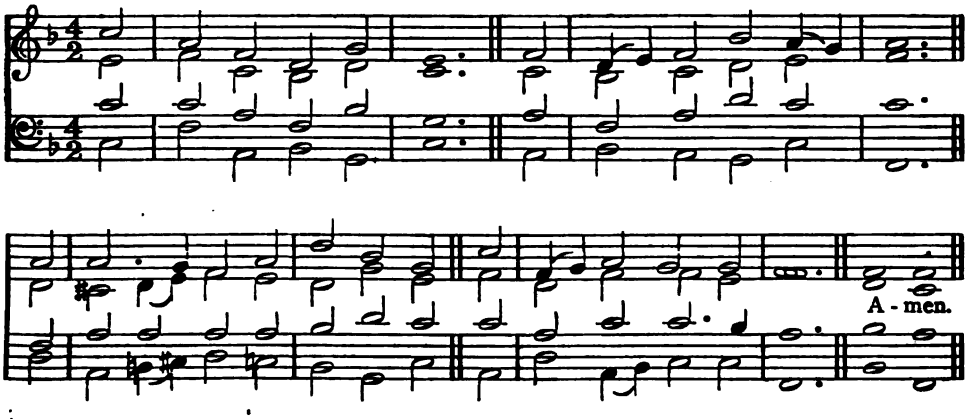
1 *mf* THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 *p* This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 *mf* This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cres Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
dim The waves of strife be still.

4 *p* This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
cres Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
dim Come down to meet us here.

5 *mf* This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath
cres And wake dead souls to love and praise,
f O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

209 *"They rest not day and night."*

[EVENING.]

1 *p* OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
cres But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

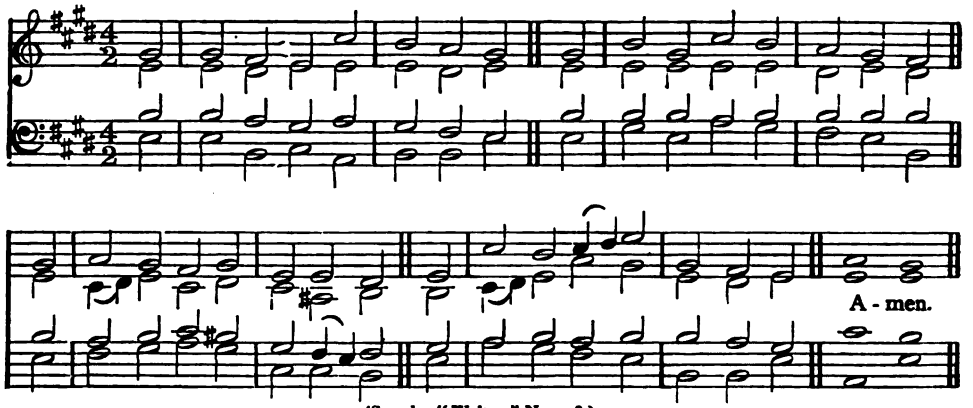
2 *mf* Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 *p* Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
cres But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 *mf* Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 *mf* 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 *p* A little while, and then
cres Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
f In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

LEIGH. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.

(See also "Walton," No. 178.)

210

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High."

1 *mf* SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

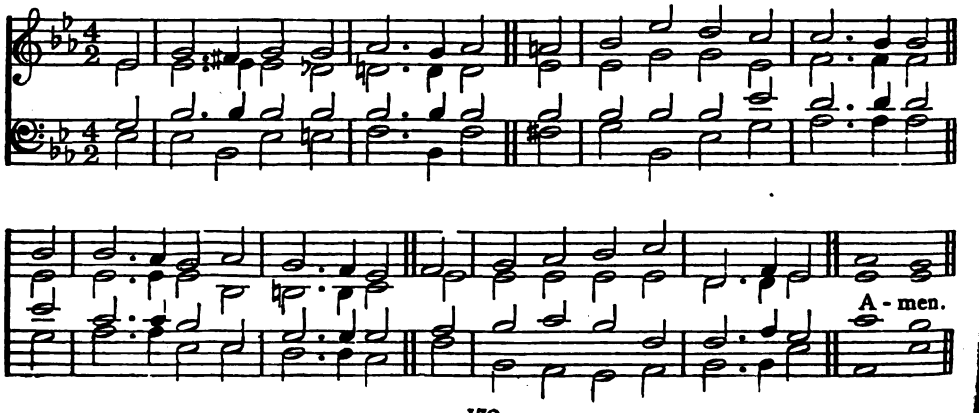
2 *p* Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
cres Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 *f* My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! *cres*
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 *mf* But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 *p* Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
cres My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 *mf* Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
cres And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

211

"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."

f THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.

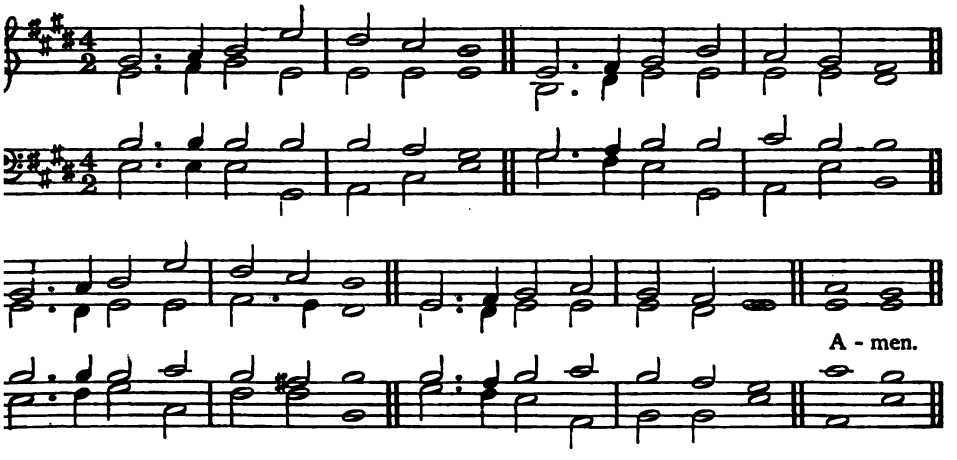
mf Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
cs And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 *mf* Shine on Thy pure, eternal word;
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal!

4 *f* Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye,
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the dayspring from on high!

5 *cres* Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
mf Pour richer floods of life and light
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
f That glorious day which knows no night! Amen.

II.—THE HOUSE OF GOD.

INNOCENTS. 7,7,7,7. OLD LITANY.

212

"We have fellowship one with another."

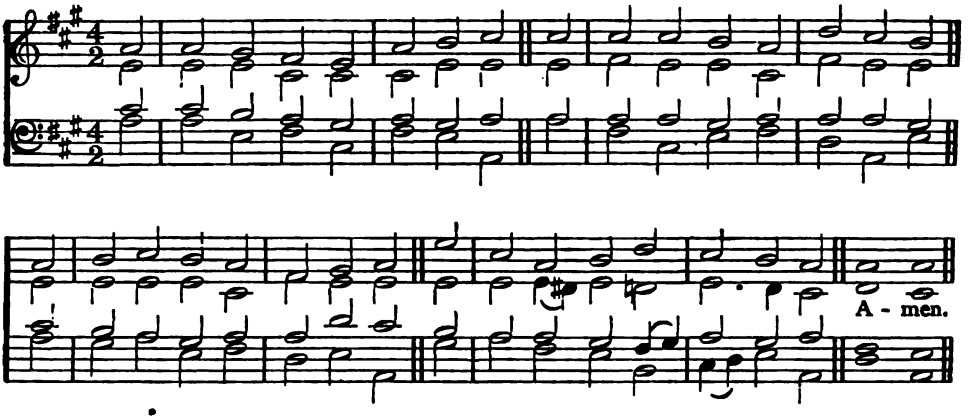
mf GREAT the joy when Christians meet!
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

mf Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
p He beheld the world undone,
cs Loved the world, and gave His Son.

mf Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 *mf* Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
p With our stubborn hearts He strove,
cres Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 *mf* Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet!
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.
Amen.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1554.

213 *"Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves."*

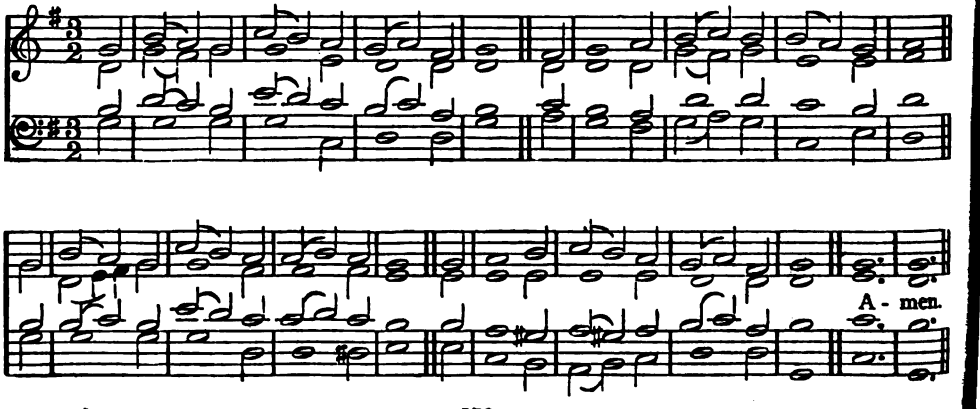
1 *mf* BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 *mf* His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
p And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
cres He brought us to His fold again.

3 *mf* We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 *cres* We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
f And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 *f* Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

ST. ALKMUND. L.M. ANCIENT MELODY.

214

"I will command My blessing upon you."

mf COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
p While we look up with filial fear.

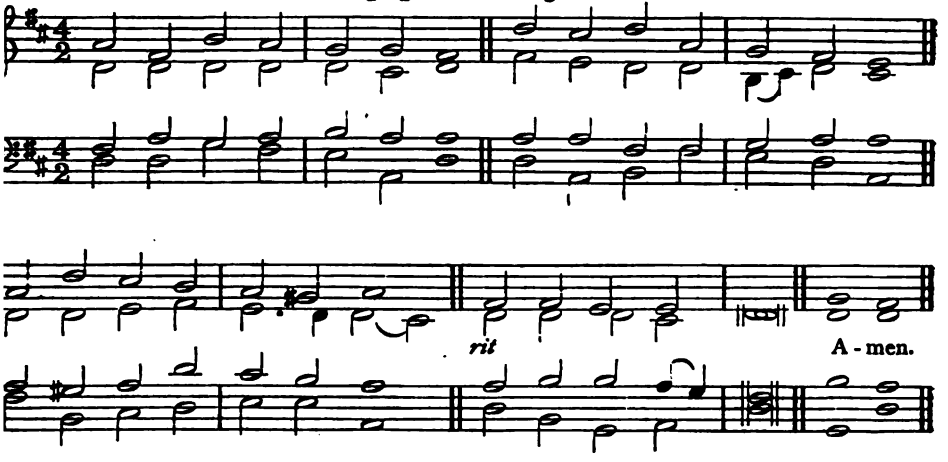
mf Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest—"Follow Me."

mf Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
p With wounding and with healing power,
cs With quickening and confirming grace.

4 *mf* O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed!
Whom Thou hast joined may none divide,
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

5 *f* With Thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.
Amen.

7,7,7,5.

CAPETOWN. *Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.* F. FILITZ.

215

"Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place; and when Thou hearest, forgive."

tf GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
p Hear, forgive and save.

tf When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat:
p Look from heaven and save.

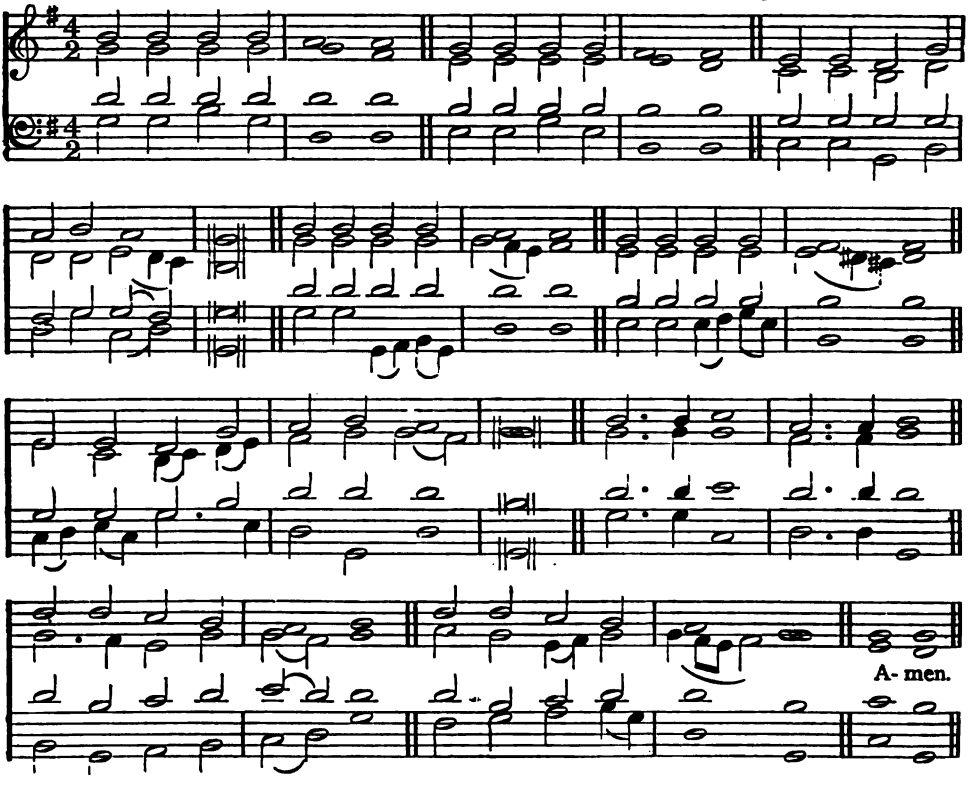
tf When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
p Lord, accept and save.

4 *p* Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
pp Lord, forgive and save.

5 *p* Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
cres May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

6 *mf* And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
cres From our burden set us free:
p Hear, forgive and save. Amen.

6,6,8,6,6,8,3,3,6,6.

GRÖNINGEN. *Gott ist gegenwärtig! Lasset uns anbeten.* JOACHIM NEANDER.

216

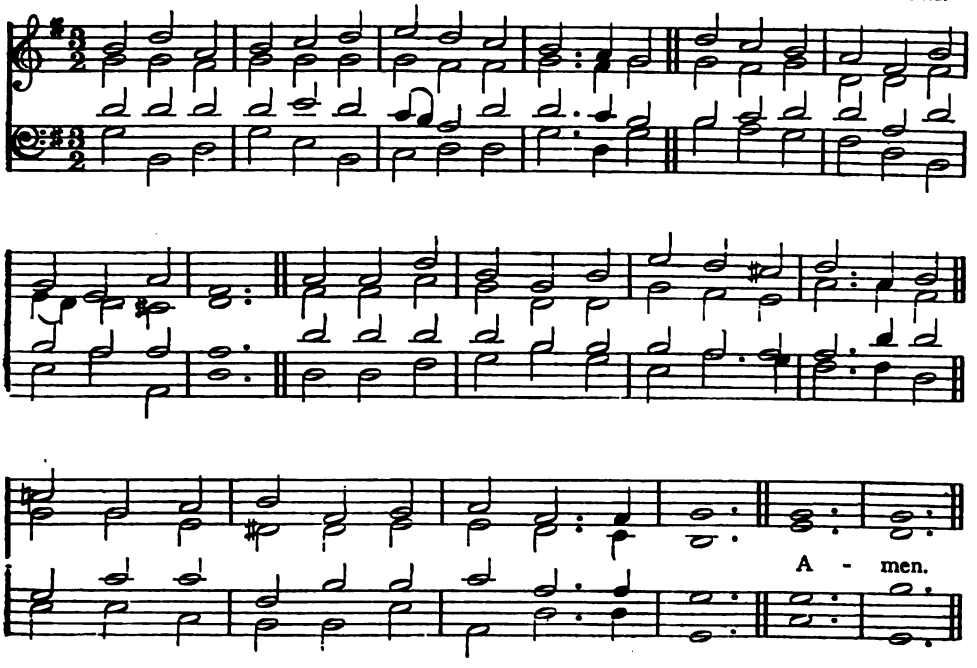
"Surely the Lord is in this place."

1 *mf* GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
p God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
cres Him alone
God we own,
f Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His name for ever!

2 *p* God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding;
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
pp "Holy, holy, holy!"
cres Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
p Bow Thine ear
To us here;
cres Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
dim To our meaner praises.

3 *p* O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit;
Trusting only in Thy merit,
cres Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
mf Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

4 *mf* Jesus, dwell within me;
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary;
cres Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions,
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
mf May this hope
Bear me up,
f Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour! Amen.

MOREDUN. 12,10,12,10. HENRY SMART.

217

"Come into His courts, and bring an offering with you."

1 *mf* WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
cres Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!

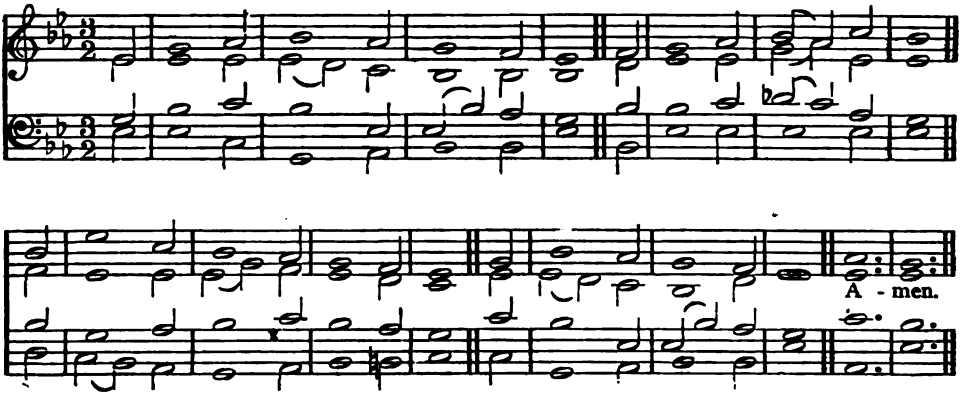
2 *p* Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
cres High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
mf Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 *mf* Fear not to enter His courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 *mf* These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 *mf* Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
cres Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name! **Amen.**

ERIN. C.M. HYMN OF THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH.



218 *"In all places where I record My name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."*

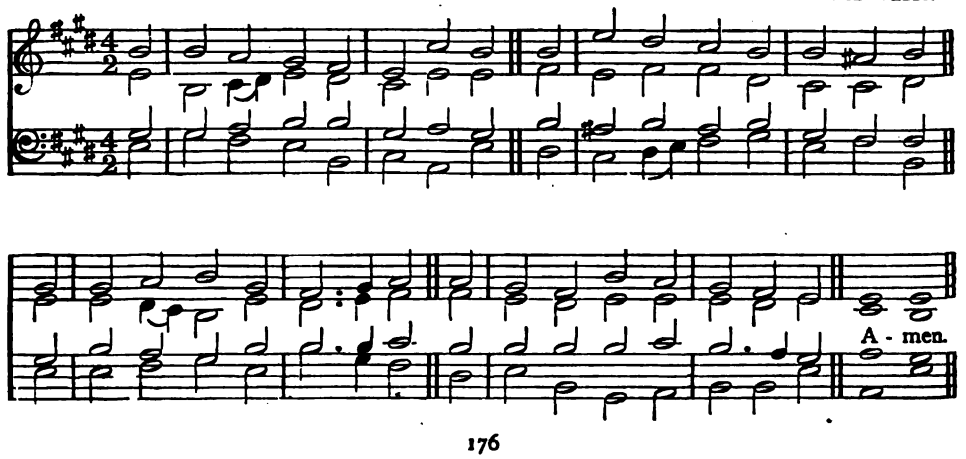
1 *mf* GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 *p* Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
cres And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 *mf* Within these walls, let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
p Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 *mf* The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
cres And shine upon us from on high
That we in grace may grow.

5 *mf* May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares. Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. SAMUEL WEBBE.

219

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him."

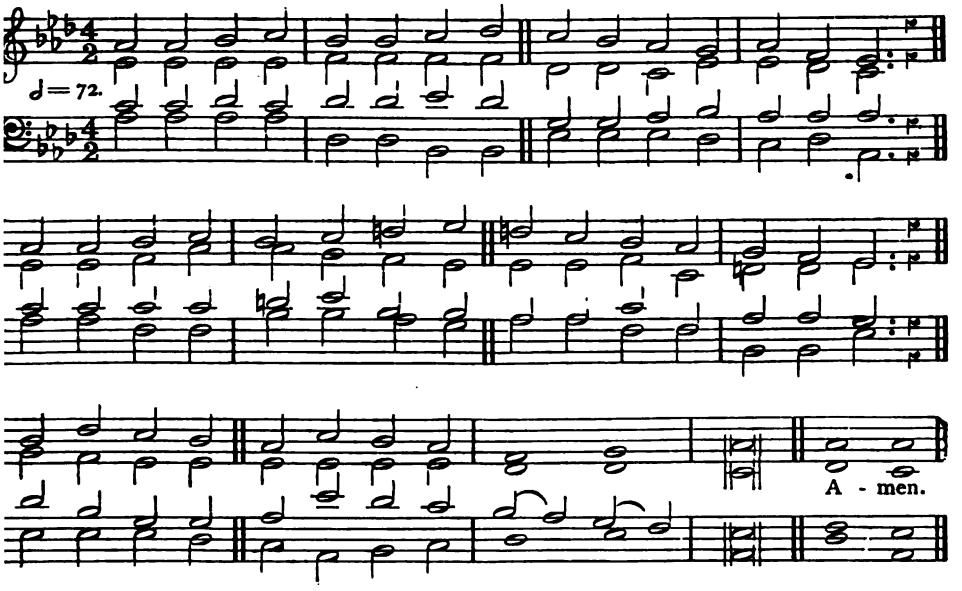
mf JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

mf For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 *mf* Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
cres Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 *mf* Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
cres To teach our faint desires to rise,
f And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 *p* Lord, we are few, (*cres*) but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
cres Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
f And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen.

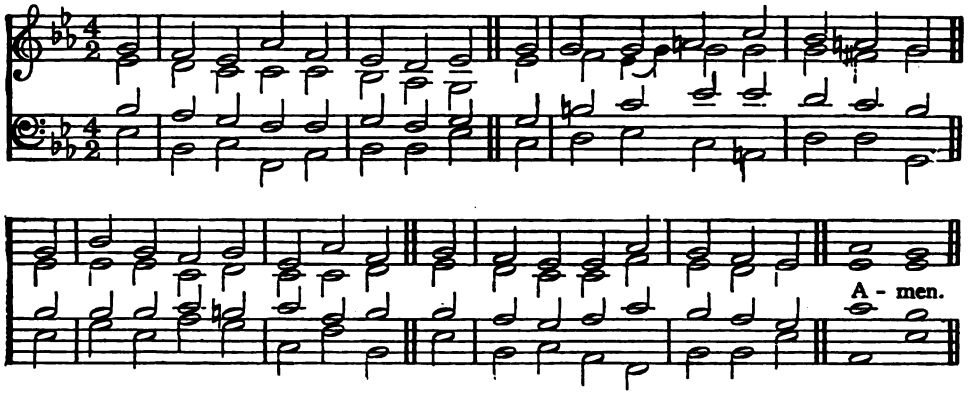
HEBER. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

220

"Now are we all here present before God."

mf IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near;
p Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 *mf* While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
cres May we run, nor weary be
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 *f* Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
ff Full enjoyment;—
Full, unmixed, and evermore. Amen.

ELLESMERE. L.M. A. R. REINAGLE.

221

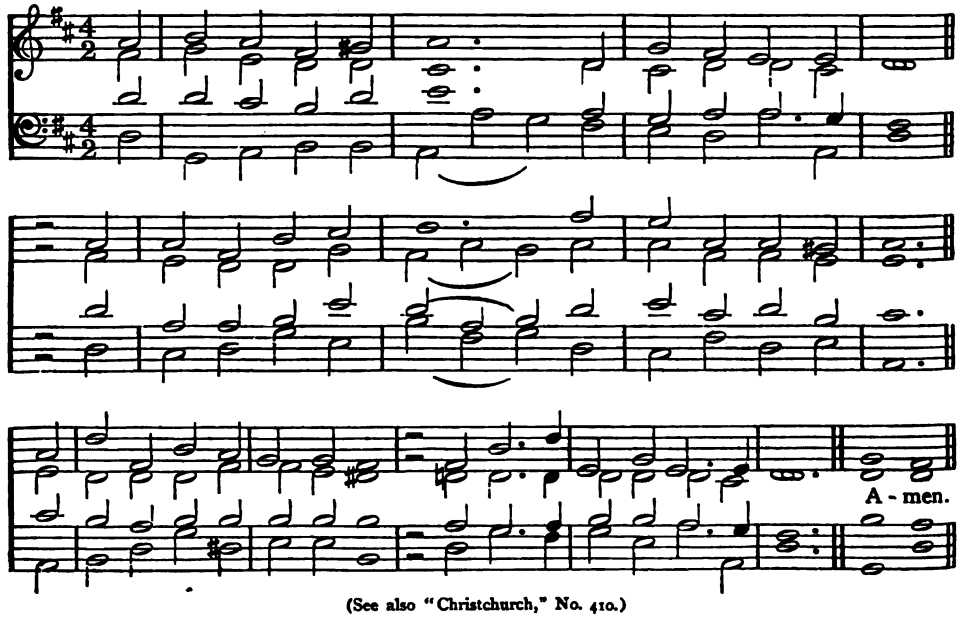
"This is none other but the house of God."

1 *mf* LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And humbly fall before His face.

2 *mf* Lo, God is here! whom day and night
cres United choirs of angels praise;
f To Him, enthroned above all height,
The host of heaven their anthems raise.

3 *mf* Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

4 *f* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

GOPSAL. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. G. F. HANDEL.

(See also "Christchurch," No. 410.)

222

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."

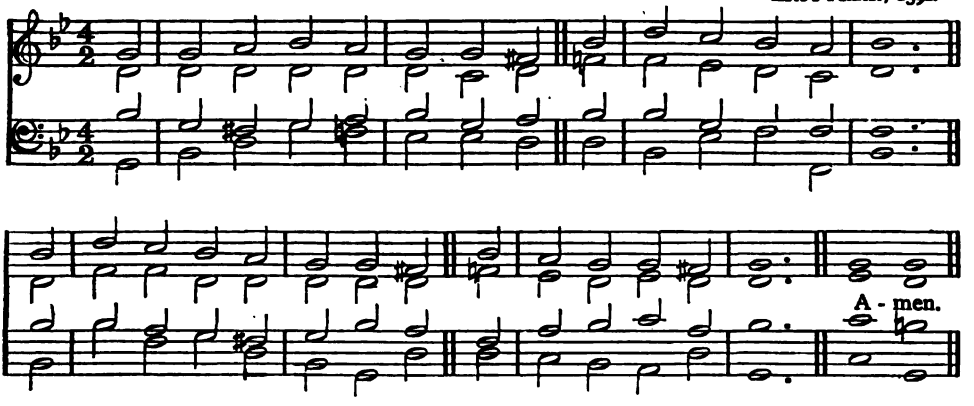
1 *mf* LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
cres My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 *mf* Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
cres They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 *mf* They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
cres Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
f Oh, glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 *mf* To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
cres Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

5 *mf* The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
cres Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
f Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee. Amen.

WINDSOR. C.M. GEORGE KIRBYE, Este's Psalter, 1592.

223

"Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens."

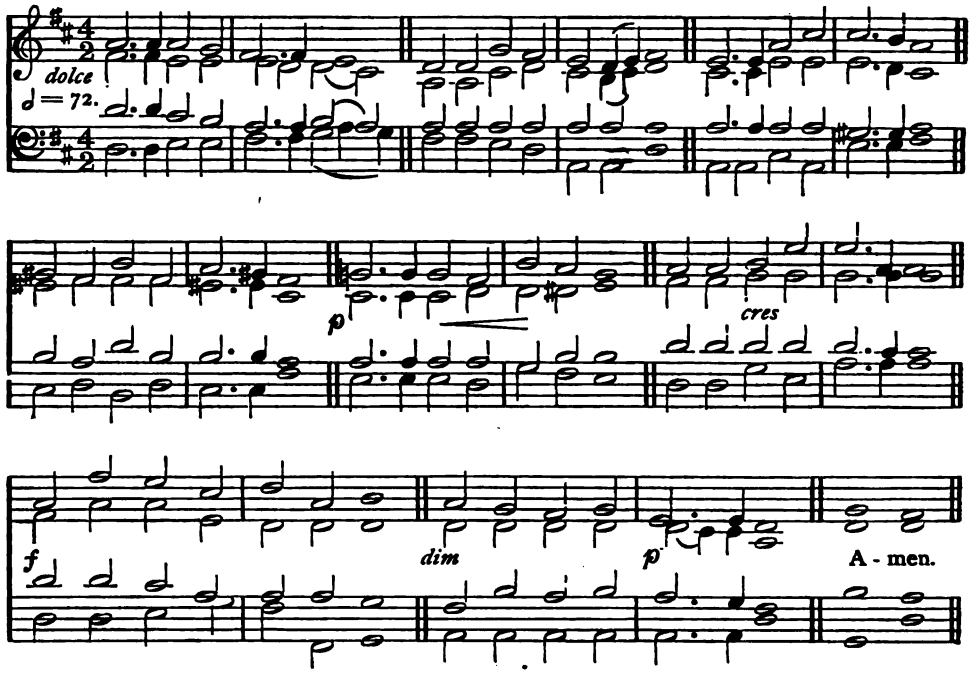
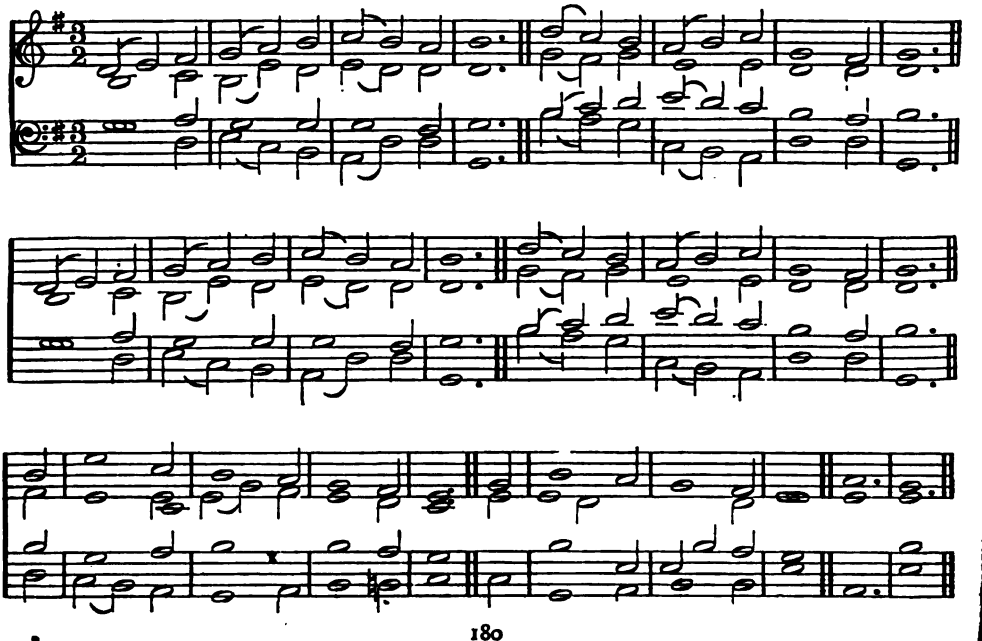
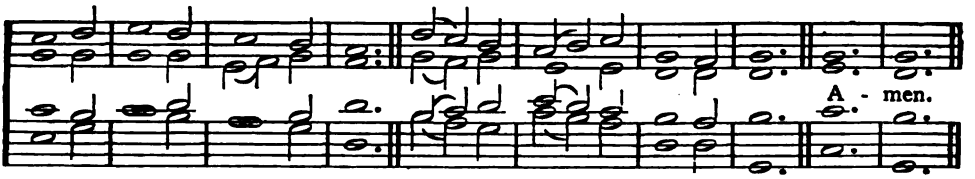
1 *p* LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 *p* Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
cres Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 *mf* When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 *mf* When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

5 *mf* Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

TERSANCTUS (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. E. SILAS.

MAIDSTONE (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Doc.

224

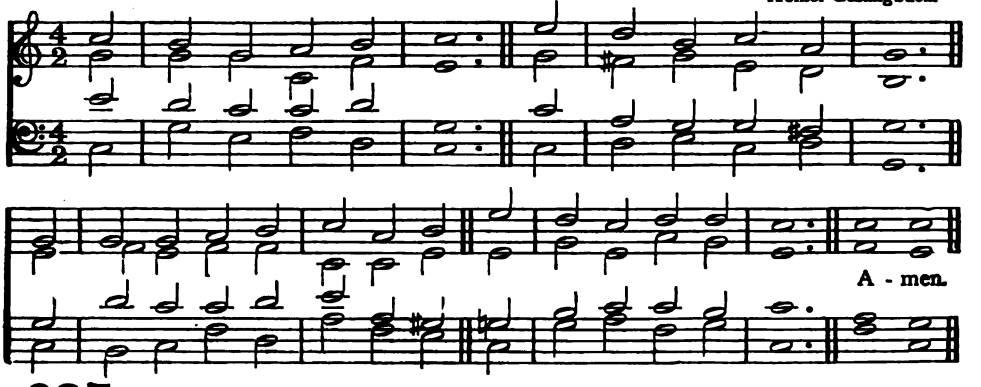
"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy courts; they will be still praising Thee."

1 *mf* PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
cres Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

2 *mf* Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
p In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
cres They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 *p* Happy souls! Their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cres Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
mf Who hast led them safe through all.

4 *p* Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
cres Grace and glory flow from Thee;
f Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!
Amen.

NARENZA. S.M. ANCIENT CHORALE, Kölner Gesangbuch.

225

"Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever."

1 *mf* STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

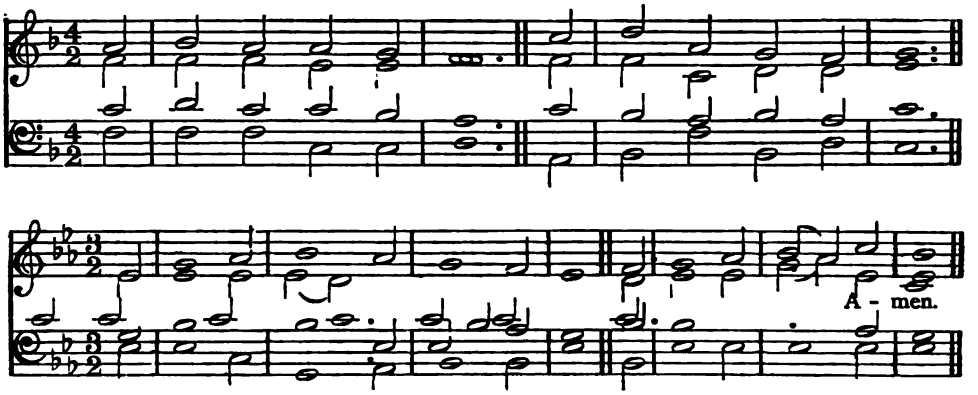
2 *mf* Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
p Who would not fear His holy name,
cres And laud, and magnify?

3 *mf* Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
cres And wing to heaven our thought!

4 *mf* God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours; [claimed
cres Then be His love in Christ pro-
With all our ransomed powers.

5 *mf* Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
cres Stand up, and bless His glorious name
f Henceforth for evermore! Amen.

QUAM DILECTA. 6,6,6,6. Bishop JENNER.



226

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."

1 *mf* WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

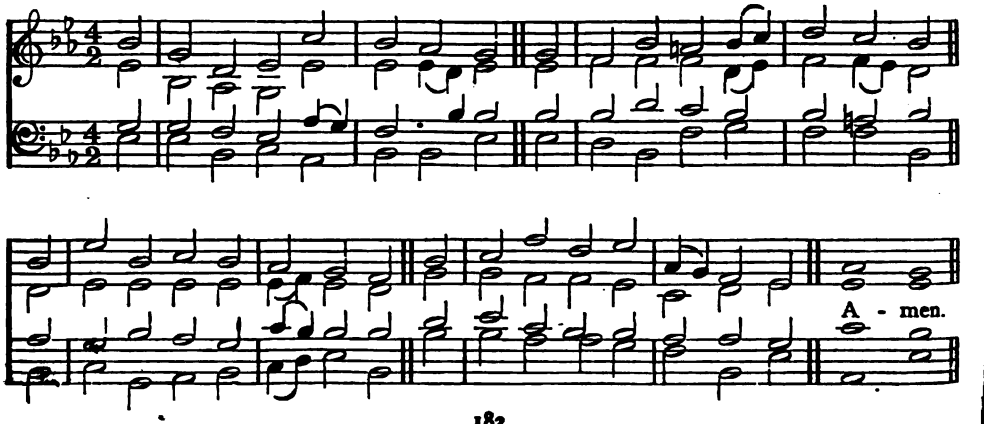
2 *mf* It is the house of prayer
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 *mf* We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
p Of comfort in the strife,
cres And joys that never cease.

4 *mf* We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
cres But, oh! we long to know
f The triumph-song of heaven.

5 *p* Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
f In heaven to see Thy face,
dim And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

III.—BAPTISM.

KENT. L.M. J. F. LAMPE.

227

Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

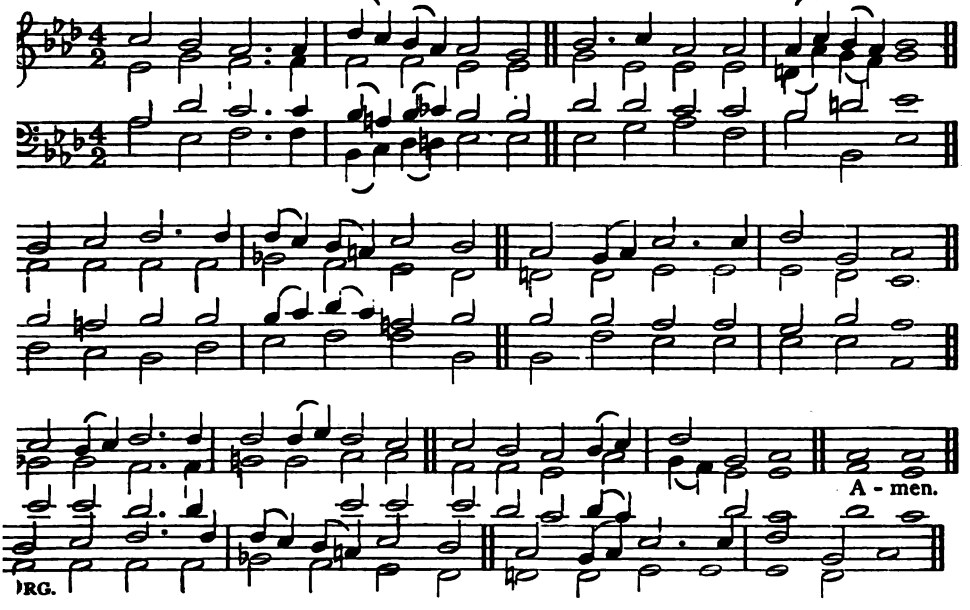
mf A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His name;
And angels worshipped, as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

mf He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

p We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 *mf* Oh, give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 *f* O Thou, who, by an infant's tongue,
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Amen.

REQUIEM. 8,7,8,7,8,7. WILHELM SCHULTHES.

228

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

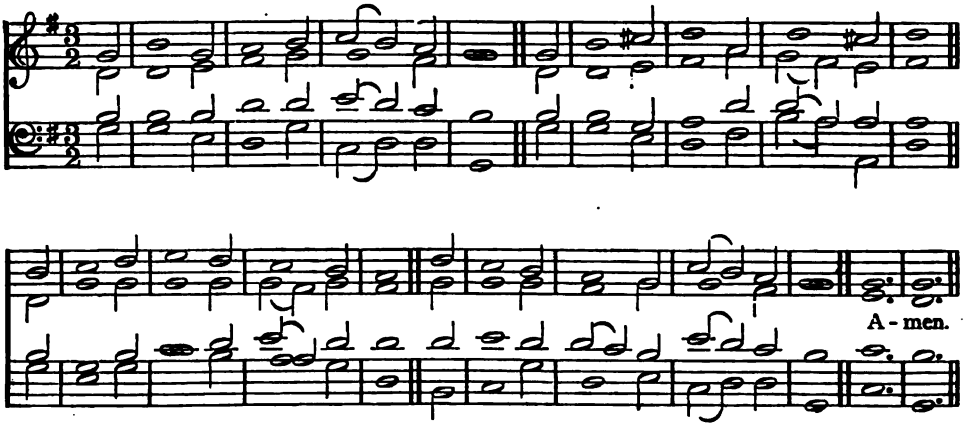
mf GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
p Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
cres From all want and danger free.

p Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

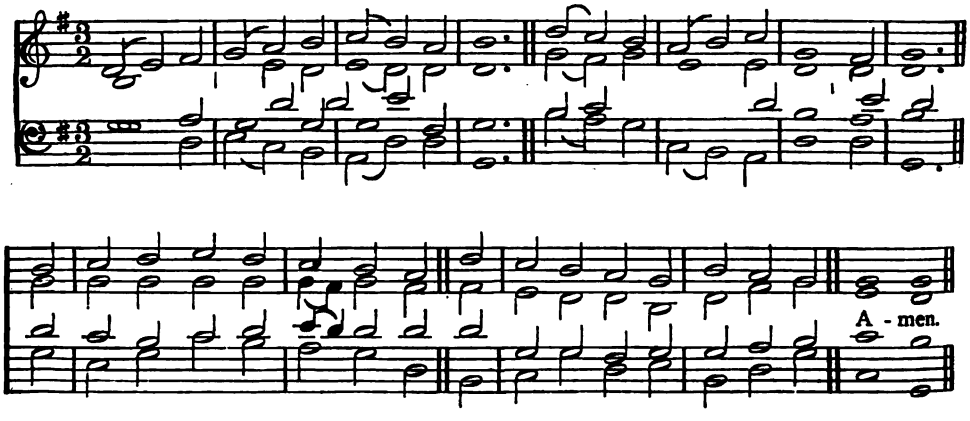
3 *mf* Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

4 *mf* Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
cres Then, with all the saints in glory,
f Join to praise their Lord and King.
Amen

ANGELS SONG (*1st Version*). L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.



2nd Version, being Original time and form of Melody.



229

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

1 *mf* GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

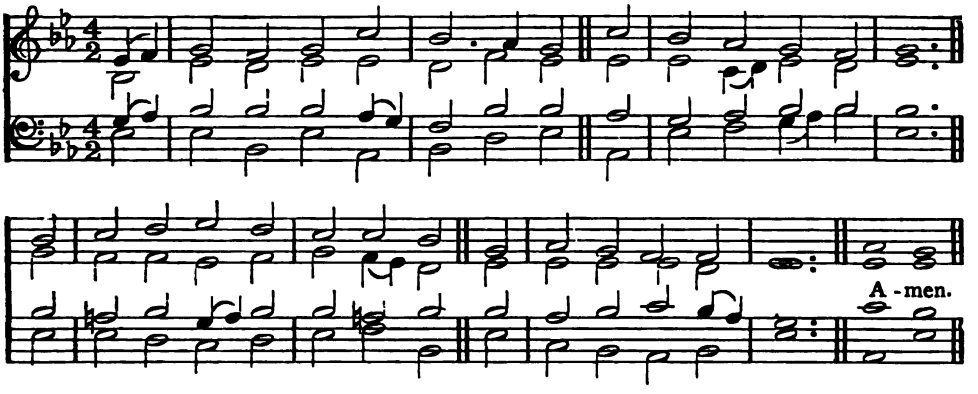
2 *mf* Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 *p* Lent to us for a season, we
cres Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Assured, that if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 *mf* Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head!
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face!

5 *mf* Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
cres Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above! Amen.

C.M.

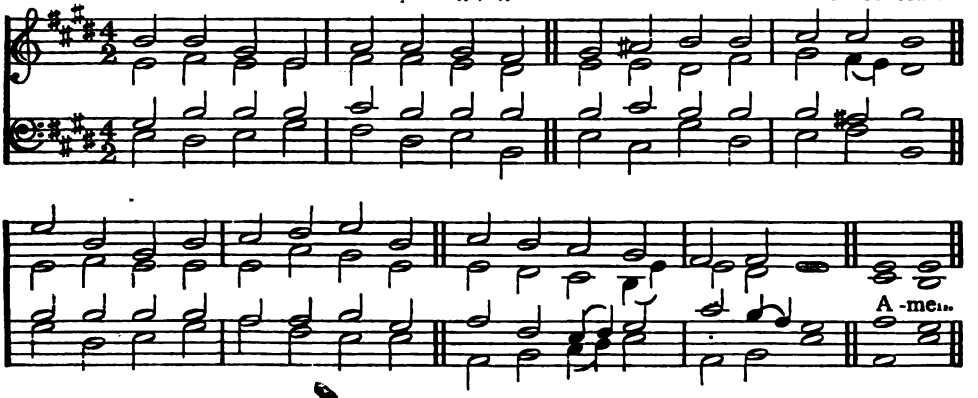
CAMBRIA. *Christus der ist mein Leben.* MELCHIOR VULPIUS.

230

"I will establish My covenant between Me and thee, and thy seed after thee."

1 *mf* OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee;
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,
And Thy salvation see.

2 *p* Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

3 *mf* In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way. Amen.

GOTHA. 8,7,8,7. H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

231

"Thou leddest Thy people like a flock."

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
p All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 *cres* Now, *these little ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

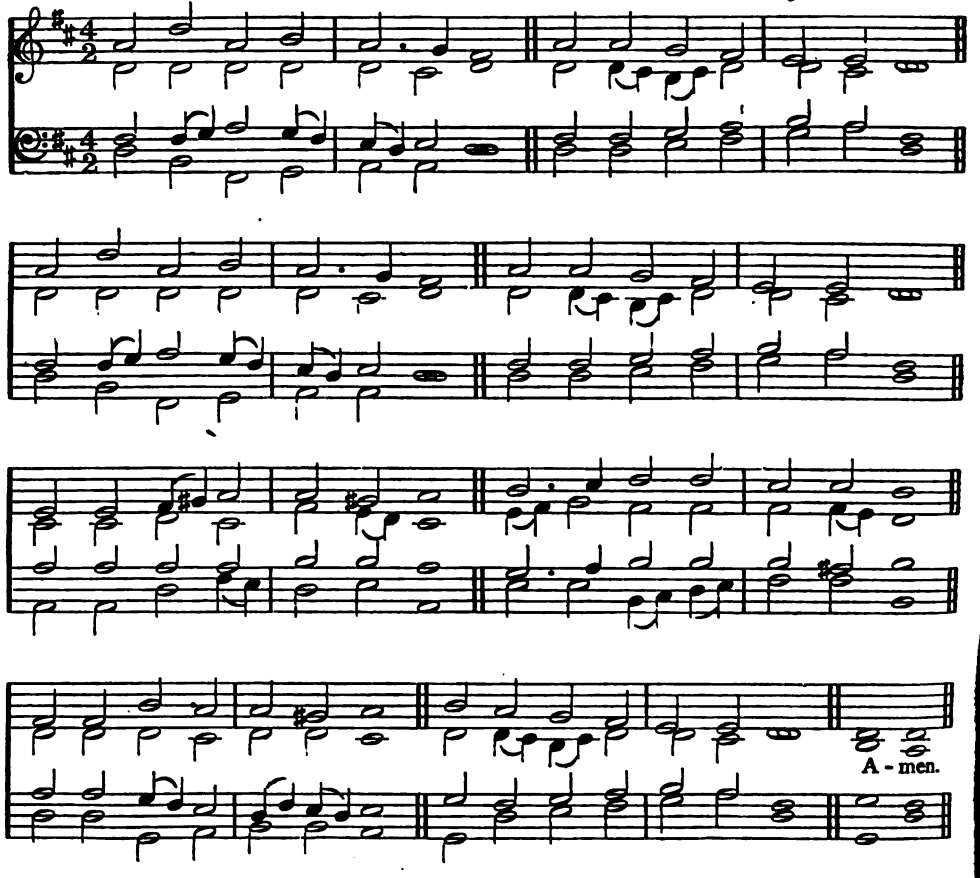
3 *p* Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
cres Keep *them* all life's dangerous way!

4 *p* Then within Thy fold eternal
Let *them* find a resting-place;
cres Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace!
Amen.

(For *Adult Baptisms*, see hymns of "Gratitude and Consecration.")

IV.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

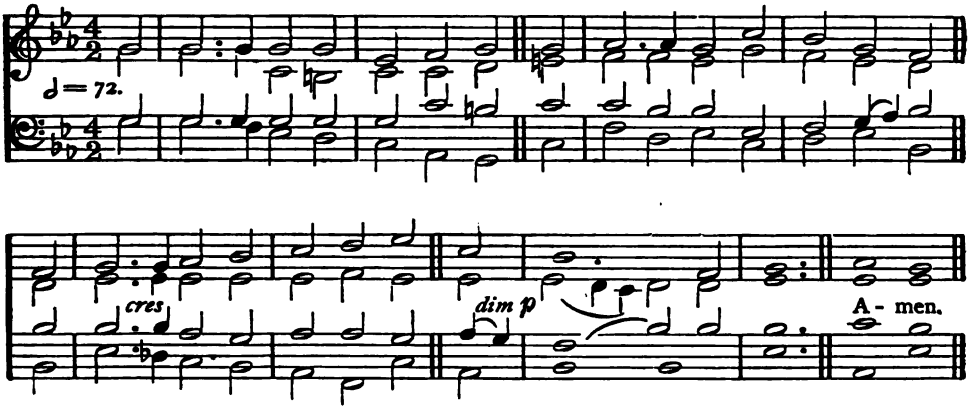
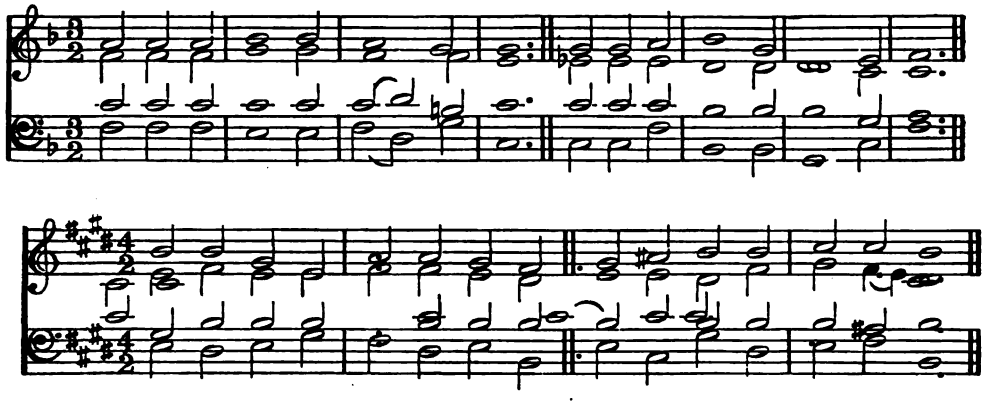
7,7,7,7. D.

SALZBURG. *Alle Menschen müssen sterben.* J. ROSENMÜLLER.

232 *"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast."*

1 *f* AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
mf Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side.
f Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest!

2 *mf* Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
f Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
mf With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above!

3 *f* Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise!
Amen.

EUCHARIST (*1st Tune*). 8,8,8,4. A. CROIL FALCONER.

CALM (*2nd Tune*). 8,8,8,4. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

233

"Ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."

1 *mf* BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
dim And show the death of our dear Lord
p Until He come.

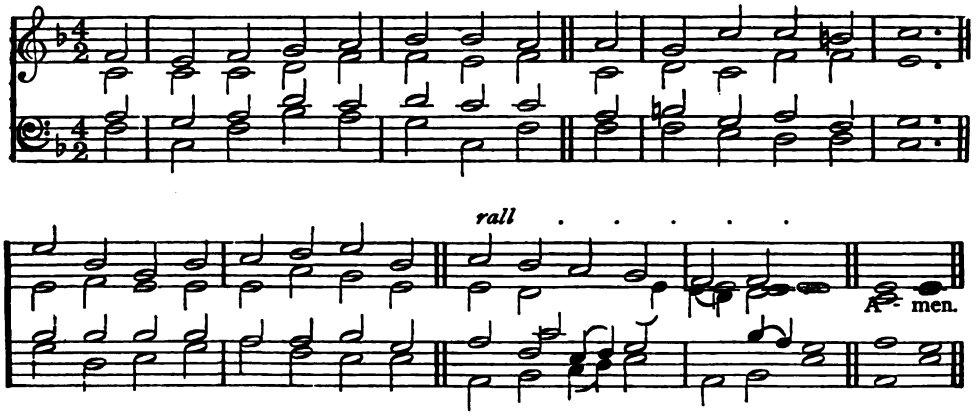
2 *mf* His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
p Until He come.

3 *p* The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
cres The wine shall tell the mystery
dim Until He come.

4 *p* And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite,
cres By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come:

5 *cres* Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
ff The Lord shall come.

6 *mf* Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
cres But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come! Amen.

ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.

234

"This do in remembrance of Me."

1 *mf* ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

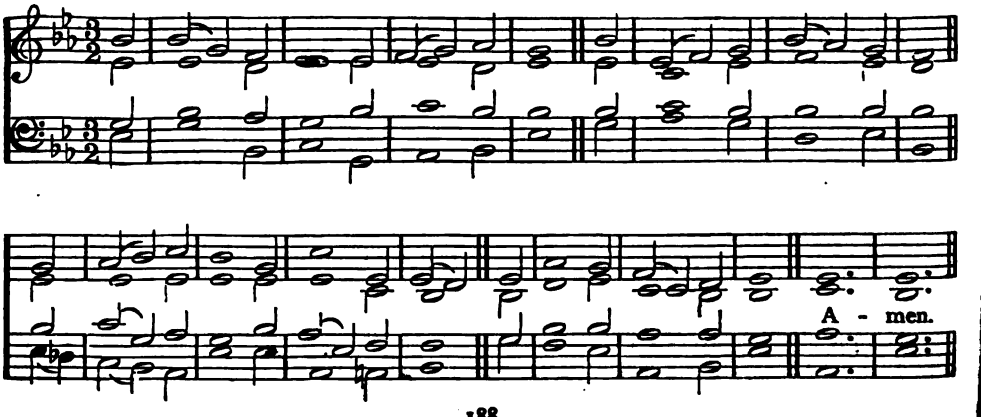
2 *mf* Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 *p* Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 *p* When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
cres O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee!

5 *mf* Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
cres Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
f Will I remember Thee.

6 *p* And, when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cres When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
dim Jesus, remember me! Amen.

LEICESTER. C.M. WILLIAM HURST.

235

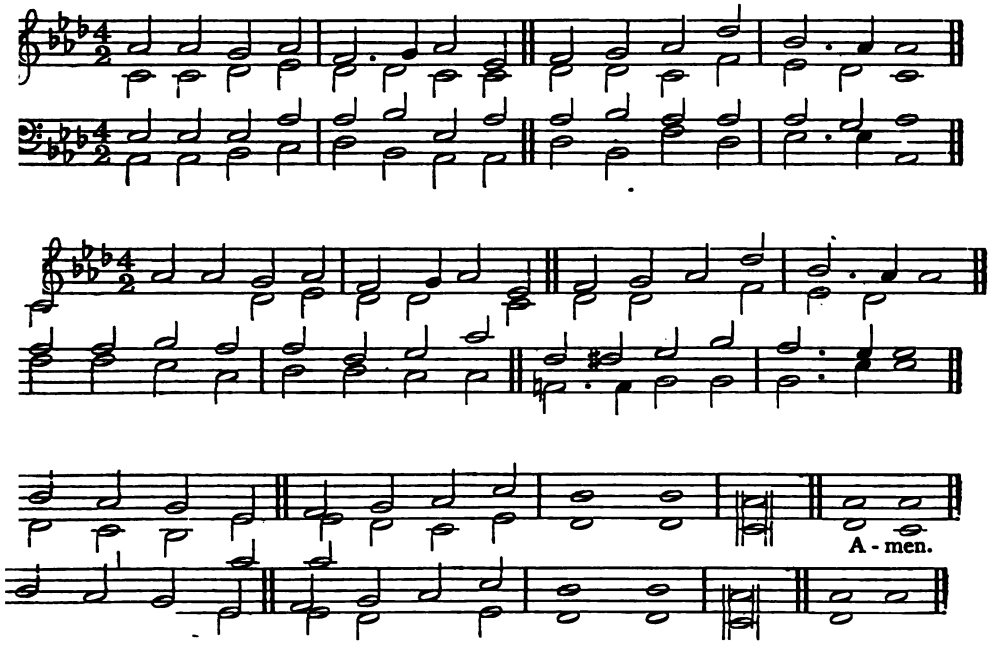
"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof."

p I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
cres Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

p I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
cres Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 *p* I am not worthy; (*cres*) yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay?
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

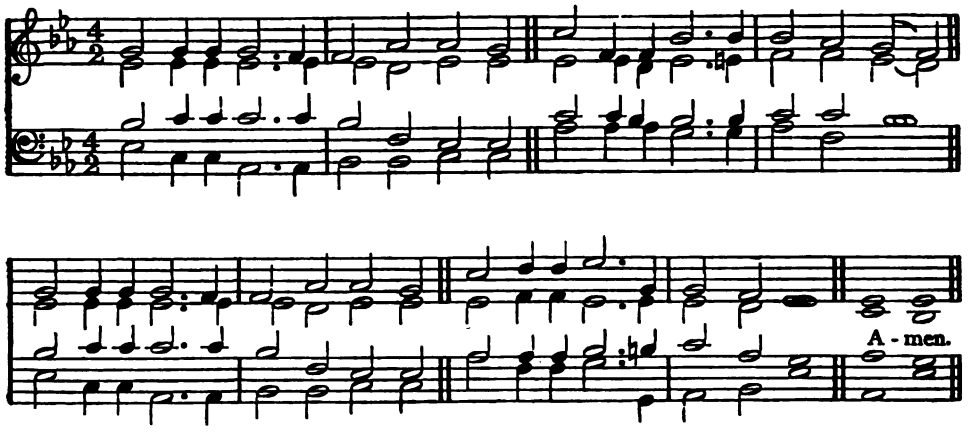
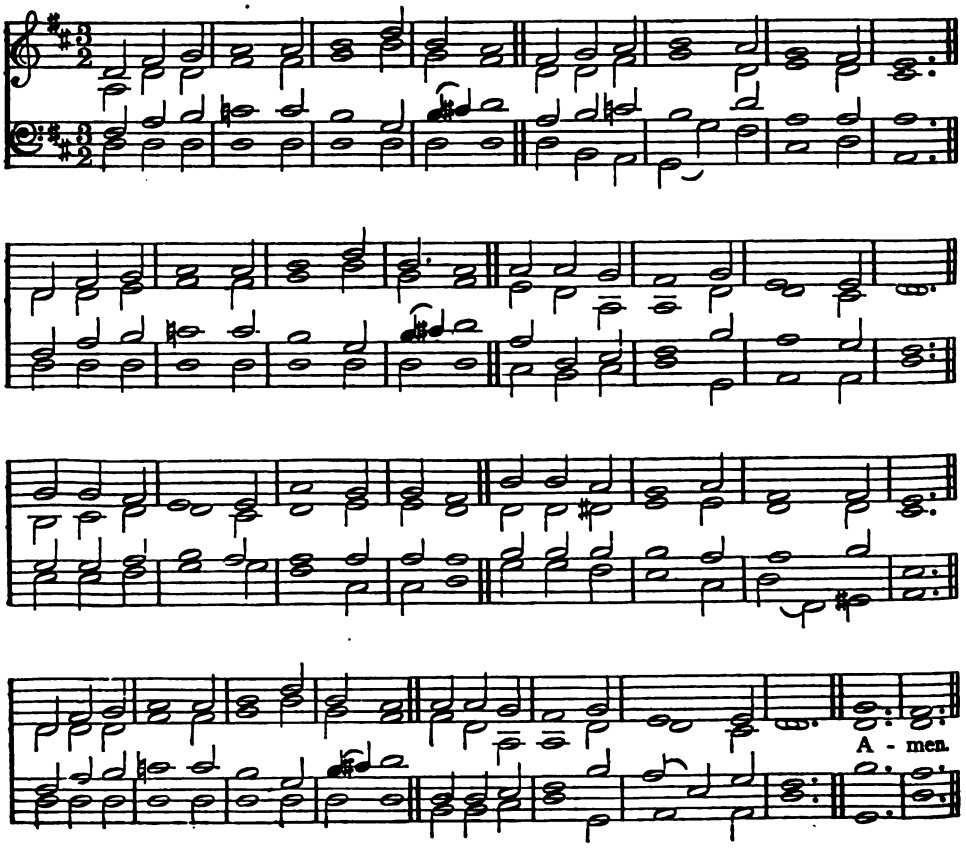
4 *mf* Oh, come! In this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
p This worthless heart of mine! Amen.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

236

"Our own God shall bless us."

mf NOW in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from this table go!
cres Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit, now!

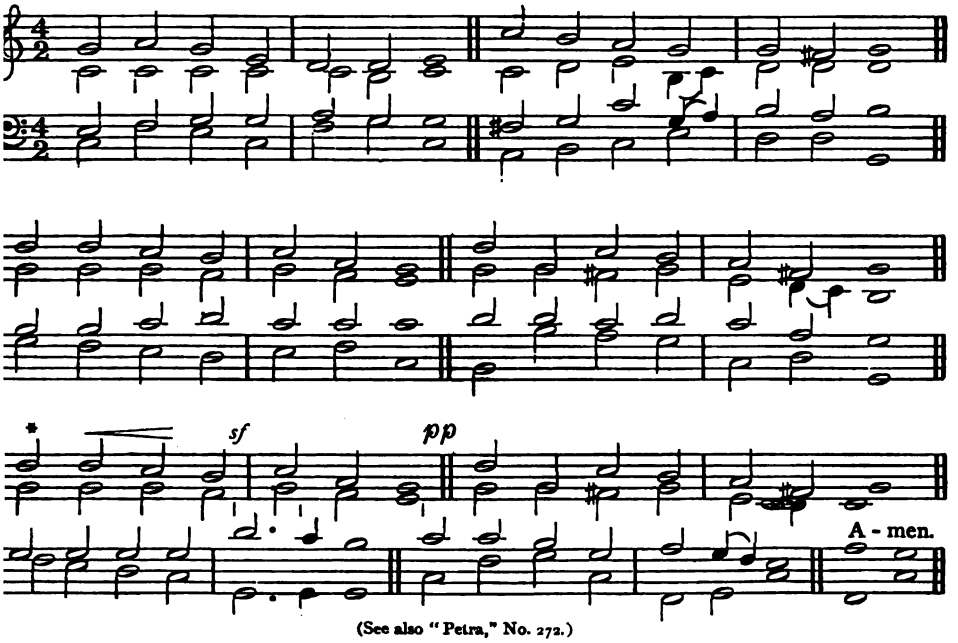
2 *mf* Bless us here, while still as strangers
Onward to our home we move;
Bless us with eternal blessings
In our Father's house above.
cres Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love! Amen.

BETHSAIDA (*1st Tune*). 9,8,9,8. DR. AUSTEN PEARCE.

ST. BLANDINA (*2nd Tune*). 9,8,9,8. D. F. C. CHATTOCK.

237

"I am the bread of life."

mf BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 *p* Look on the hearts by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
cres And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed
Amen.

REYNOLDSTONE. 7,7,7,7,7,7. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

(See also "Petra," No. 272.)

238

"Ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."

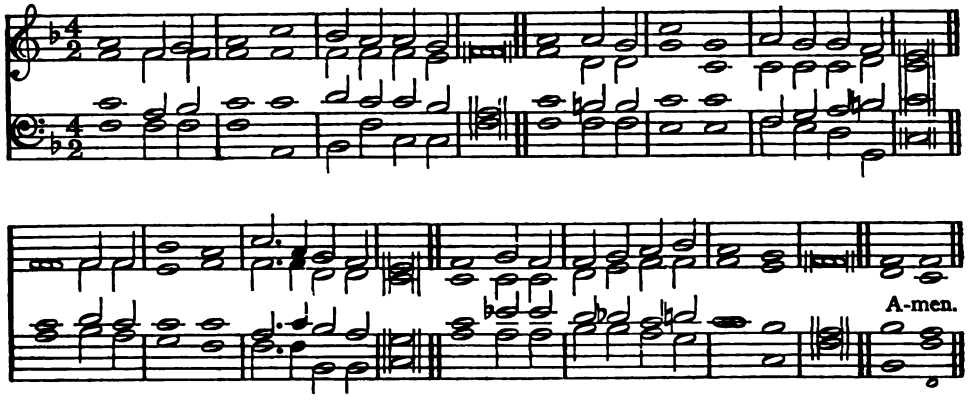
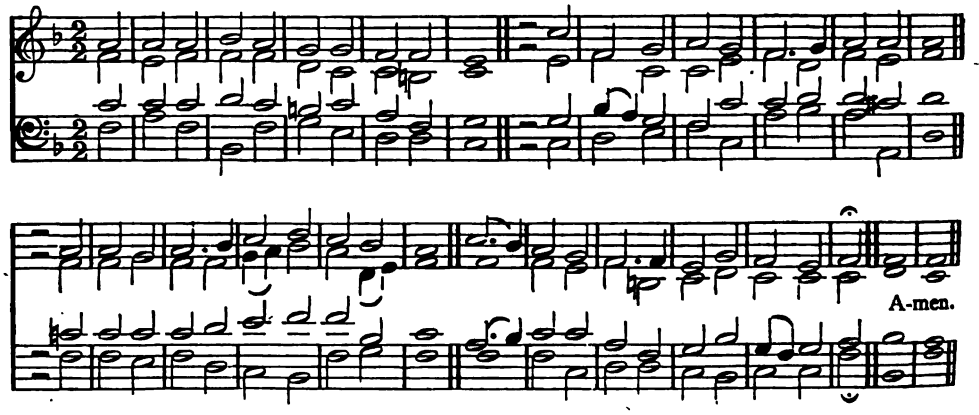
p "TILL He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
cres Lie beyond that "till He come."

p When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
m Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only "till He come."

3 *cres* Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
dim Death, and darkness, and the tomb
pp Only whisper, "till He come."

4 *mf* See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and break the bread!
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
cres Severed only "till He come." Amen.

* Strain 5 is from Mendelssohn.

ST. AGNES (*1st Tune*). 10,10,10,10. J. LANGRAN.

PRÆNESTE (*2nd Tune*). 10,10,10,10. From PALESTRINA.

239

"He brought me to the banqueting house."

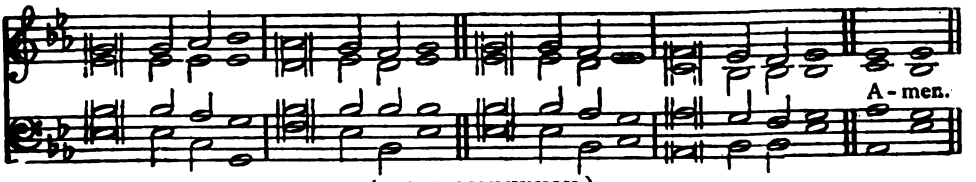
(BEFORE COMMUNION.)

1 *mf* HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee fáce to face;
Here would I touch and handle thíngs unseen,
cres Here grasp with firmer hand the etérnal grace,
dim And all my weariness upón Thee lean.

2 *mf* Here would I feed upon the bréad of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wíne of heaven;
p Here would I lay aside each eárthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sín forgiven.

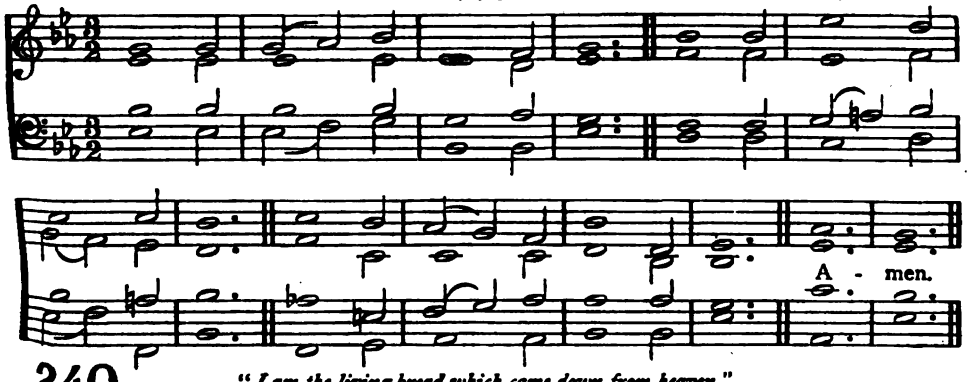
3 *mf* This is the hour of banquet ánd of song;
This is the heavenly table spréad for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, stíll prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowshíp with Thee.

TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*3rd Tune*). A. H. D. TROYTE.

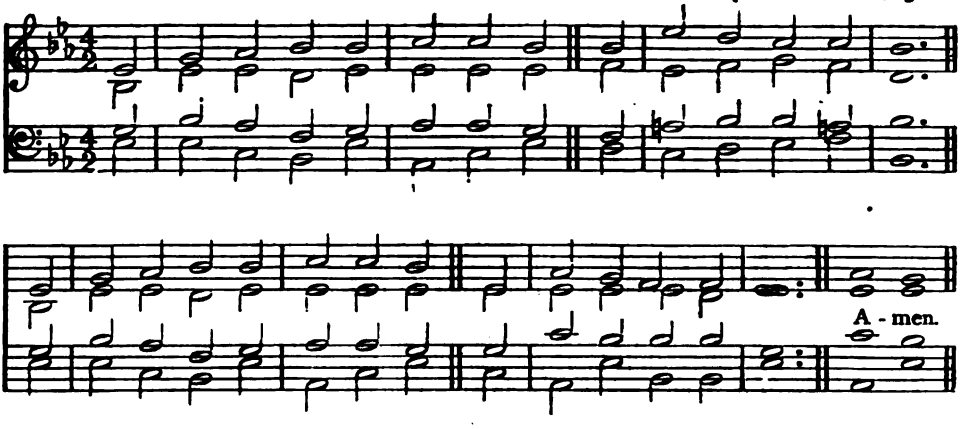


(AFTER COMMUNION.)

4 *mf* Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;
cres Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.
5 *mf* I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
6 *mf* I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.
7 *p* Mine is the sin, (*cres*) but Thine the righteousness;
p Mine is the guilt, (*cres*) but Thine the cleansing blood;
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
8 *mf* But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert-night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
cres It leads me to Thy heritage of light. Amen.

LACRYMÆ. 7,7,7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

240 *"I am the living bread which came down from heaven."*

1 *mf* JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
2 *mf* When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
3 *p* While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cres Turn our sadness into praise.
4 *p* Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cres Whence there flowed the healing tide;
dim There our sins and sorrows hide.
5 *mf* From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
6 *mf* Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cres Till around Thy throne we stand
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M. THOMAS TALLIS, Archbishop Parker's Psalter, 1561.

241

"My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed."

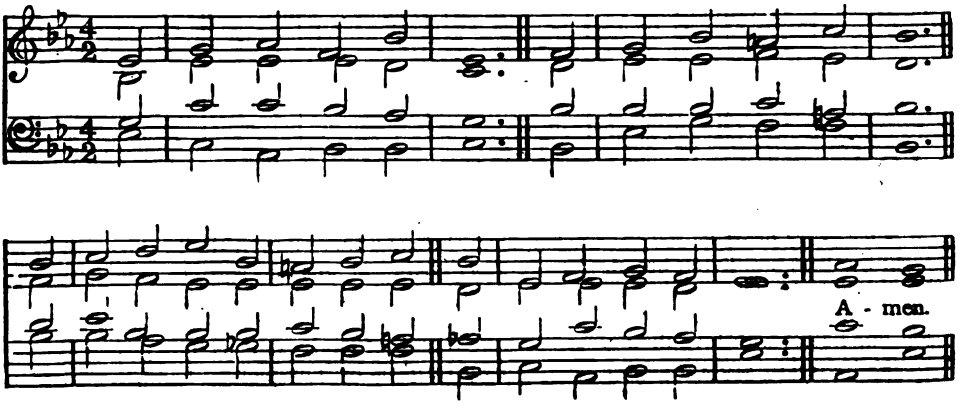
1 *p* O JESUS Christ, the holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
cres Come and abide with me!

2 *mf* Now while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met;

3 *cres* Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine;
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 *mf* My "meat indeed," mv "drink indeed"
Art Thou, my gracious Lord:
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word;

5 *cres* Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

CLIFTON. S.M. J. BRABHAM.

242

"Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

1 *mf* SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 *p* Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

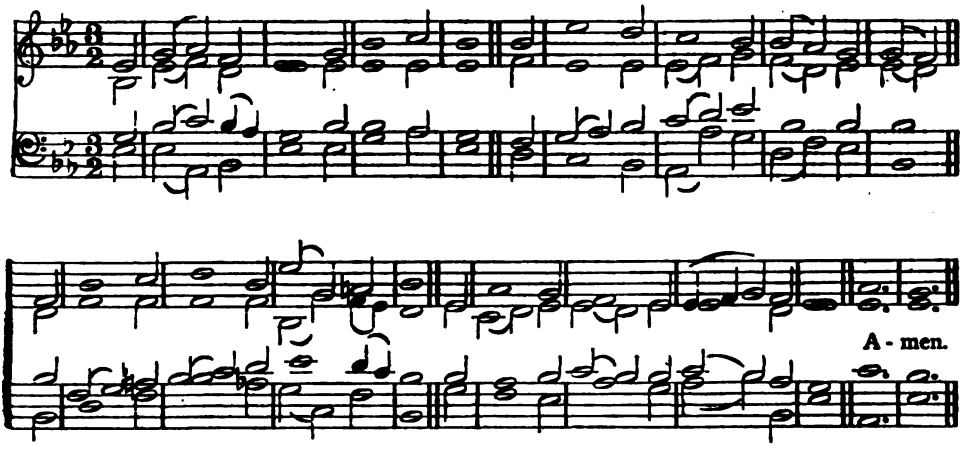
3 *mf* Here conscience ends its strife,
cres And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life.
The fulness of Thy love.

4 *p* That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
cres And feel the blessèd pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

5 *mf* Oh, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

6 *f* To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!
Amen.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M. EDWARD MILLER, Mus. Doc.



243

"The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread."

1 *p* 'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

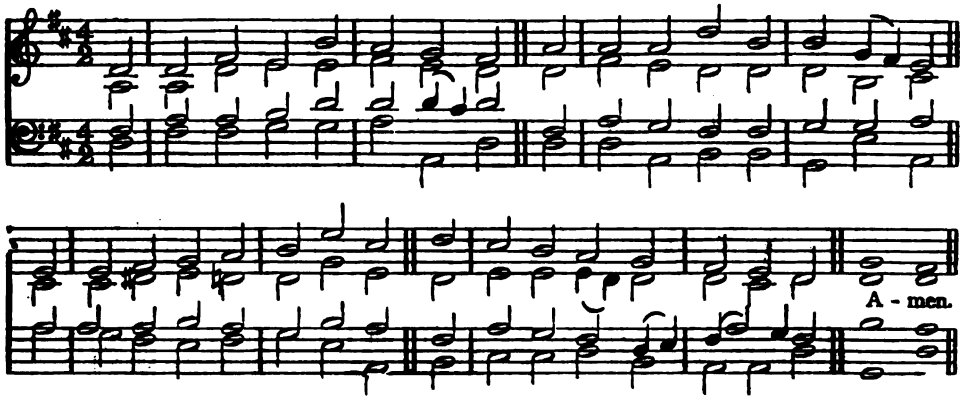
2 *mf* And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

3 *p* "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings My wondrous love to view."

4 *mf* Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised;
cres While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

5 *mf* "My blood I thus pour forth," He cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
cres In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 *mf* "With love to man this cup is fraught;
Let all partake the sacred draught;
dim Through latest ages let it pour,
p In memory of My dying hour."
Amen.

ATTLEBOROUGH. L.M. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.

244 *"Come: for all things are now ready."*

1 *p* MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
cres Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

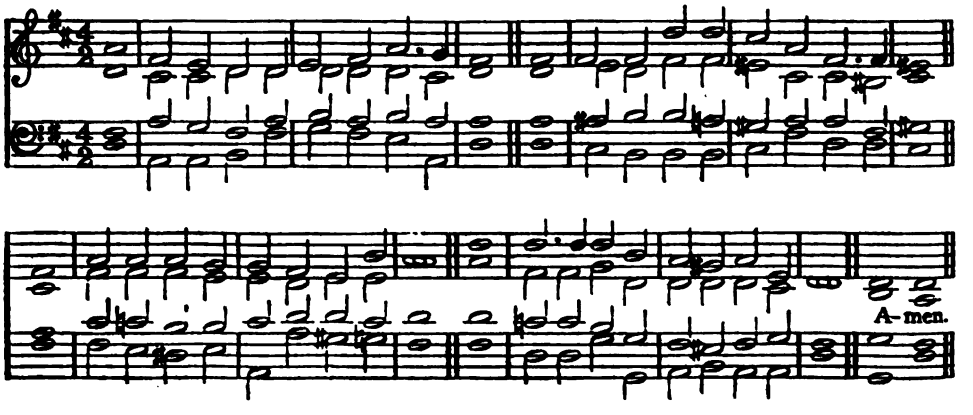
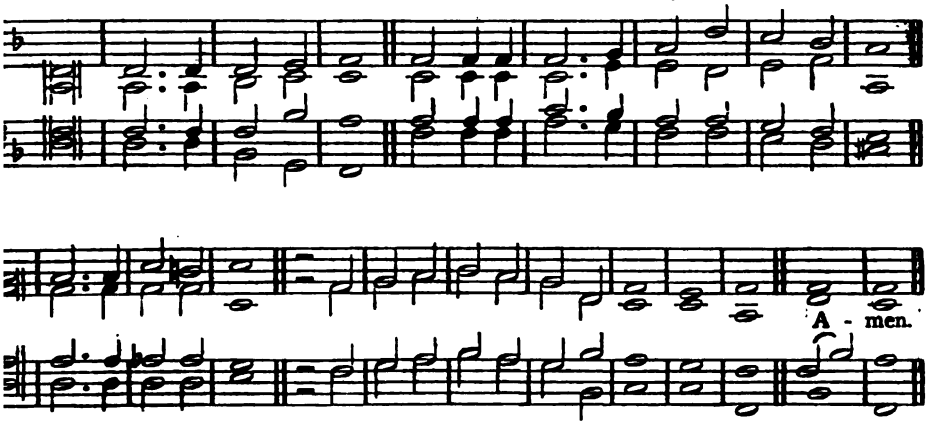
2 *mf* Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
cres Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 *mf* Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 *mf* Oh, let Thy table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!
Amen.

IX.—The Christian Life.

I.—PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

DALKEITH (*1st Tune*). 10, 10, 10, 10. THOMAS HEWLETT, Mus. Bac.

T. CYPRIAN (*2nd Tune*). 10,10,10,10. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

245 *"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."*

1 *p* WEARY of earth, and láden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home;
cres And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

2 *p* So vile I am, how dáre I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land—
Before the whiteness óf that throne appear?
cres Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 *p* The while I fain would tréad the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day:
cres Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
f "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

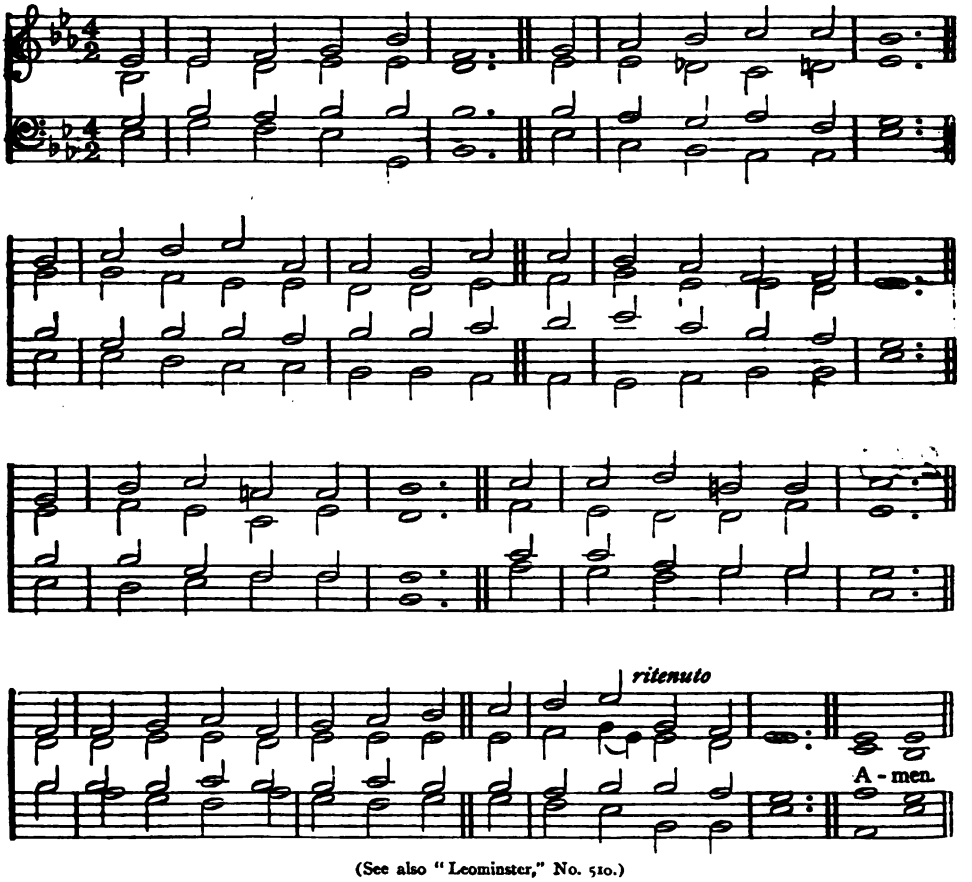
4 *f* It is the voice of Jésus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that cán for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 *p* 'Twas He who found me ón the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 *mf* O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cres That in the Father's cóurts my glorious dress
f May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 *mf* Yea, Thou wilt answer fór me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, (*cres*) and míne the golden crown;
f Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down.

8 *mf* Nought can I bring, dear Lórd, for all I owe:
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let mý devotion prove,
cres Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love! Amen.

IN VIAM RECTAM. S.M. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Leominster," No. 510.)

246

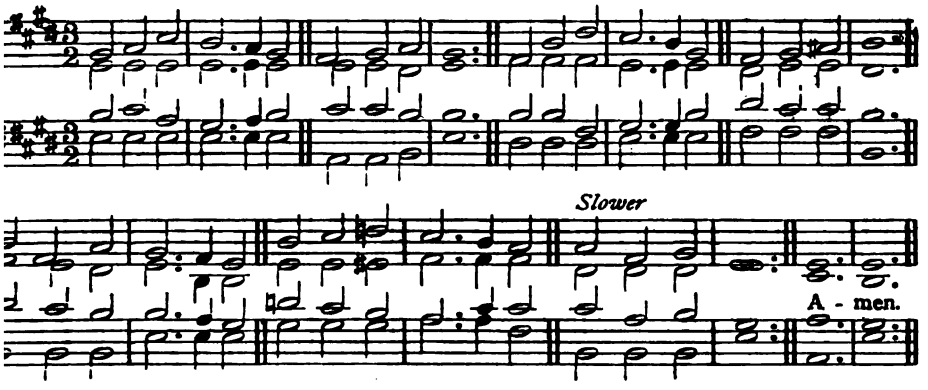
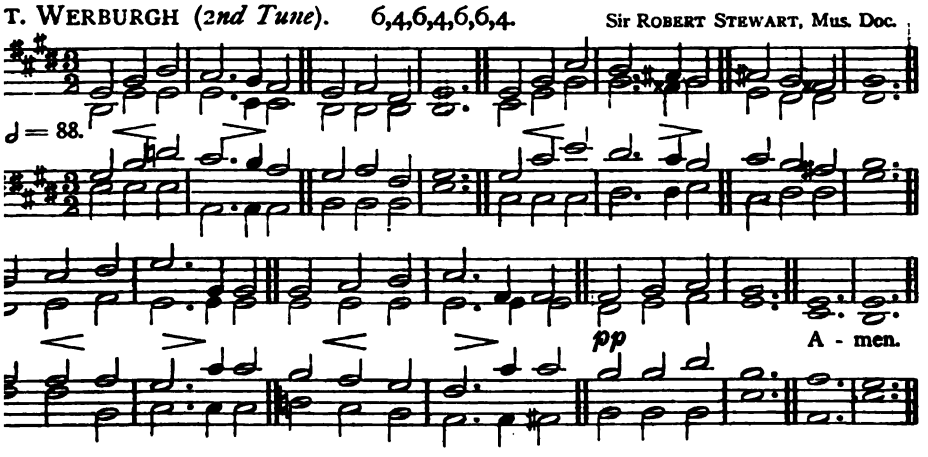
"When He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing."

1 *p* I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 *mf* The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child:
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
p He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
cres He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

3 *f* Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
p That found the wandering sheep;
cres 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 *p* I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
f But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
p I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home! Amen.

[ADDO (*1st Tune*). 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

T. WERBURGH (*2nd Tune*). 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. Sir ROBERT STEWART, Mus. Doc.

247 *"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."*

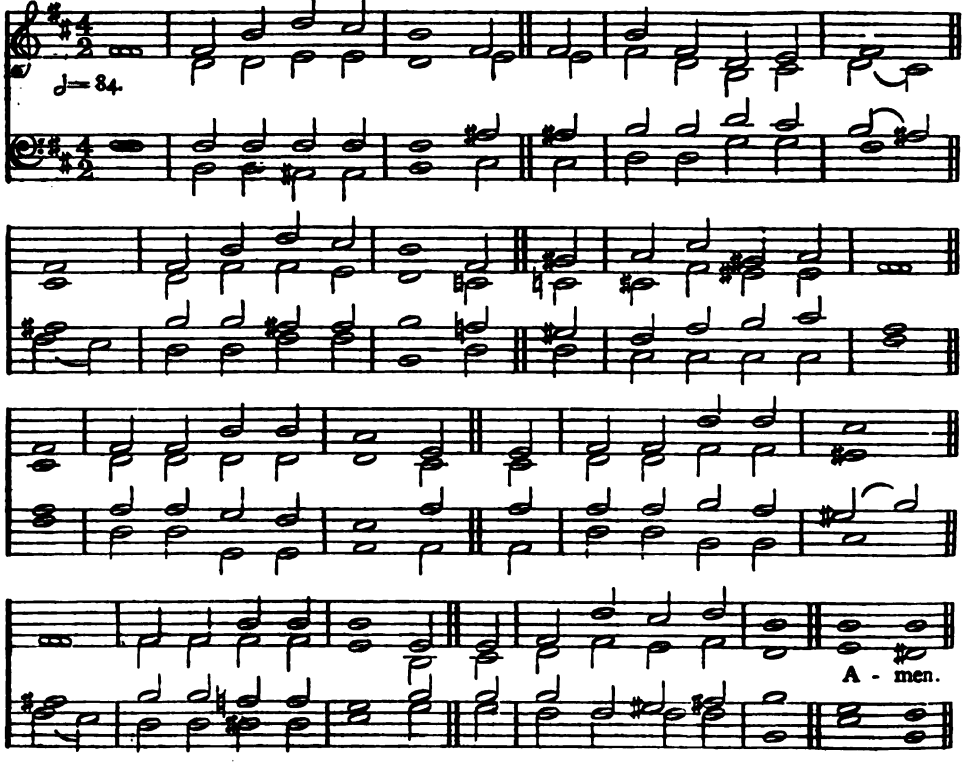
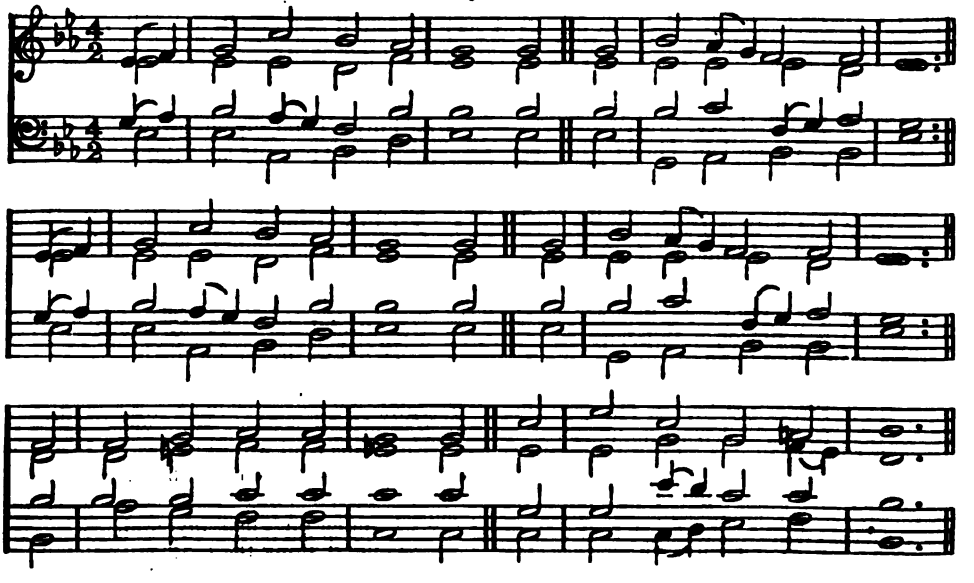
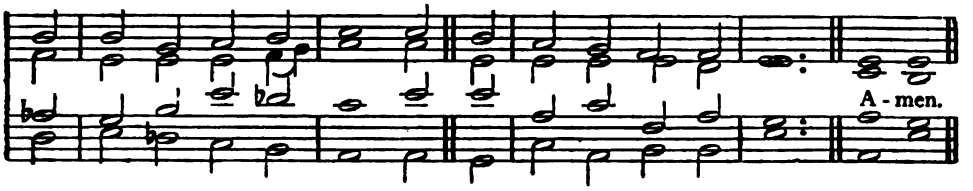
1 *mf* NO; not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
p Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 *p* Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee;
pp Infinite sin!

3 *p* Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
cres Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

4 *mf* Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou,
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
p Pass o'er my soul.

5 *mf* Then all is peace and light
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
Loved though unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between! Amen.

BORROWDALE (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

MUNICH (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. *O Gott, du frommer Gott.* GERMAN CHORALE.

248

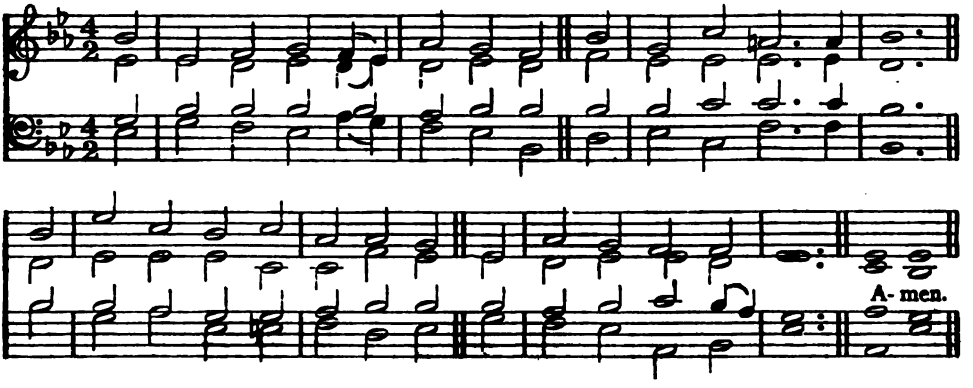
"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

1 *p* I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
mf I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 *p* I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
mf I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 *p* I need Thee, precious Jesus;
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To bear my every burden,
And all my sorrow share.

4 *mf* I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne;
f There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
rall To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.

249

"He healeth the broken in heart."

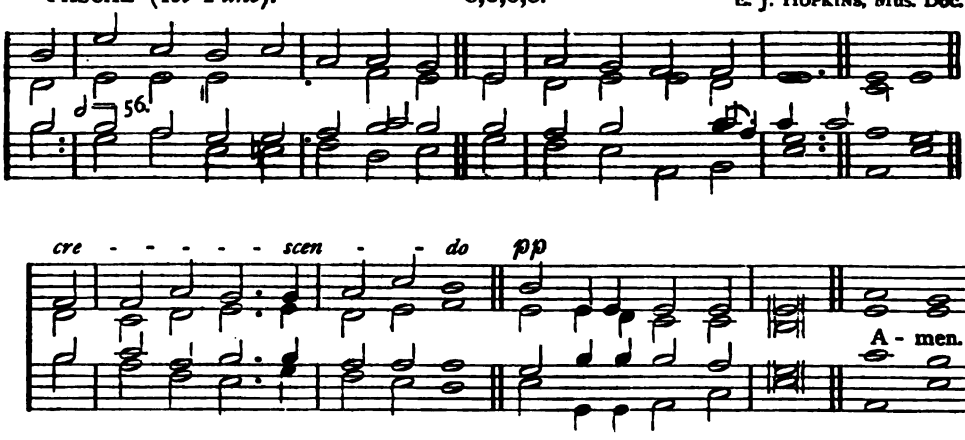
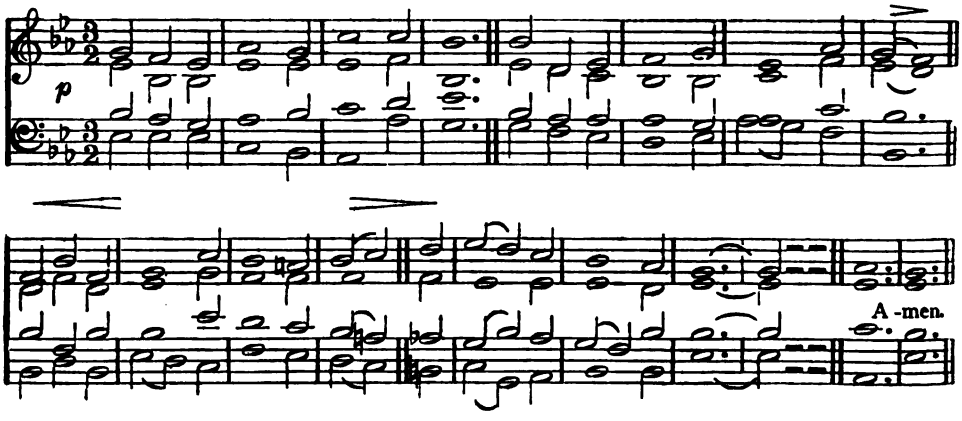
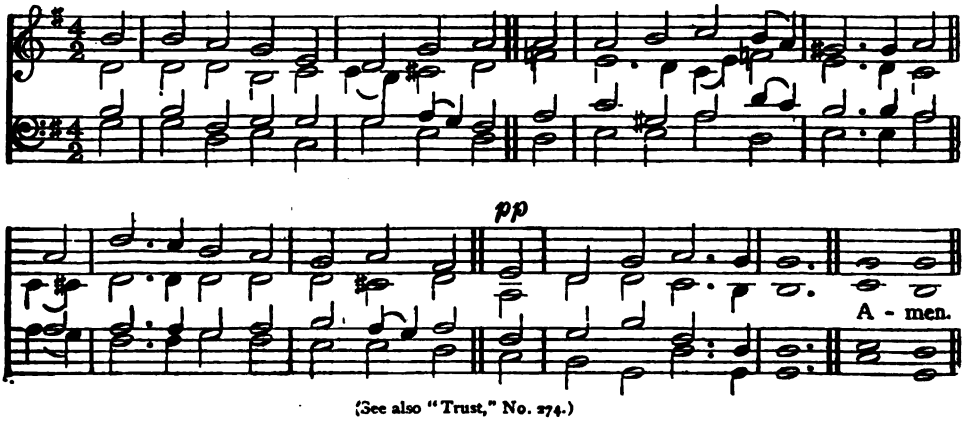
1 *p* WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
cres One only hand, (*p*) a piercèd hand,
mf Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 *p* When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
cres One only heart, (*p*) a broken heart,
mf Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 *p* When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
cres One only stream, (*p*) a stream of blood,
mf Can wash away the blot.

4 *mf* 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
cres His heart that's touched with all our joys,
p And feels for all our grief.

5 *mf* Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
p But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

PASCAL (*1st Tune*). 8,8,8,6. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

MISERICORDIA (*2nd Tune*). 8,8,8,6. HENRY SMART.

ST. BARNABAS (*3rd Tune*). 8,8,8,6. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Trust," No. 274.)

250

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

1 *p* JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cres And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

2 *p* Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
cres To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

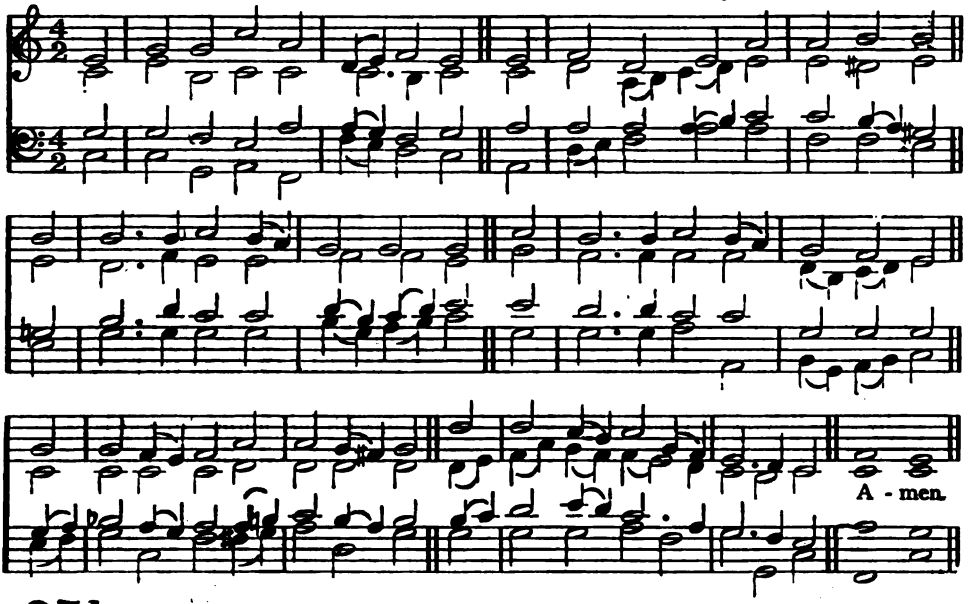
3 *p* Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cres Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

4 *p* Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
cres Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

5 *p* Just as I am! (*cres*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
mf Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 *p* Just as I am! (*cres*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 *p* Just as I am! (*cres*) Of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cres Here for a season, (*f*) then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

BARRINGTON. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

251

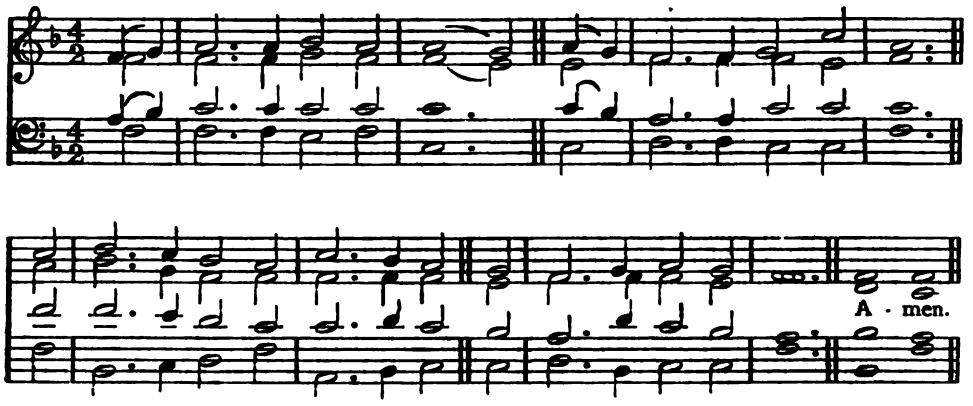
"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely."

1 *p* WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Him, not without hope, I mourn;
cres I have an Advocate above,
f A Friend before the throne of love.

2 *p* O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
cres Open Thine arms and take me in,
dim And freely my backslidings heal,
p And love the faithless sinner still.

3 *mf* Thou know'st the way to bring me back
My fallen spirit to restore;
cres Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
p The ruins of my soul repair,
cres And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 *p* Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
cres A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power.
mf And never dare offend Thee more.
Amen.

ZÜRICH. S.M. H. G. NÄGELI.

252 *"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."*

1 *p* NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

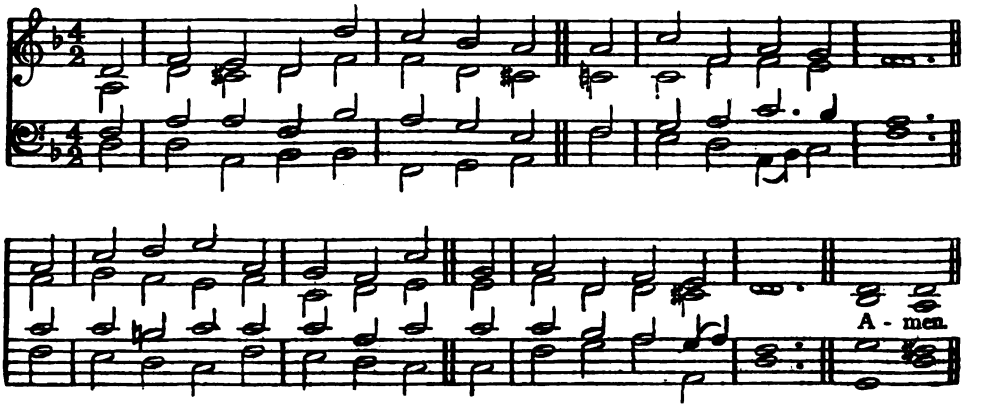
2 *p* Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
dim Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
pp Can bear my awful load.

3 *mf* Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 *mf* Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
p Can rid me of this dark unrest
cres And set my spirit free.

5 *mf* Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 *mf* I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine,
cres And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
f I call this Saviour mine. Amen

ST. MARY. C.M. Archdeacon PRY'S Book of Psalms, 1621.

253

"Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us."

1 *p* O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate;

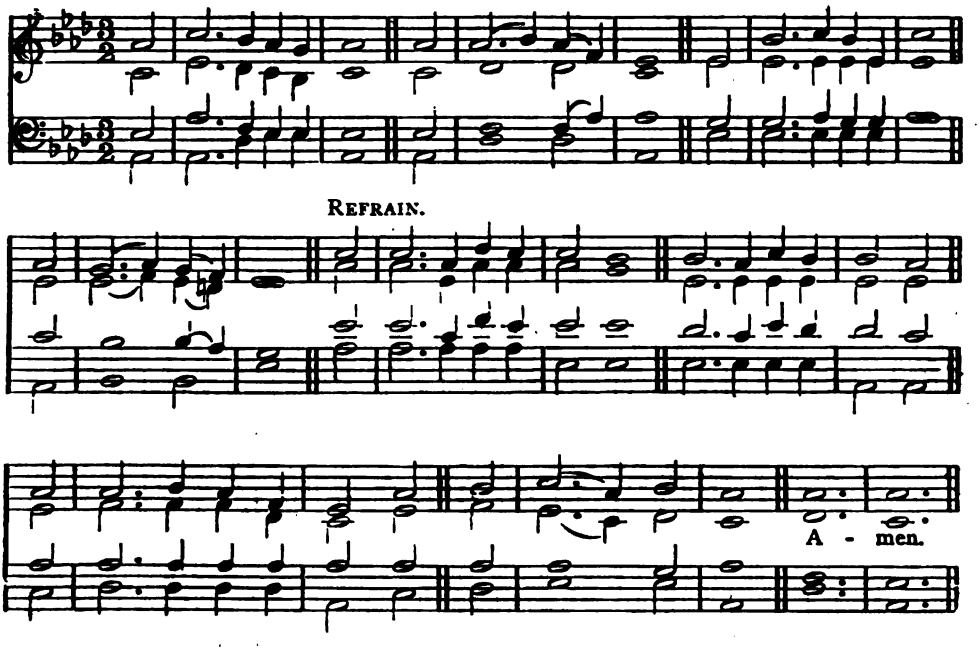
2 *mf* A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
cres Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 *p* I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know Thou know'st it well.

4 *mf* So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
cres Imploring pardon for my sin,
p To heal my deadly wound.

5 *mf* O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing I do crave.

6 *mf* Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
cres Lord, let Thy mercy come! Amen.

I NEED THEE. 6,4,6,4,7,6,7,4. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

254

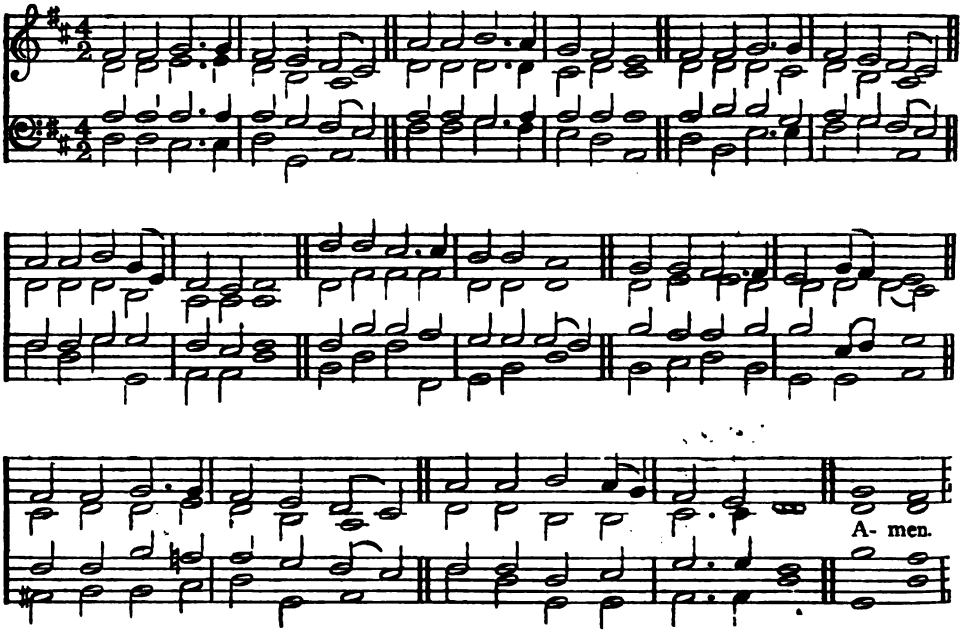
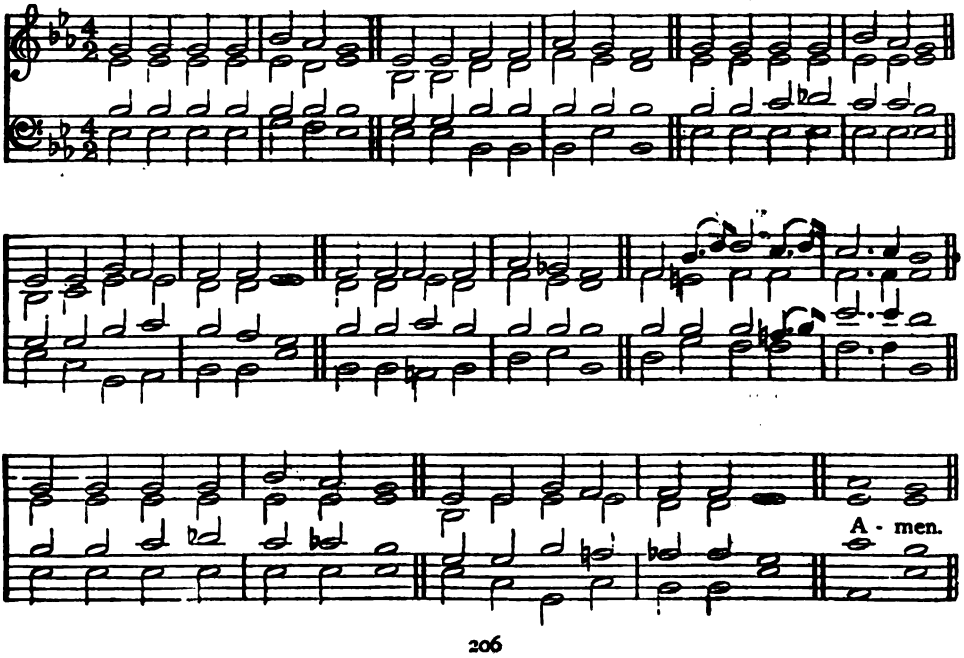
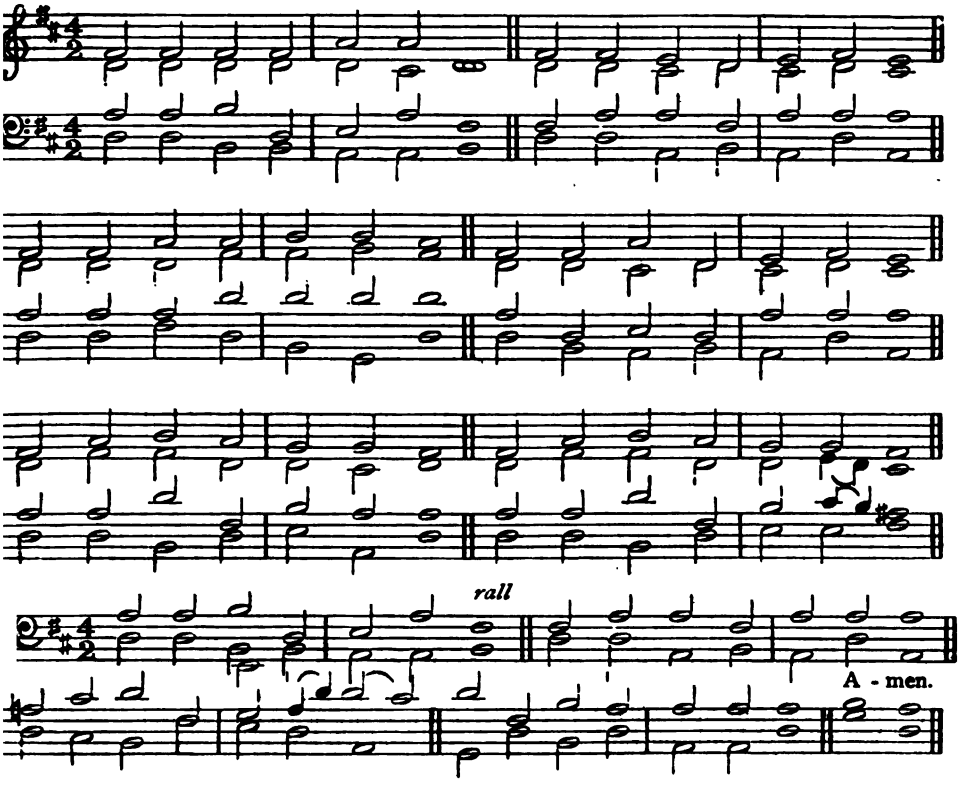
"O Lord, hear me; for I am poor and needy."

1 *mf* I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
cres I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
f I come to Thee.

2 *mf* I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 *mf* I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 *mf* I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. Amen

ST. AUSTIN (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. MORAVIAN TUNE BOOK.

ST. ALBAN (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. FRENCH MELODY.

MISERERE (*3rd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

255

"Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

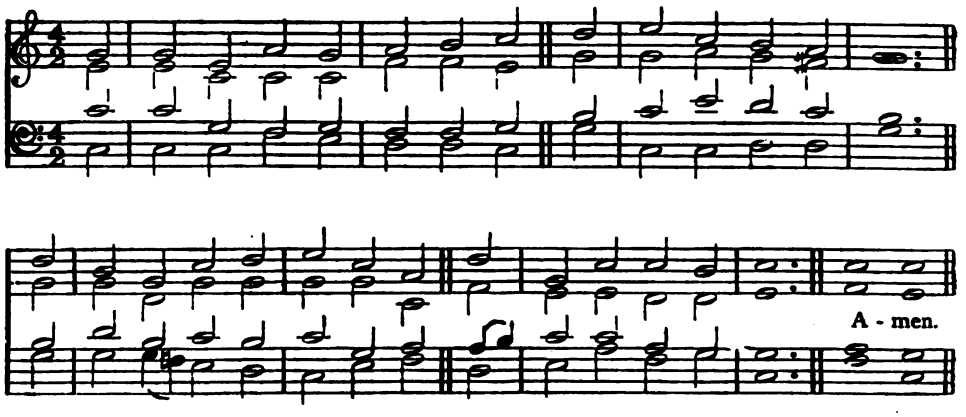
p SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
cres Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

mf By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's power;
cres Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye:
pp Hear our solemn litany!

mf By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
cres From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!

4 *p* By Thine hour of whelming fear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
cres By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
dim Listen to our humble cry:
pp Hear our solemn litany!

5 *pp* By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
cres By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
f Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
ff Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany! Amen.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. HENRY SMART.

256

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."

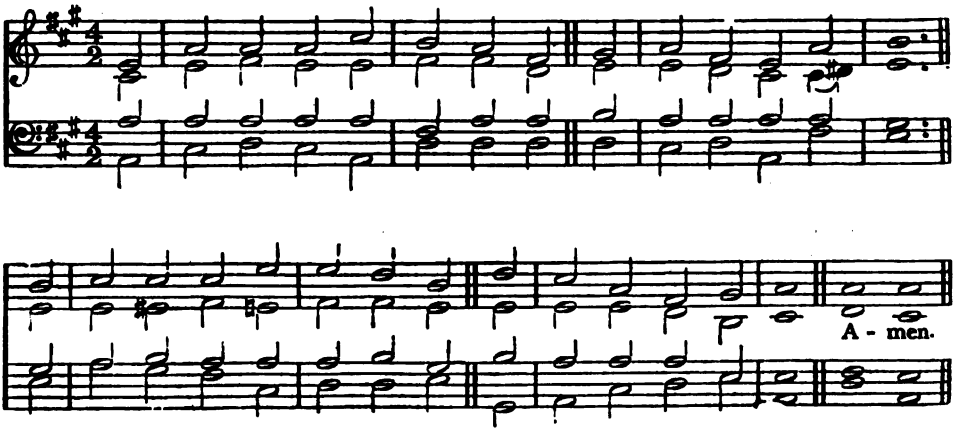
1 *mf* APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
p There humbly fall before His feet,
cres For none can perish there.

2 *mf* Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
p And such, O Lord, am I.

3 *p* Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 *mf* Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
cres I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him (*f*) Thou hast died.

5 *f* Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name! Amen.

OTTO. C.M. SABBATH TUNE BOOK.

257

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord."

1 *mf* COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

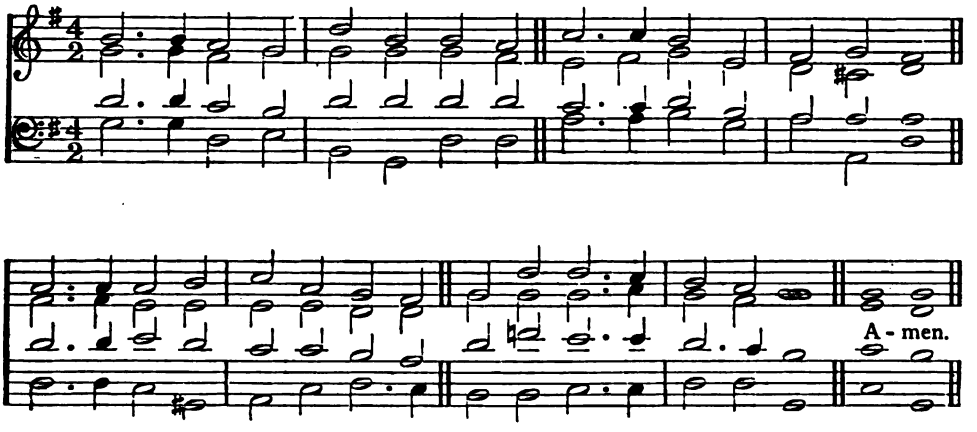
2 *mf* His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 *p* Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
cres The dawn shall bring us light:
mf God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 *mf* Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
cres His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 *mf* As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring
And cheer the thirsty ground,

6 *f* So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

ST. MABYN. 8,7,8,7. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

258

"I will arise, and go to my Father."

1 *mf* TAKE me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make
Let Thy will in me be done. [me;

2 *p* Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary, come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God!

3 *p* Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

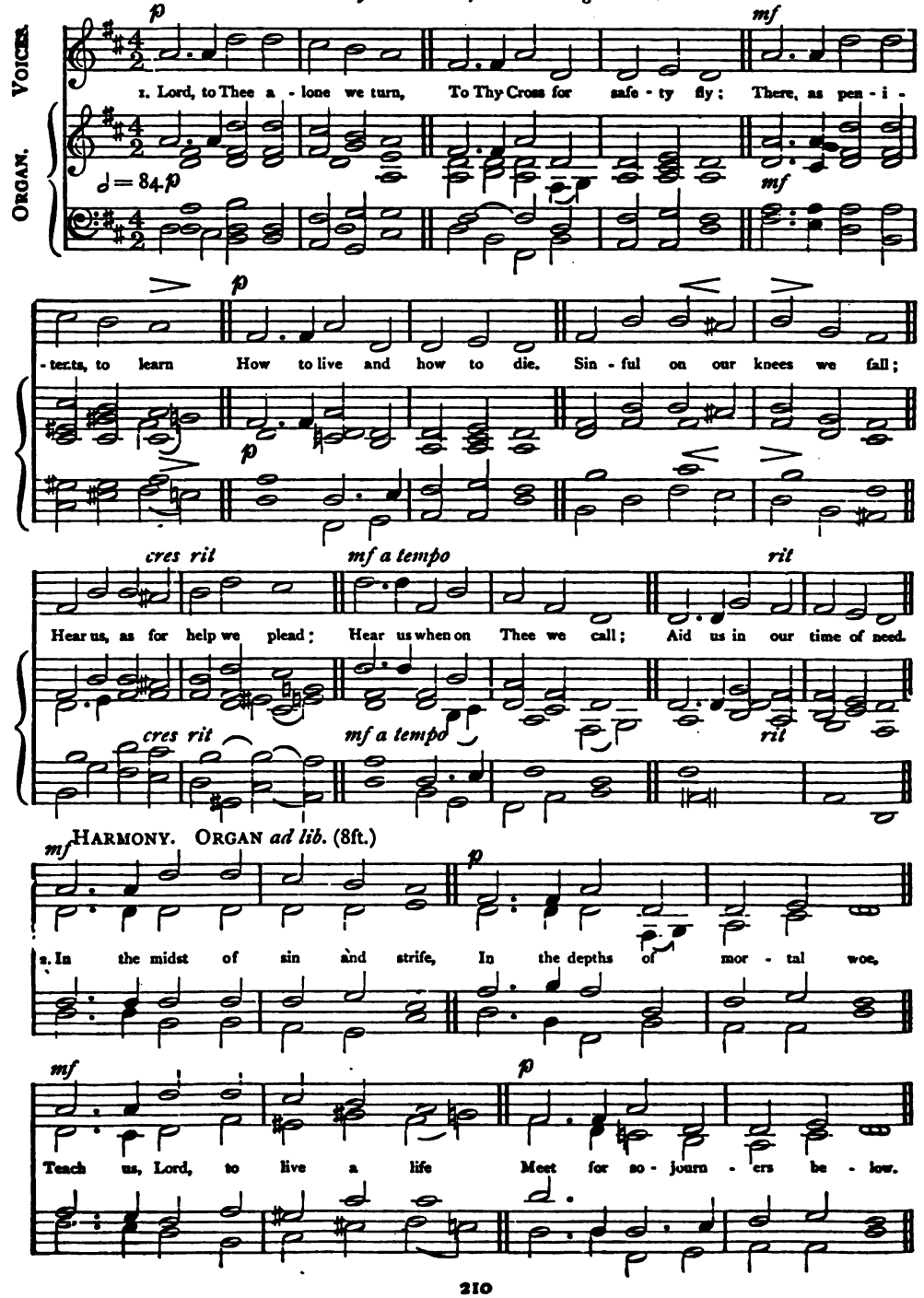
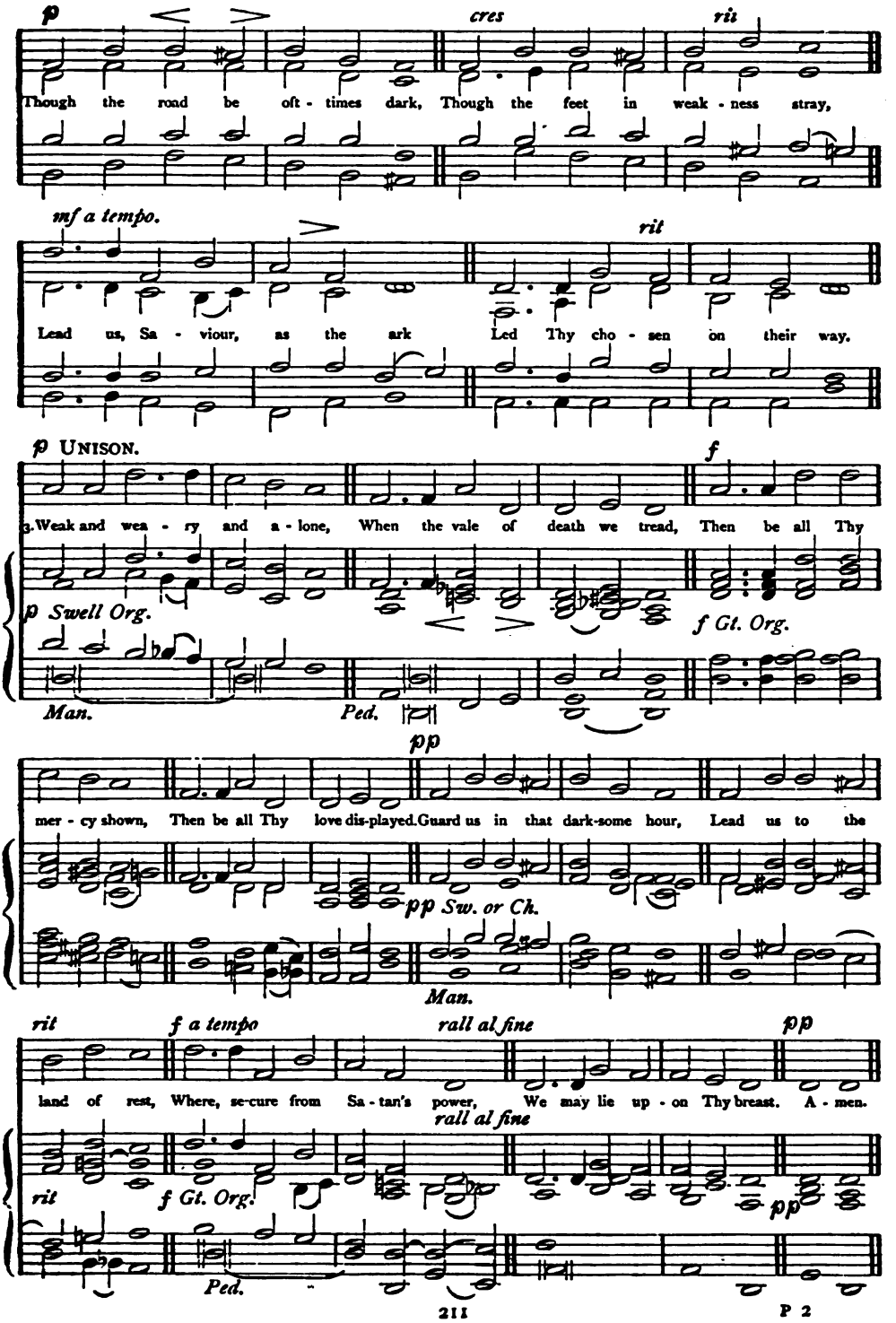
4 *mf* Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
p Gift unworthy love like Thine.

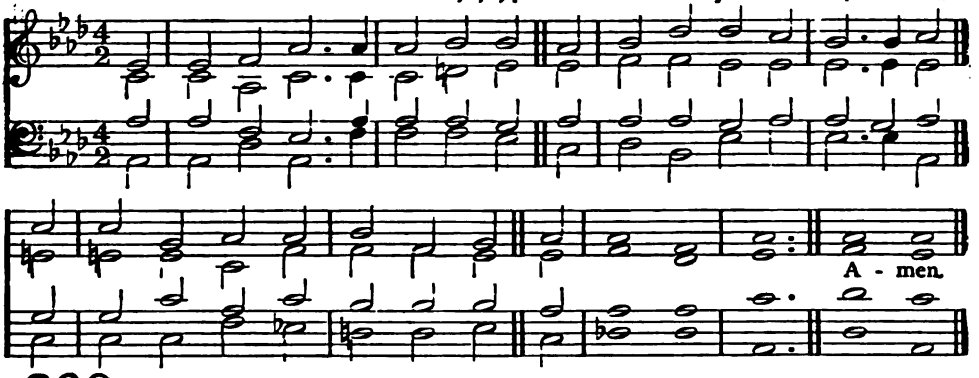
5 *p* Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
cres On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

6 *f* Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast:
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest! Amen

259

RAMOTH. 7,7,7,7. D.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

VOICES.
ORGAN.
p
mf
1. Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy Cross for safe - ty fly; There, as pen - i -
♩ = 84.
p
mf
- tents, to learn How to live and how to die. Sin - ful on our knees we fall;
p
cres rit
mf a tempo
rit
Hear us, as for help we plead; Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.
cres rit
mf a tempo
rit
mf HARMONY. ORGAN ad lib. (8ft.)
p
2. In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mor - tal woe,
mf
p
Teach us, Lord, to live a life Meet for so - journ - ers be - low.

p
cres
rit
Though the road be oft - times dark, Though the feet in weak - ness stray,
mf a tempo.
rit
Lead us, Sa - viour, as the ark Led Thy cho - sen on their way.
p UNISON.
f
3. Weak and wea - ry and a - lone, When the vale of death we tread, Then be all Thy
p Swell Org.
f Gt. Org.
Man.
Ped.
pp
mer - cy shown, Then be all Thy love dis-played. Guard us in that dark-some hour, Lead us to the
pp Sw. or Ch.
Man.
rit
f a tempo
rall al fine
pp
land of rest, Where, se-cure from Sa - tan's power, We may lie up - on Thy breast. A - men.
rall al fine
rit
f Gt. Org.
pp
Ped.

RISEHOLME. 8,8,8,4. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

260

"A contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

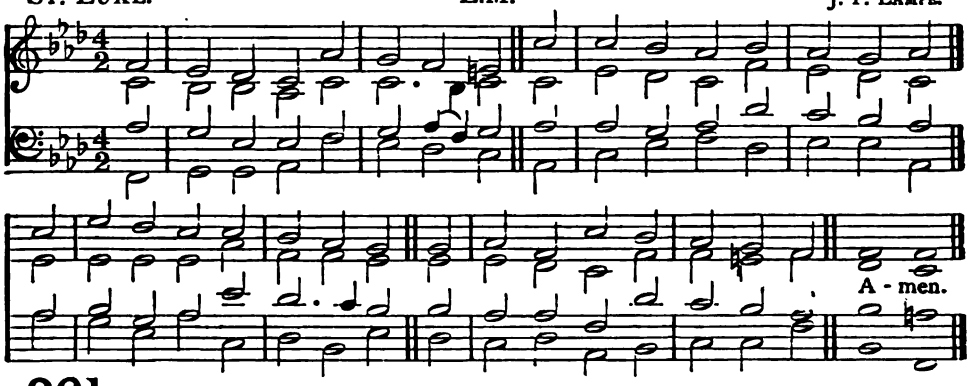
1 *mf* THERE is a holy sacrifice
Which God in heaven will not despise;
Nay more, Jehovah deigns to prize
p The contrite heart.

2 *mf* That high and lofty One, whose praise
Inspires the rapt archangels' lays,
With favourable eye surveys
p The contrite heart.

3 *mf* The Holy One, the Son of God,
His presence there will shed abroad,
And consecrate, as His abode,
p The contrite heart.

4 *mf* The blessèd Spirit, from on high,
p Will listen to its faintest sigh,
cres And heal and cheer and purify
p The contrite heart.

5 *mf* Saviour! I make my prayer to Thee;
Such as Thou lovest I would be;
p In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
A contrite heart! Amen.

ST. LUKE. L.M. J. F. LAMPE.

261

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

1 *mf* WITH broken heart, and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
cres Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
p "O God, be merciful to me!"

2 *mf* I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
p "O God, be merciful to me!"

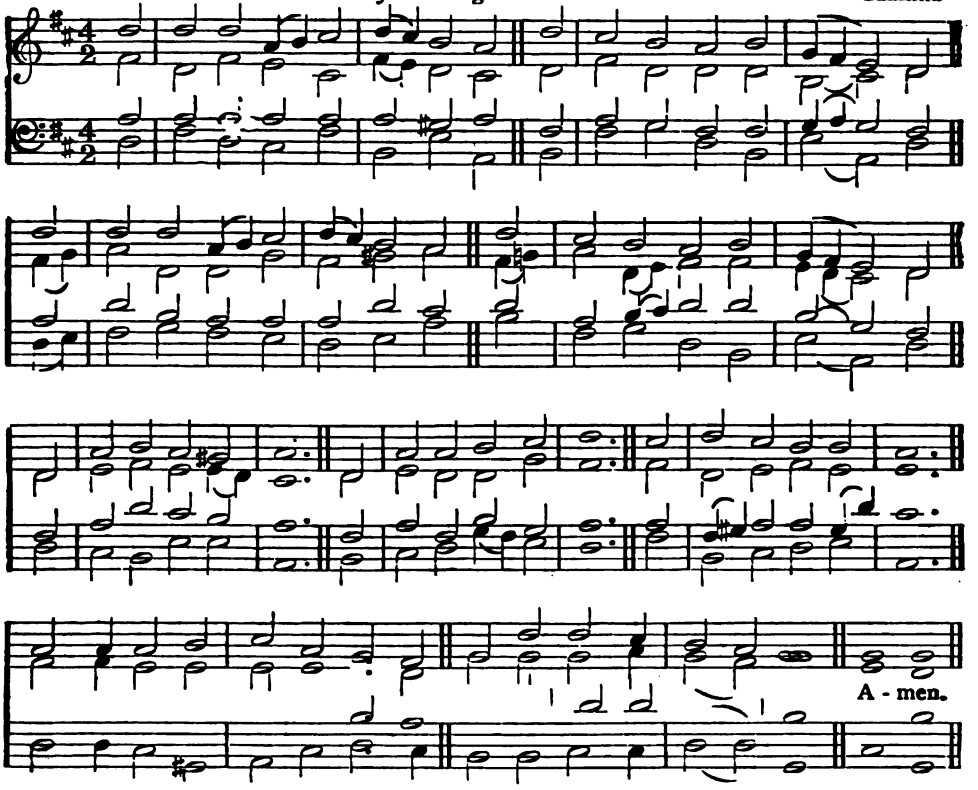
3 *mf* Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
p "O God, be merciful to me!"

4 *mf* Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
cres To Calvary alone I flee:
p "O God, be merciful to me!"

5 *mf* And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
cres My raptured song shall ever be,
f "God has been merciful to me!" Amen.

II.—FAITH AND TRUST.

8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.

EIN' FESTE BURG.* *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.* GERMAN.

* For another version of this Tune see Hymn No. 25.

262

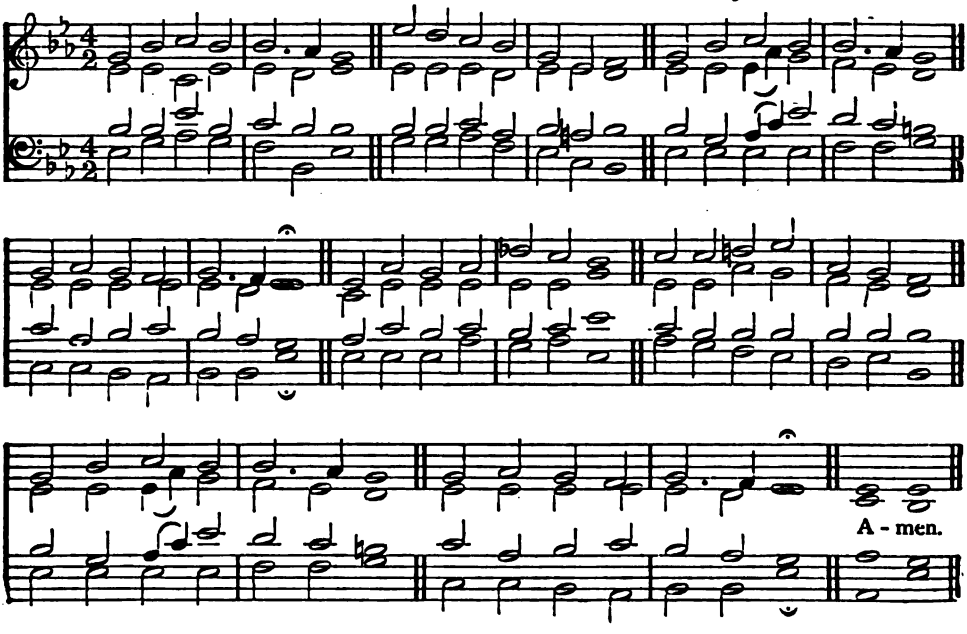
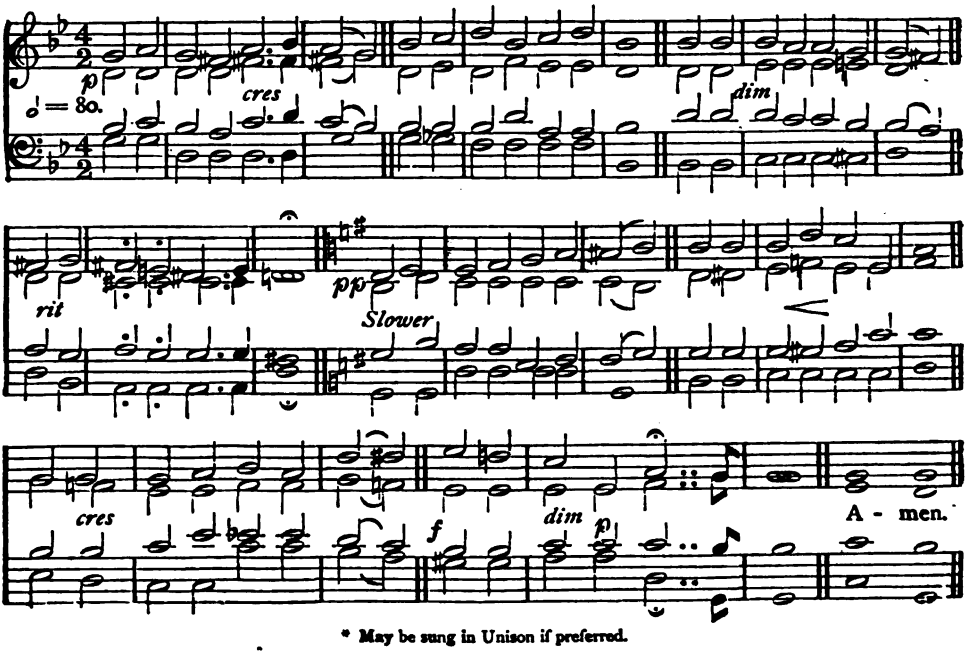
"God is our refuge and strength."

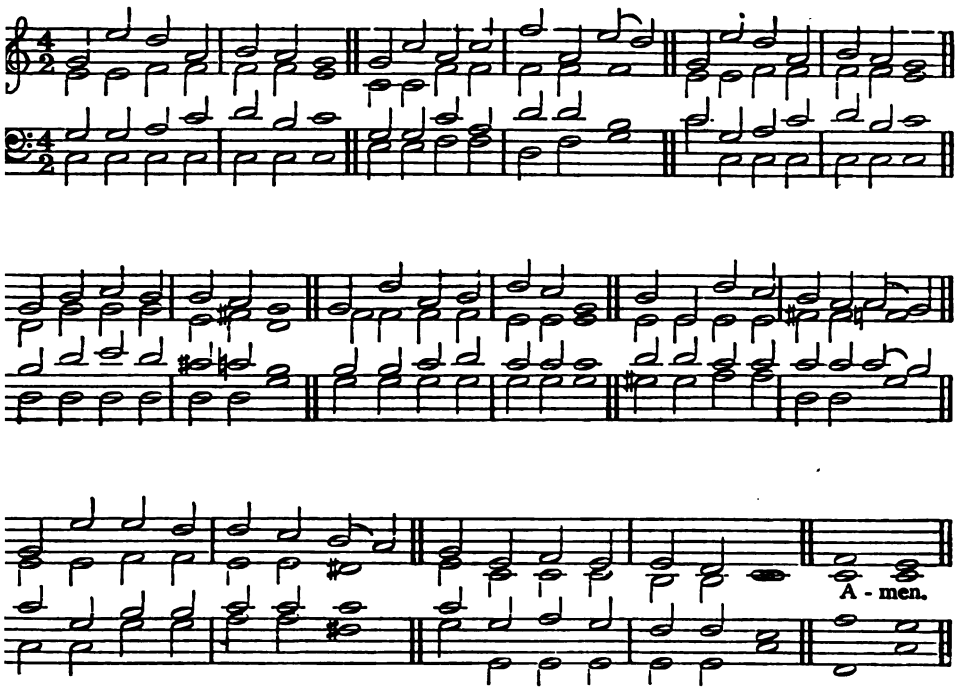
1 *f* A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
mf The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 *f* With force of arms we nothing can,
p Full soon were we down-ridden;
cres But for us fights the proper Man,
f Whom God Himself hath bidden
Ask ye, who is this same?
ff Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 *f* And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
ff A word shall quickly slay him.

4 *mf* God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
p And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
cres Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
f The city of God remaineth. Amen.

HOLLINGSIDE (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

ST. FABIAN* (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. J. BARNBY.

* May be sung in Unison if preferred.

FRANKFORT (*3rd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. D. MENDELSSOHN.

263

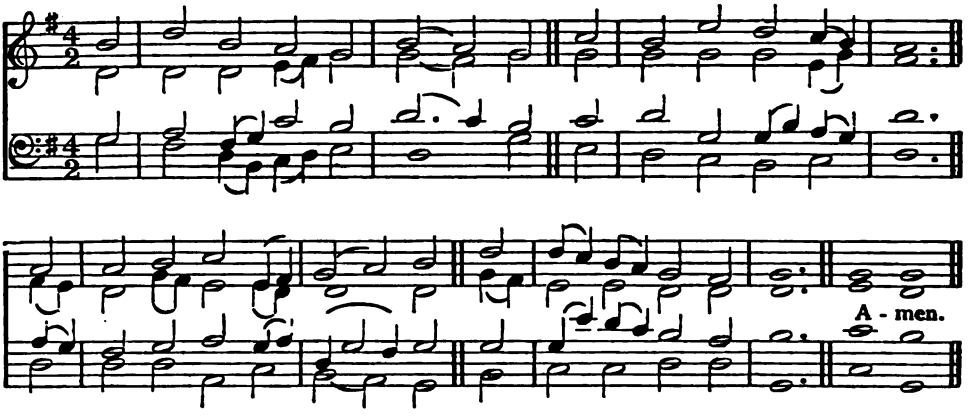
"A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."

mf JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cres While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
p Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
cres Safe into the haven guide;
fin Oh, receive my soul at last!

mf Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
cres All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
fin Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 *mf* Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
p Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
cres Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 *mf* Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
cres Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity! Amen.

7,6,7,6. E. H. TURPIN.

264

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

1 *f* IF God Himself be for me,
I may a host defy;
For, when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly.

2 *mf* This I believe, yea, rather,
Of this I make my boast,
That God is my dear Father,
The Friend who loves me most;

3 *mf* And that, whate'er betide me,
My Saviour is at hand,
cres Through stormy seas to guide me
And bring me safe to land.

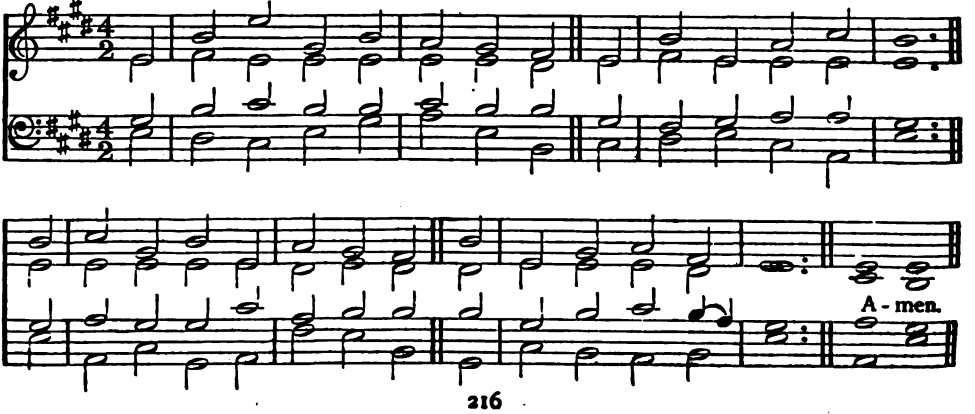
4 *f* I build on this foundation,
That Jesus and His blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true, eternal good.

5 *p* His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it, when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart.

6 *p* And, when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppressed,
pp He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be expressed.

7 *p* To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, for him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.

8 *mf* There God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And, though my body weareth,
cres My heaven shall fail me not. Amen.

ST. DAVID. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1621.

265

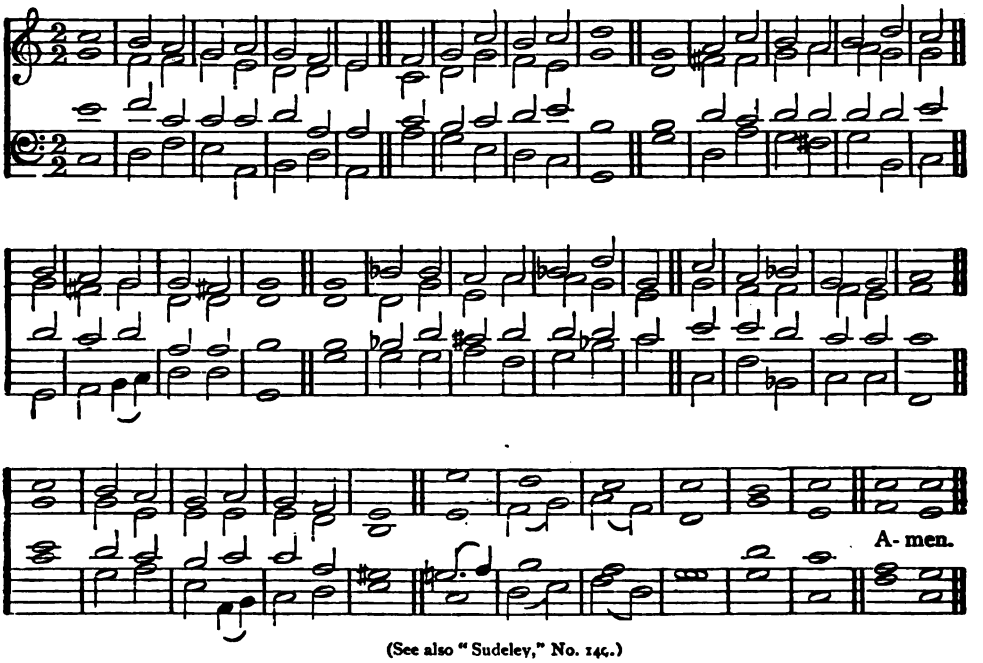
"I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed.

1 *f* I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honour all His laws.

2 *f* Jesus, my Lord! I know His name;
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
dim Nor let my hope be lost.

3 *mf* I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

4 *f* Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place. Amen.

CLYDESDALE. C.M. D. Prof. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Sudeley," No. 146.)

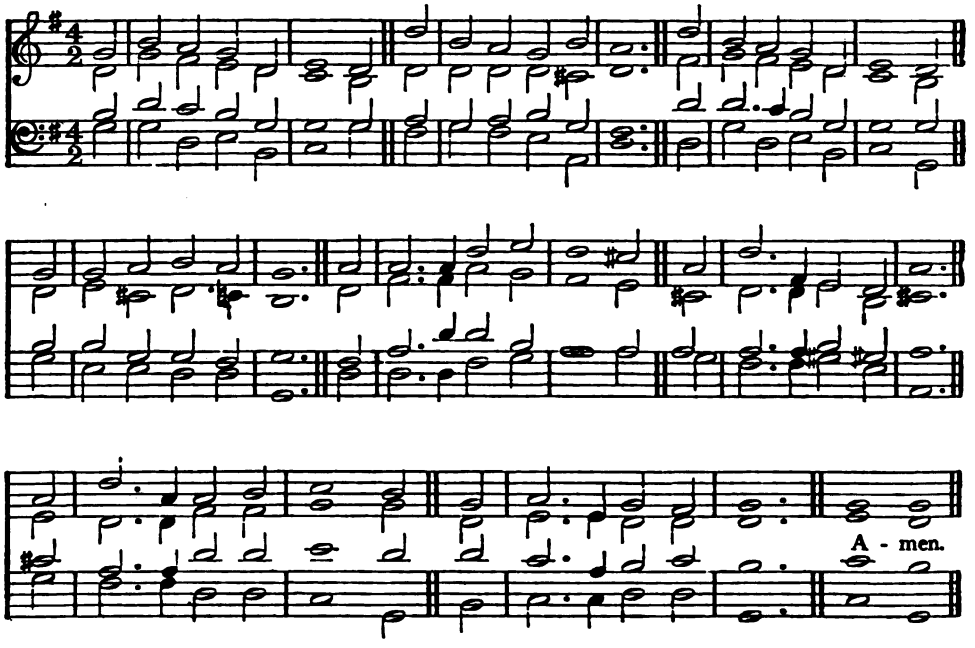
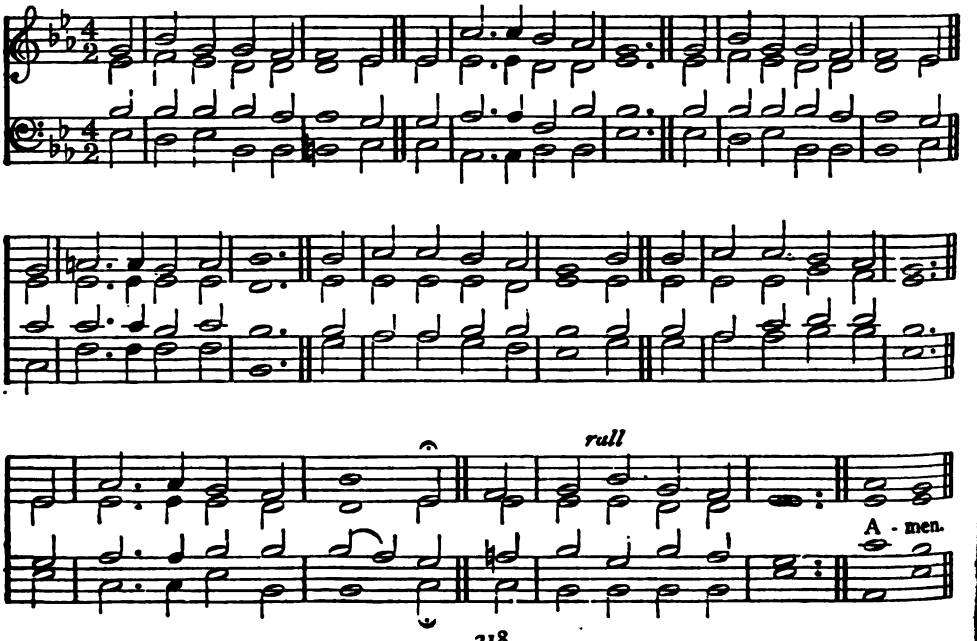
266

"My soul is even as a weaned child."

1 *p* AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
mf So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

2 *p* As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
mf So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 *mf* As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society;
cres So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour, [Lord,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
To love Thee more and more.
Amen.

HOLY CHURCH (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

ST. ULRICH (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. C. H. PURDAY.

267

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

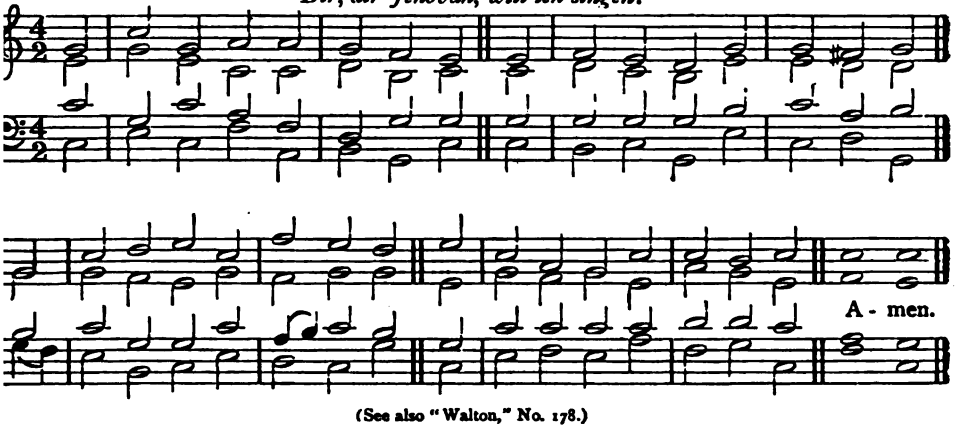
mf I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
p I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

mf I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
p I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 *p* I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
mf I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
cres Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 *p* I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
cres I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. CRASSELIUS

Dir, dir Jehovah, will ich singen.

(See also "Walton," No. 178.)

268

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

mf JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

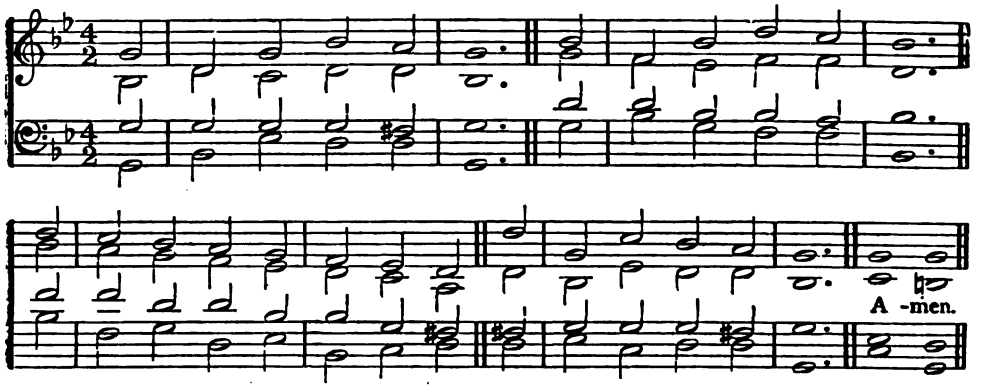
f Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through these, absolved I am
im From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

p When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,

cres Even then, this shall be all my plea,
f "Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

4 *f* This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

5 *f* Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.
Amen.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus. Doc.

269

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

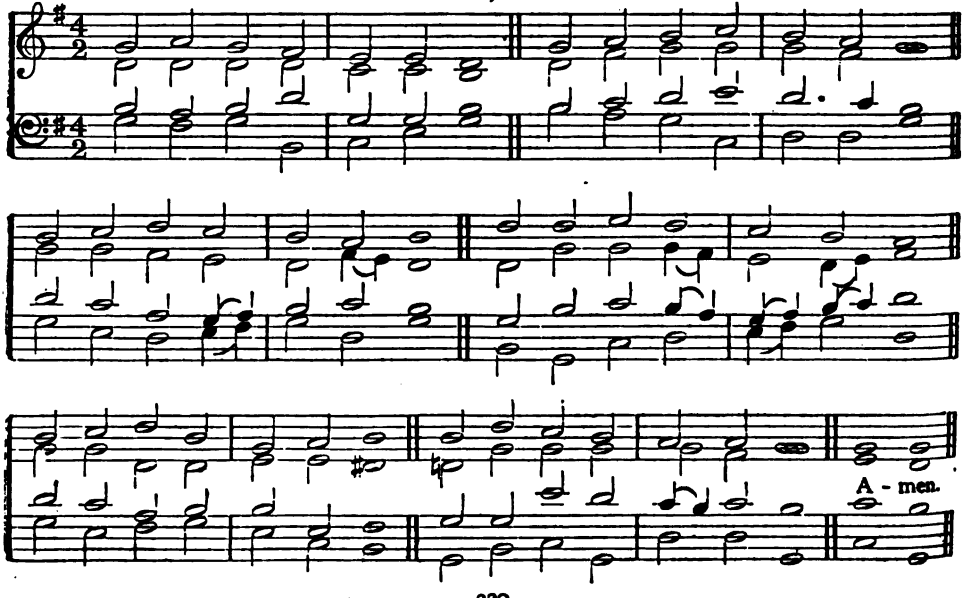
1 *mf* NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 *p* But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
cres A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 *mf* My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
dim While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4 *mf* My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
p When hanging on the cursed tree,
cres And hopes her guilt was there.

5 *mf* Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

MAYENNE. 7,7,7,7·7,7. *Freu dich sehr, O meine Seele.* CLAUDE GOUDIMEL.

270

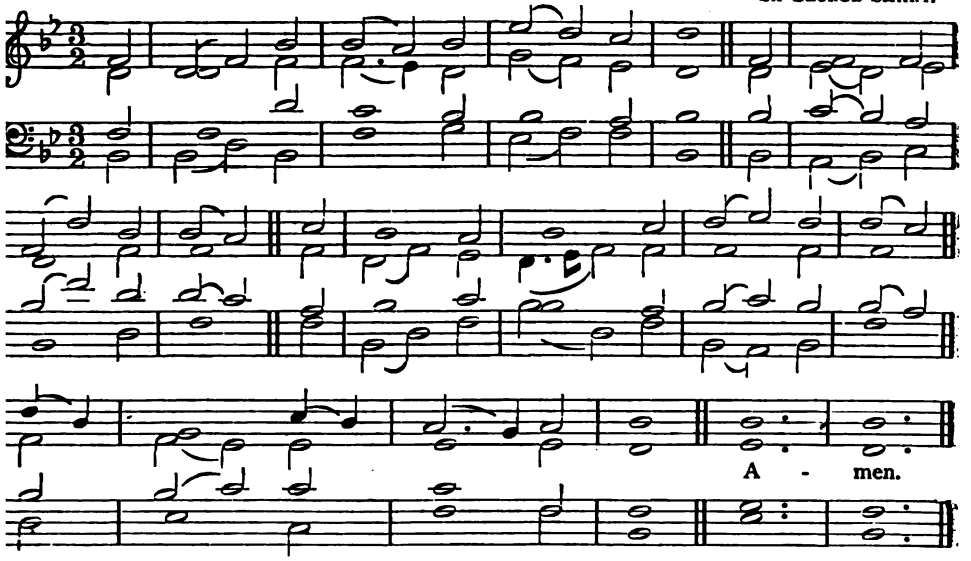
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

mf JESUS, my Redeemer, lives;
Christ, my trust, is dead no more!
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
lim Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

mf Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I soon shall see,
Bright the hope this promise gives—
Where He is, I too shall be:
cres Shall I fear, then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

3 *mf* Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasped;
Faith's strong hand this hold has found
And the Rock hath firmly grasped;
p And no ban of death can part
cres From our Lord the trusting heart.

4 *f* I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise;
With His love this heart shall glow;
dim Only *there* shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here. Amen.

WILTSHIRE. C.M. Sir GEORGE SMART.

271

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

mf LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?

mf He who His Son, most dear and loved,
Gave up for us to die,
es Shall He not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?

mf Behold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below
And perfect bliss above!

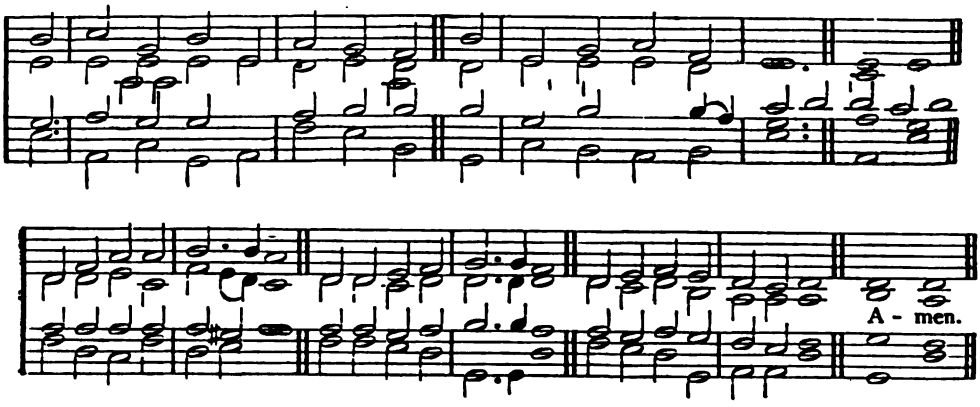
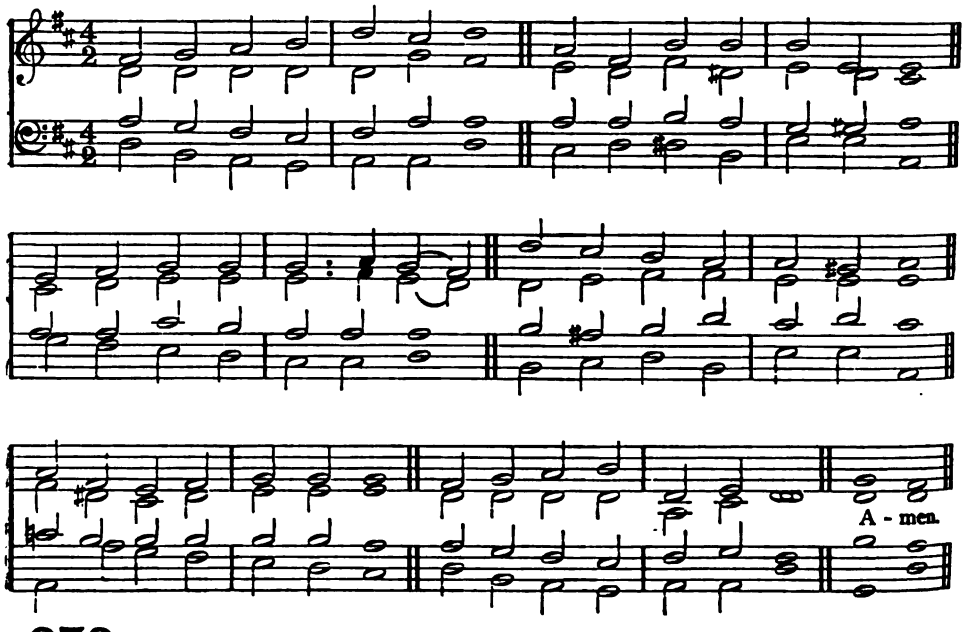
f Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath justified? [crime
Who shall charge those with guilt or
For whom the Saviour died?

5 *p* The Saviour died, (*cres*) but rose again
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads our cause at God's right [hand,
f Omnipotent to save.

6 *f* Who, then, can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

7 *mf* Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall,
cres Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
f And more than conquer all.

8 *f* Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay. Amen.

PETRA (REDHEAD 76) (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7,7,7. RICHARD REDHEAD.

MOUNT ZION (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7,7,7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

272

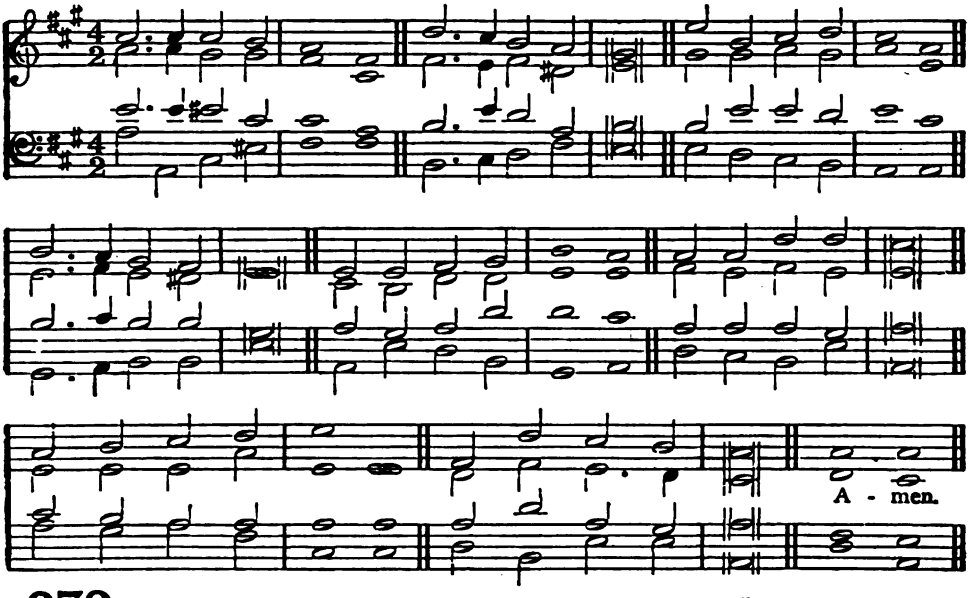
"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

1 *mf* ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
cres Be of sin the double cure,
dim Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 *p* Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cres All for sin could not atone;
f Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 *p* Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
cres Foul, I to the fountain fly;
f Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 *mf* While I draw this fleeting breath,
pp When my eyelids close in death,
cres When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
f Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
dim Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

HERMAS. 6,5,6,5. D. F. R. HAVERGAL.

273

"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

1 *mf* JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
p Guilty, lost, and helpless,
cres Thou canst make me whole;
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee:
p Thou hast died for sinners—
cres Therefore, Lord, for me.

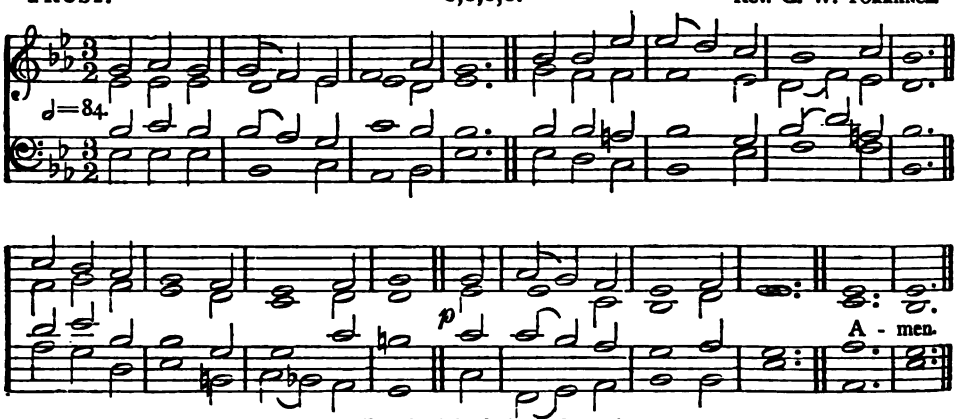
2 *mf* Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth!
Written, and for ever,
p On Thy cross of shame;
cres Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name!

3 *mf* Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days;
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
dim None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

4 *mf* Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard:
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

5 *mf* Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt!
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood;
cres These my soul's salvation,
f Thou my Saviour God! Amen.

TRUST. 8,8,8,6. Rev. G. W. TORRANCE.



(See also "St. Cecilia," No. 350.)

274

"My soul followeth hard after Thee; Thy right hand upholdeth me."

1 *p* O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
cres Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
mf By faith to cling to Thee!

2 *p* Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
cres When, as the branches to the vine,
mf My soul may cling to Thee?

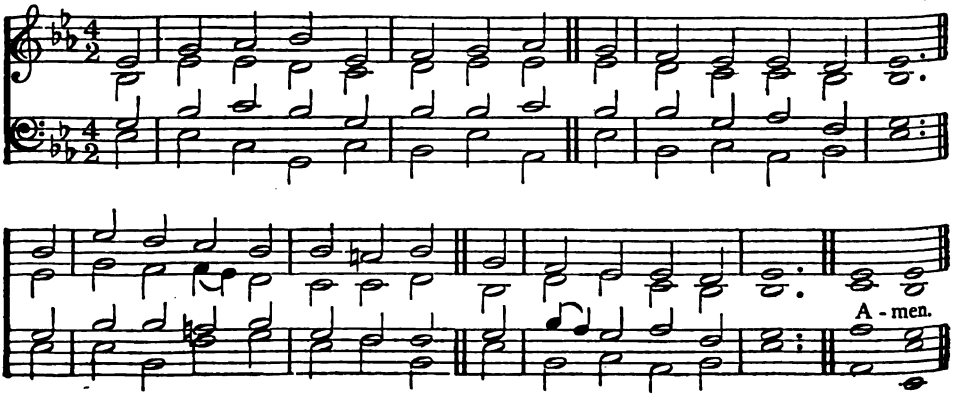
3 *p* Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest;
cres An exile still, yet not unblest,
mf While she can cling to Thee.

4 *p* What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
cres With patient, uncomplaining love,
p Still would I cling to Thee!

5 *p* Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
pp Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

6 *mf* Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
f The souls that cling to Thee!

7 *mf* Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
f Saviour, I cling to Thee? Amen.

DUNDEE. C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

275

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

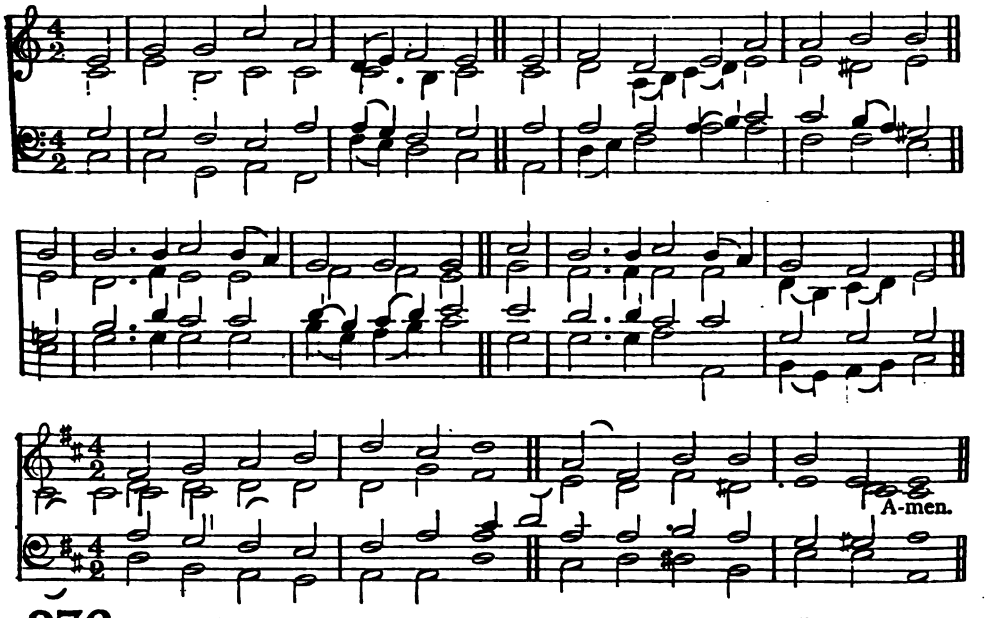
1 *f* SUPREME in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
p Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.

2 *mf* He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 *p* Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
cres But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 *mf* They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
cres With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 *f* On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—
Their wings are faith and love—
cres Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above. Amen.

BARRINGTON. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

276

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

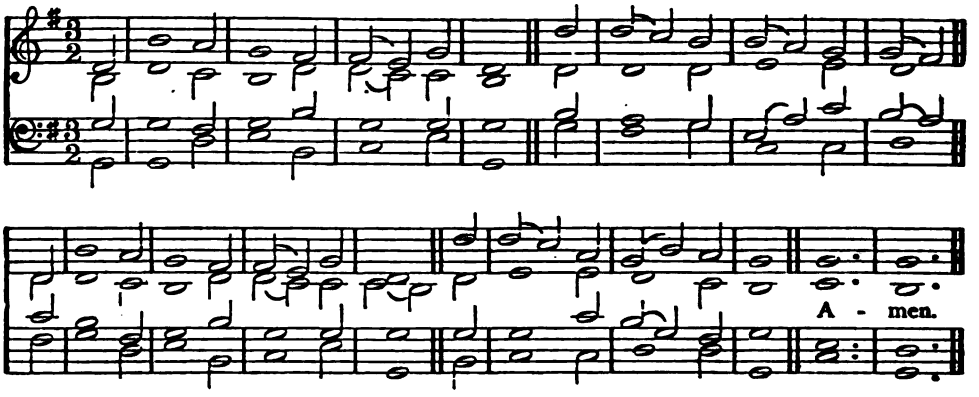
1 *mf* MY soul hath found the steadfast ground,
There ever shall my anchor hold:
p That ground is in my Saviour Christ,
Before the world was from of old;
cres And that sure ground shall be my stay,
f When heaven and earth shall pass away.

2 *mf* That ground is Thine eternal love,
Thy love which through all ages burns;
The open arms of mercy stretched
To meet the sinner who returns;
The love that calleth everywhere,
If men will hear or will forbear.

3 *p* O deep, deep sea, where all our sins
By Christ are cast and found no more!
cres There is no condemnation now,
The Lord hath healed our deadly sore,
Because the voice of Jesus' blood
Still cries for mercy unto God.

4 *mf* Lord Christ, Thou art my steadfast Rock,
So long as on the earth I dwell;
Oh, may each thought and word and work
Of Thy redeeming mercy tell,
Till I shall sing to Thee above:
f "O endless depth of saving love!" Amen

BELMONT. C.M. Attributed to MOZART.



277 *"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."*

1 *mf* THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 *mf* The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
p And there have I, as vile as he,
cres Washed all my sins away.

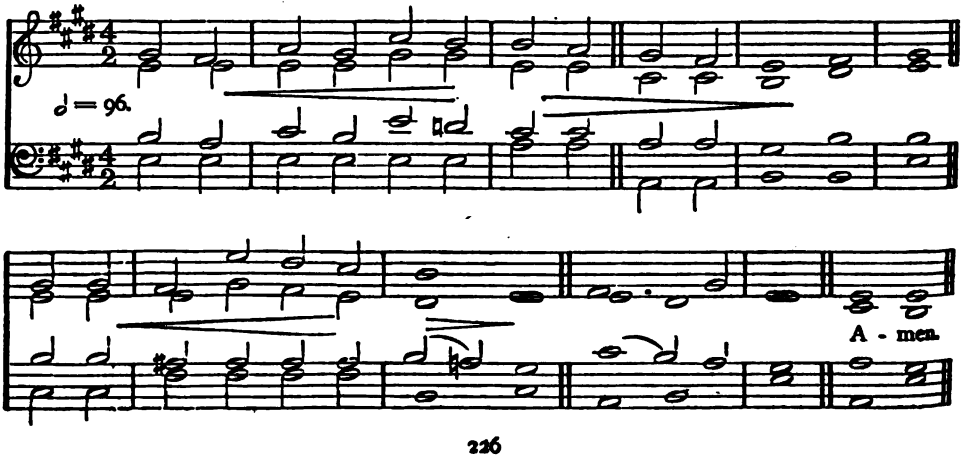
3 *p* Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
cres Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 *mf* E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cres Redeeming love has been my theme,
f And shall be till I die.

5 *f* Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
dim When this poor lisping, stammering [tongue
p Lies silent in the grave.

6 *mf* Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
cres For me a blood-bought, free reward,
f A golden harp for me.

7 *f* 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed, by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine. Amen.

ST. HELEN'S. 8,5,8,3. Sir ROBERT STEWART, Mus. Doc.

278

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

1 *mf* I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

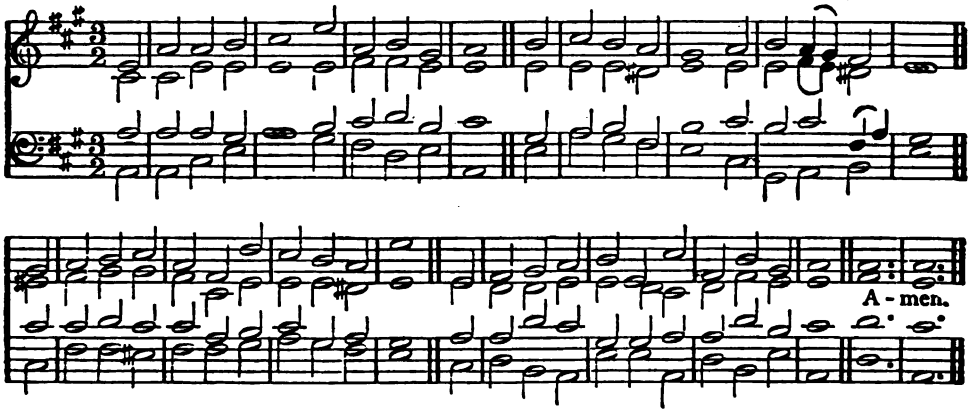
2 *p* I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
cres For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 *mf* I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 *mf* I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead:
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 *mf* I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail:
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 *mf* I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall:
f I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. Amen.

HANOVER. 5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

279

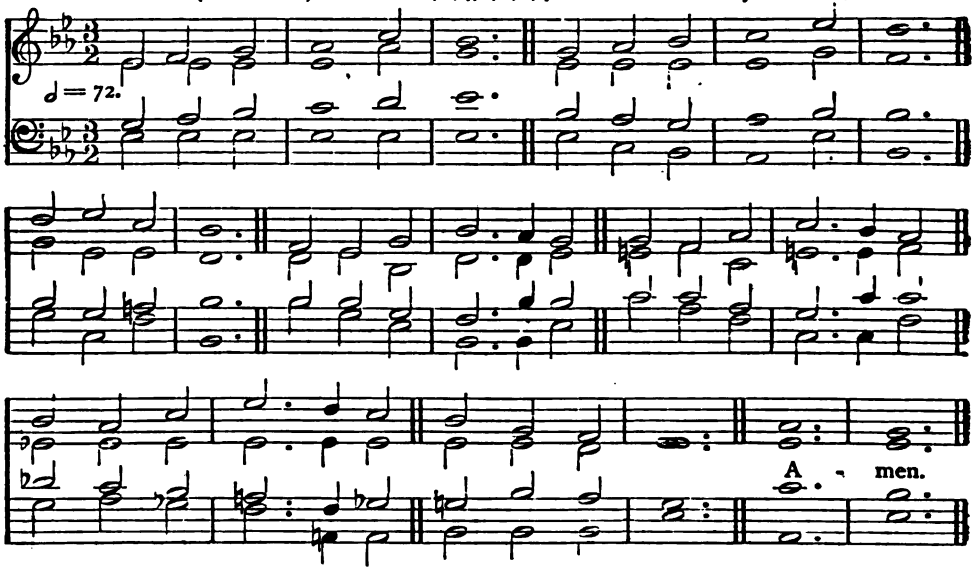
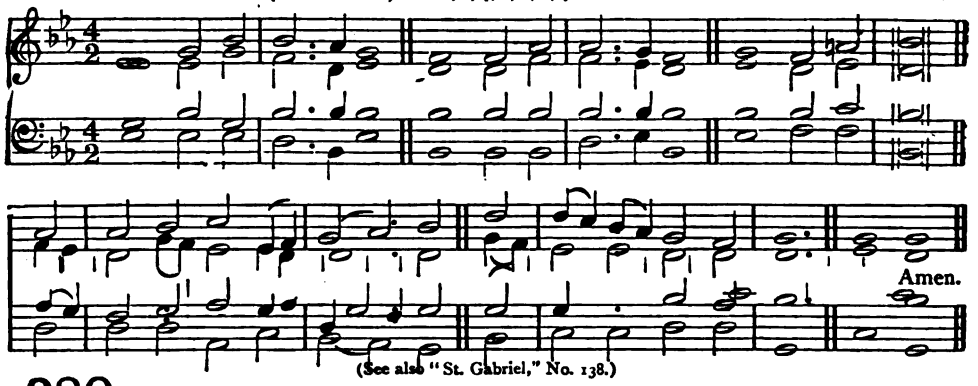
"He called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh."

1 *mf* THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
p Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite,
cres Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us
f "The Lord will provide."

2 *mf* The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
f "The Lord will provide."

3 *mf* His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
p Not knowing our way,
cres But faith makes us bold;
mf For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
f "The Lord will provide."

4 *mf* No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim,
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
cres In this our strong tower
For safety we hide;
Almighty His power—
f "The Lord will provide." Amen.

HAZELWOOD (*1st Tune*). 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

MOUNT OF OLIVES (*2nd Tune*). 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. DR. LOWELL MASON.

(See also "St. Gabriel," No. 138.)

280

"I live by the faith of the Son of God."

1 *mf* MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
p Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
cres Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

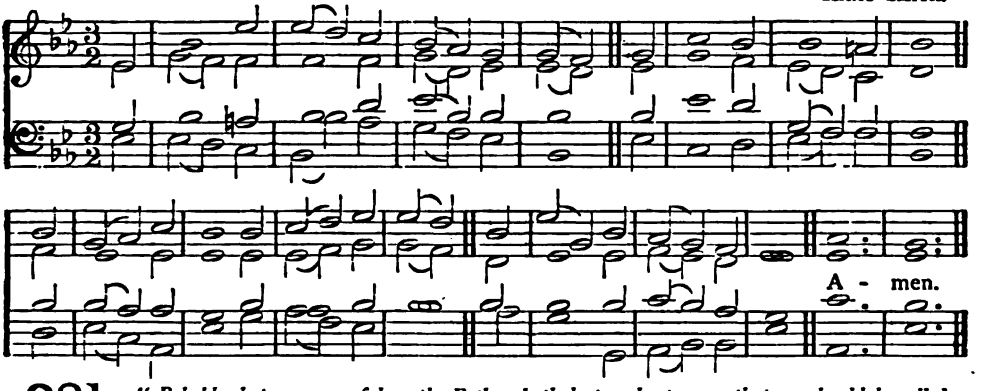
2 *mf* May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
p As Thou hast died for me,
cres Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
f A living fire!

3 *p* While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
cres Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
dim Nor let me ever stray
p From Thee aside.

4 *p* When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
cres Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
f A ransomed soul! Amen.

III.—PEACE AND HOPE.

ABRIDGE. C.M. ISAAC SMITH.



281 *"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."*

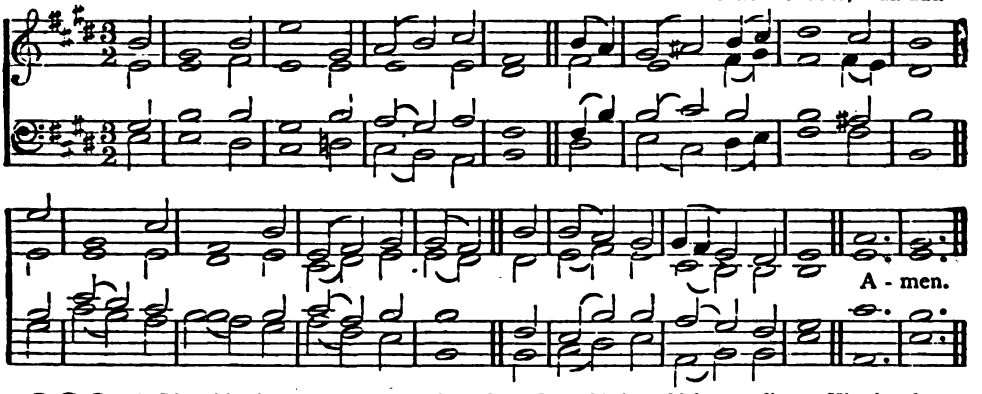
1 *mf* BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

2 *p* Concealed as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

3 *mf* High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 *mf* Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

5 *f* A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure. Amen.

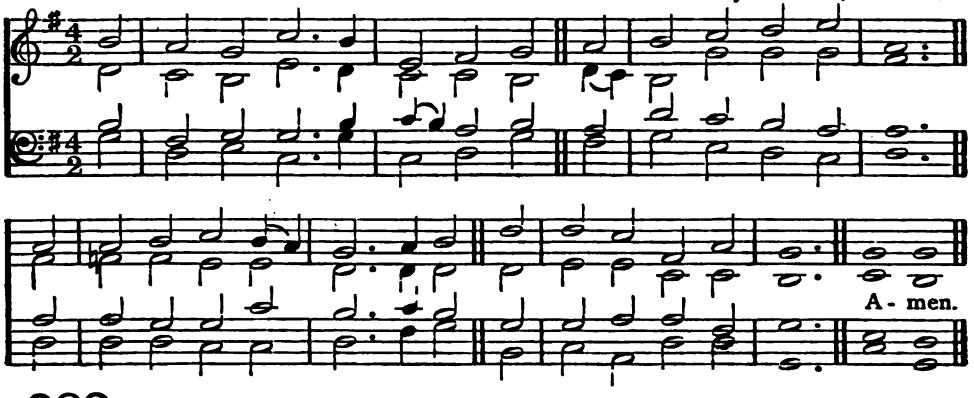
BELGRAVE. C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

282 *"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope."*

1 *f* BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored!

2 *mf* When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 *mf* To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.

4 *mf* Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
f But Christ shall call us home. Amen.

FAITH. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

283

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."

1 *f* HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear!
Thou glorious Star of day,
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away!

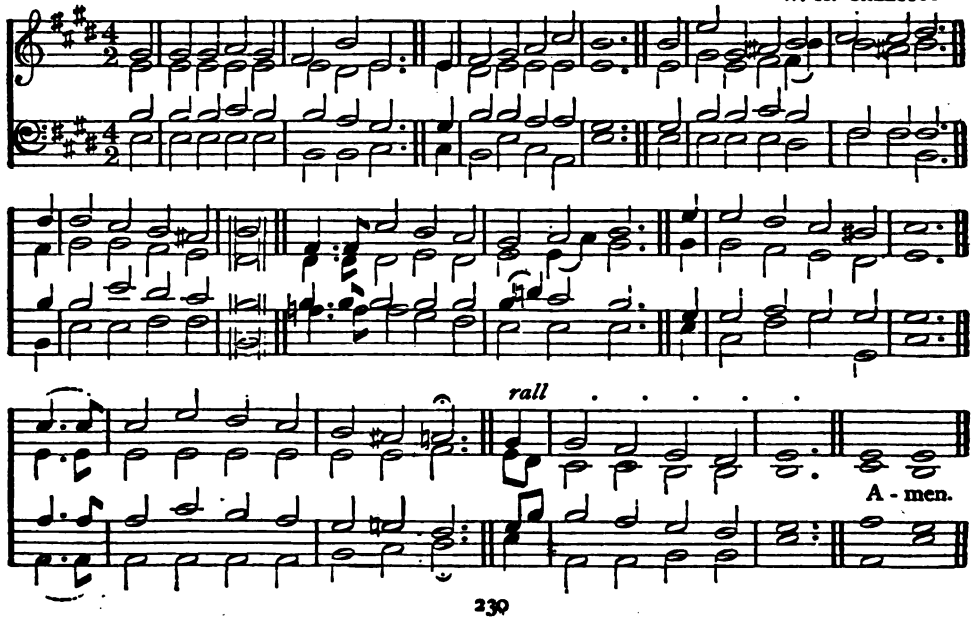
2 *mf* No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

3 *mf* But, blessèd Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 *mf* What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

5 *mf* This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

6 *f* There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb
Who died to make her free. Amen.

REST. C.M. D. W. H. CALLCOTT

284

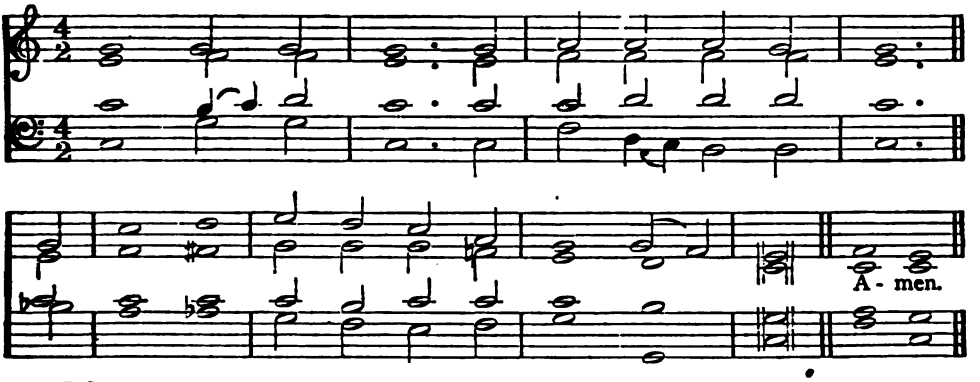
"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him."

1 *mf* MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
p Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
cres And I am thirsty still.

2 *mf* I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
cres "Glory to Thee for all the grace
dim I have not tasted yet;

3 *cres* "Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
dim For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most my own!"
mf I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
p But the hand that bled to make it mine
cres Is keeping it for me.

4 *mf* My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
cres I hear the voice of joy and health
f Resounding everywhere.
mf "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
cres And the music of their glad "Amen"
f Will never die away. Amen.

PAX TECUM. 10, 10. G. T. CALDBECK.

285

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

1 *mf* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

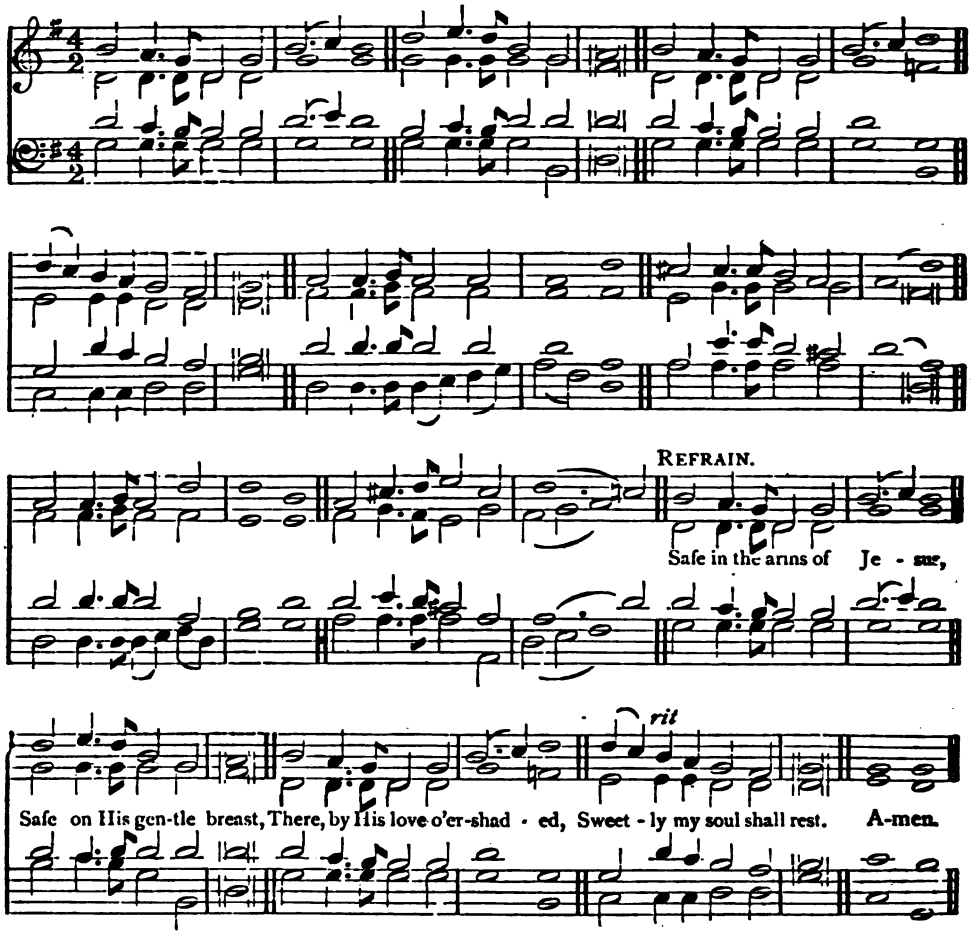
3 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
cres In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
cres Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 *p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 *p* It is enough: earth's struggle soon shall cease
cres And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

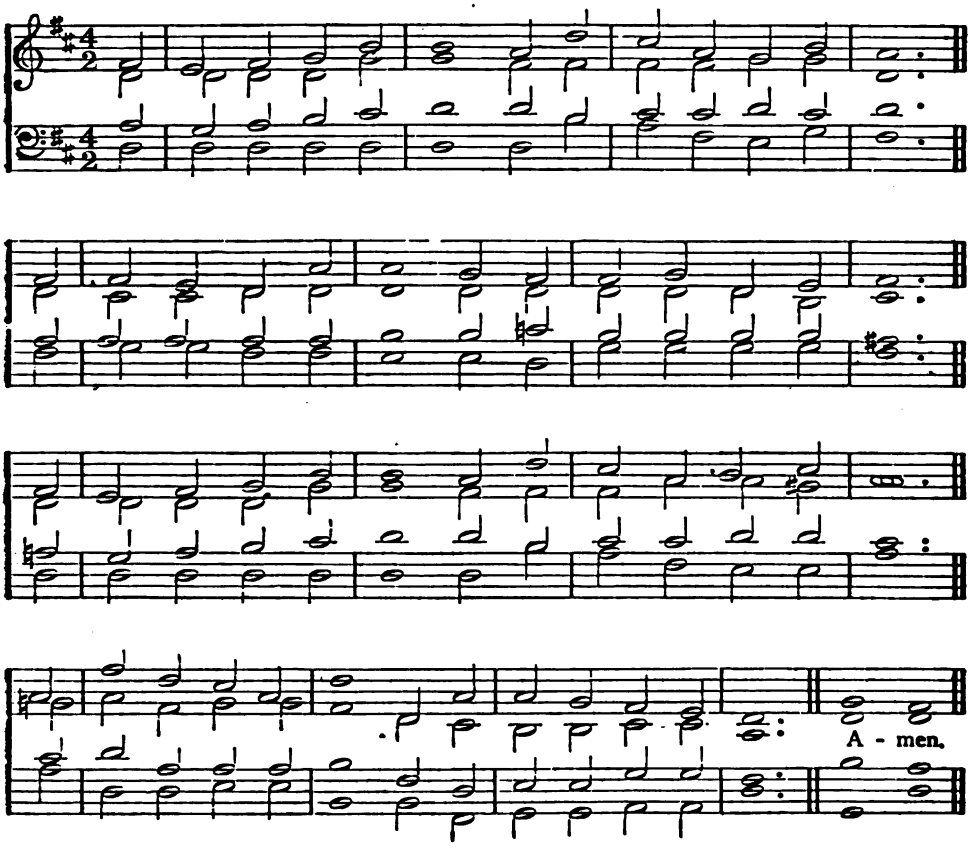
THE HEART'S REFUGE. 7,6,7,6. D. W. H. DOANE.

REFRAIN.
Safe in the arms of Je - sus,
rit
Safe on His gen-tle breast, There, by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. A-men.

286 *"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."*

1 *mf* SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
p Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
cres Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

2 *mf* Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there—
p Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 *mf* Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
cres Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
p Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
cres Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore. Amen.

BENTLEY 7,6,7,6. D. JOHN HULLAH.

287

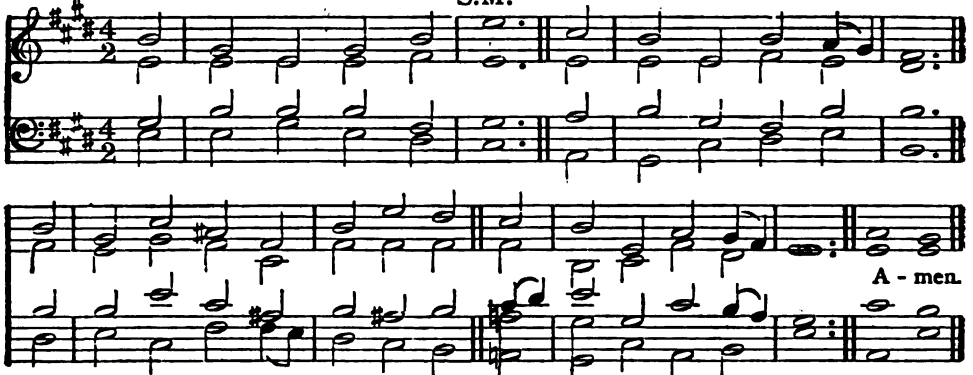
"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

1 *mf* SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
cres It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
p When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
cres A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 *mf* In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
cres Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say
mf "Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 *mf* "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

4 *p* Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
cres Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
f For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. **Amen.**

SUNDERLAND. S.M. HENRY SMART.

288

"Be strong, and of a good courage."

1 *mf* YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 *mf* Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 *mf* His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

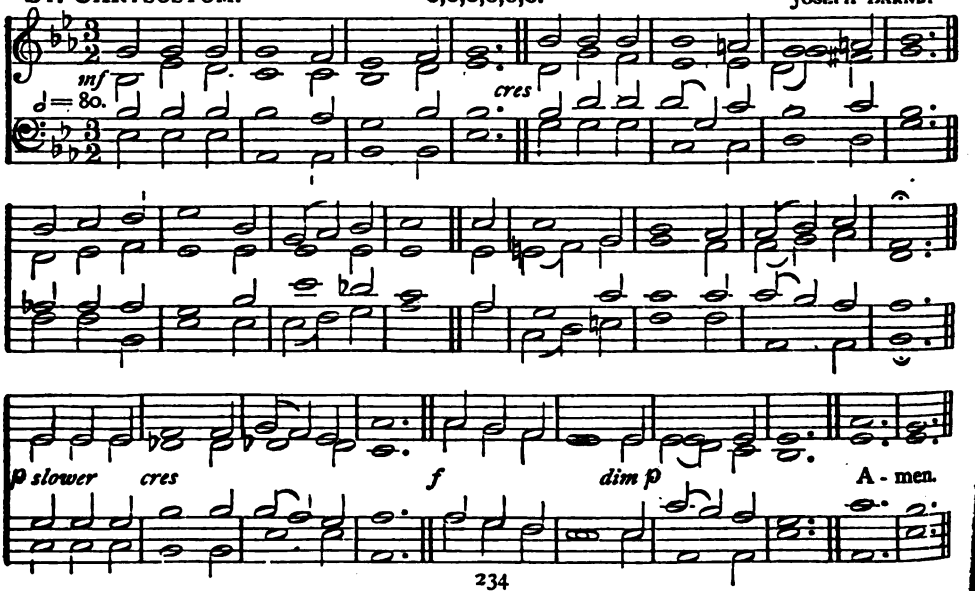
4 *p* When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
cres Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 *mf* Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
dim The midnight of the soul.

6 *cres* Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait thy appointed hour,
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
f Reveals His love with power.

7 *mf* Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see. Amen.

IV.—LOVE AND JOY.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8,8,8,8,8,8. JOSEPH BARNBY

289

"Continue ye in My love."

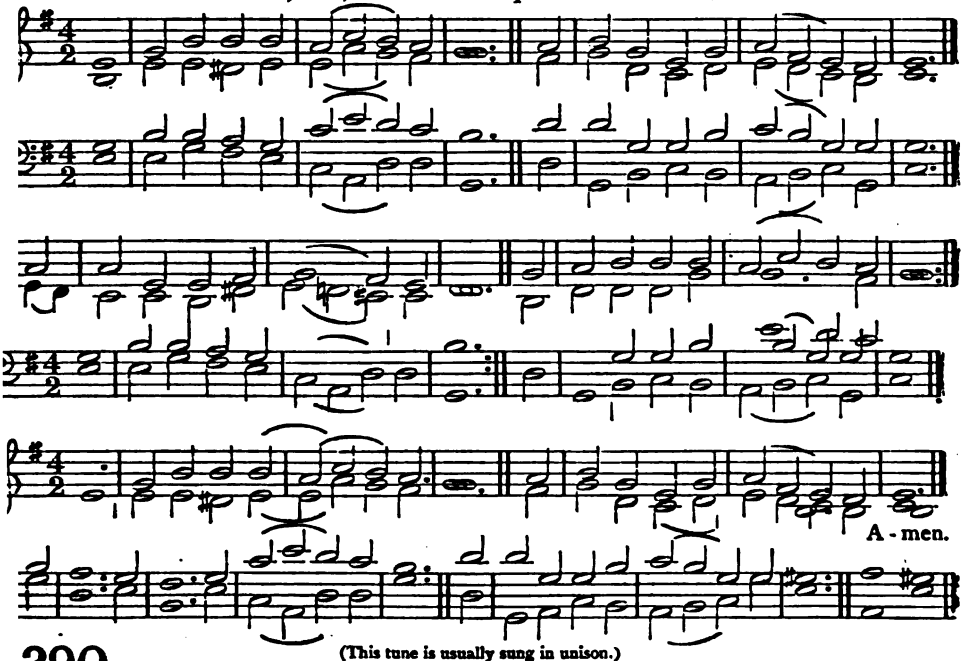
mf JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
cres Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more!
f Oh, make me love Thee more and

p Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
cs How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
f Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 *p* Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
cres How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore; [more!
f Oh, make me love Thee more and

4 *f* Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
ff Oh, make me love Thee more and more! Amen.

VENI EMMANUEL. 8,8,8,8,8,8. ANCIENT LATIN MELODY.

Veni, veni, Emmanuel! Captivum solve Israel.

290

(This tune is usually sung in unison.)

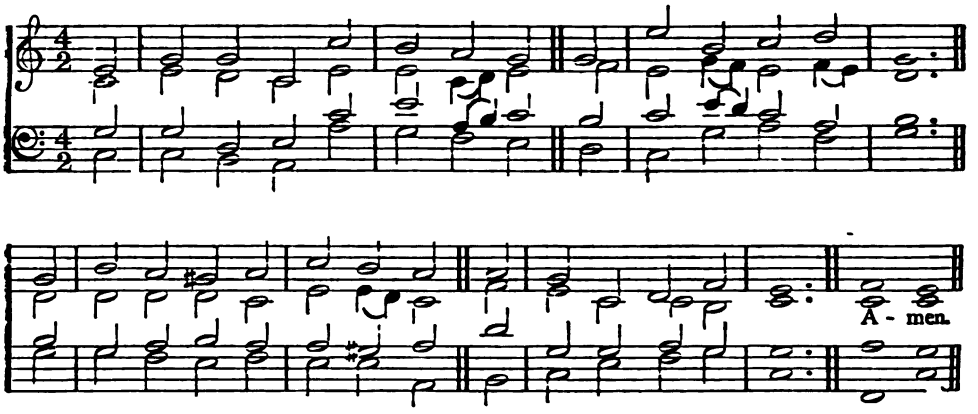
"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."

f THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

f I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 *f* Uphold me in the arduous race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 *f* Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
mf Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
p What though my flesh and heart decay,
cres Thee shall I love in endless day!
Amen.

WESTMINSTER. C.M. JAMES TURLE.

291

"We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.

1 *mf* LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
cres O height, O depth of love!
p Thou one with us upon the tree,
f We one with Thee above!

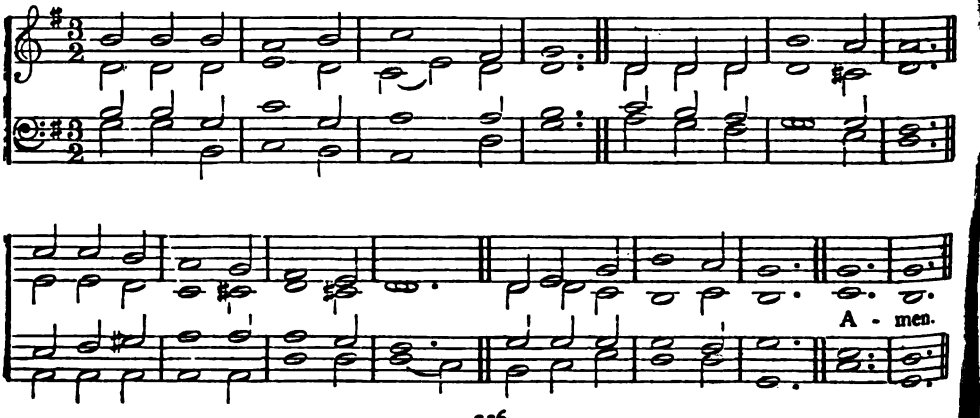
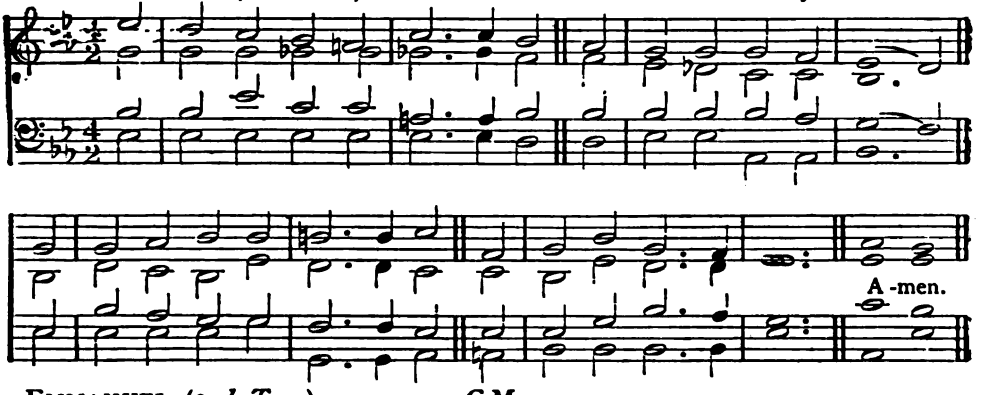
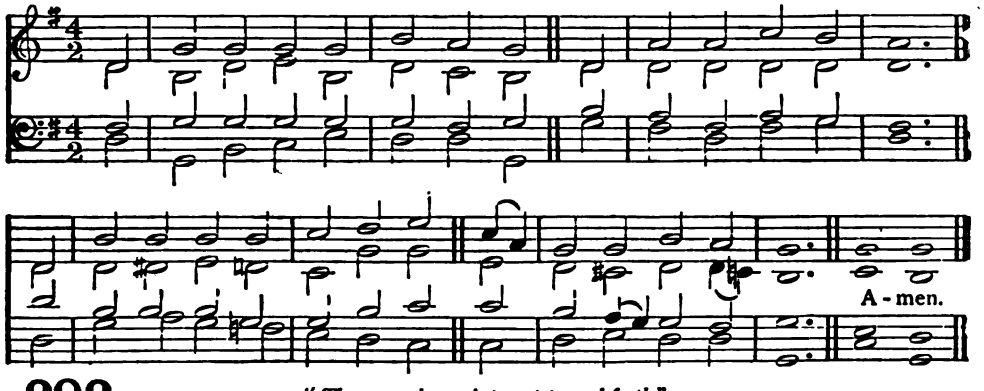
2 *p* Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.

3 *p* Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free

4 *mf* Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
f Nor life nor death nor depth nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 *mf* Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee!

6 *f* Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one. Amen.

ST. AGNES, DURHAM (*1st Tune*). C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

HOLY TRINITY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. JOSEPH BARNBY.

EMMANUEL (*3rd Tune*). C.M. BEETHOVEN.

292

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

PART I.

1 *mf* JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
dim But sweeter far Thy face to see,
p And in Thy presence rest.

2 *mf* Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 *mf* O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
p To those who fall how kind Thou art!
cres How good to those who seek!

4 *mf* But what to those who find! Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 *f* Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
cres Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity. Amen.

PART II.

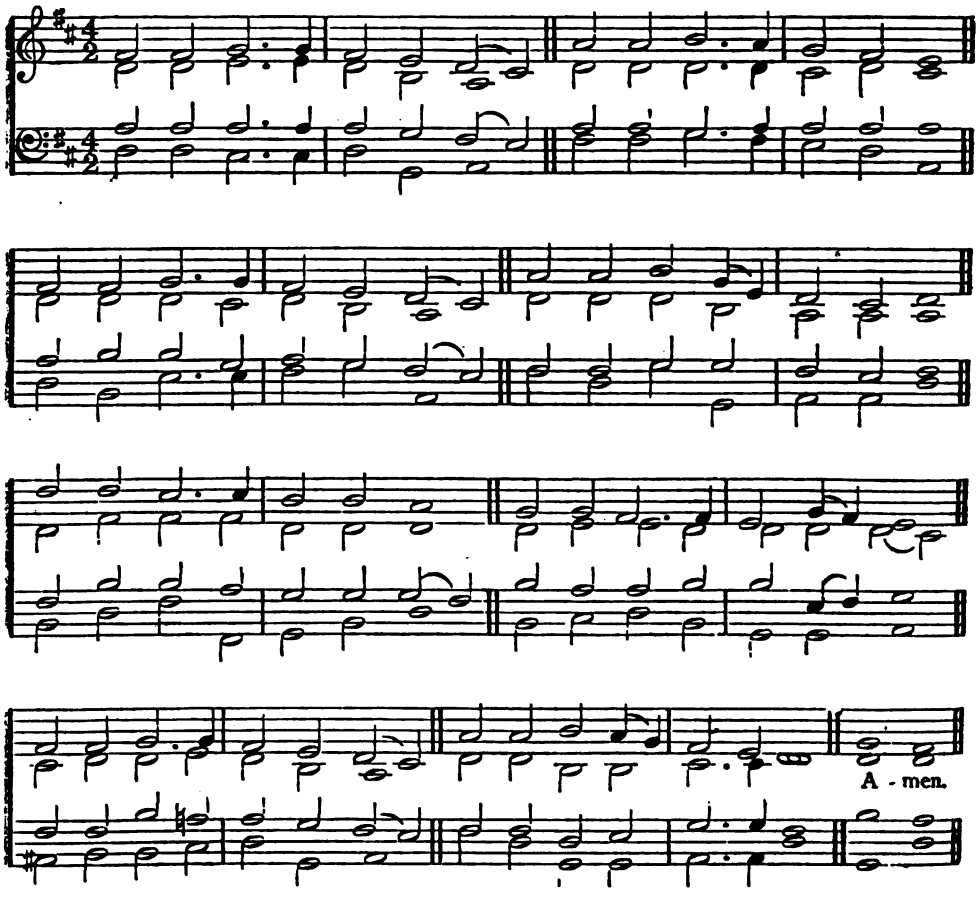
1 *f* O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
p Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 *mf* When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 *f* O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire;

4 *mf* May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
cres And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

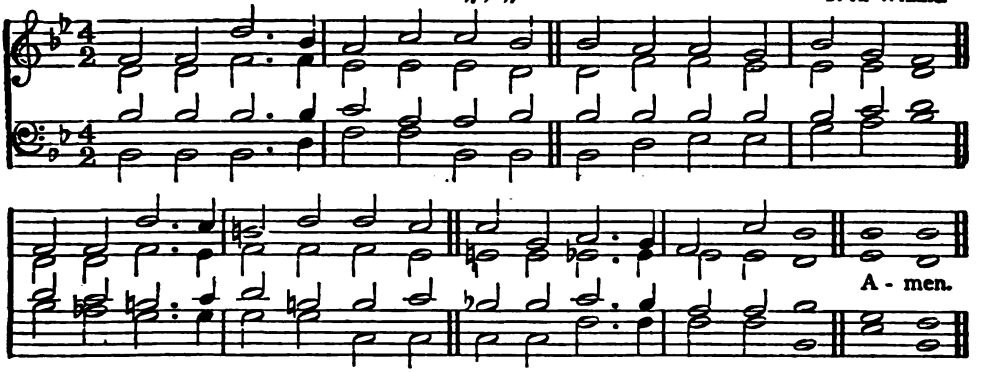
5 *f* Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
cres And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

ST. AUSTIN. 7,7,7,7. D. MORAVIAN TUNE BOOK.

293 *"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."*

1 *mf* OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to please, and Thee to know,
This be all our bliss below;
cres Thee to see, and Thee to love,
This be all our bliss above.

2 *p* Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
mf Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 *mf* Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, oh, may I walk with Thee,
p Then into Thy presence die!
cres Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
f Heaven below, and heaven above.
Amen

LUCERNE. 8,7,8,7. T. A. WILLIS.

294

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

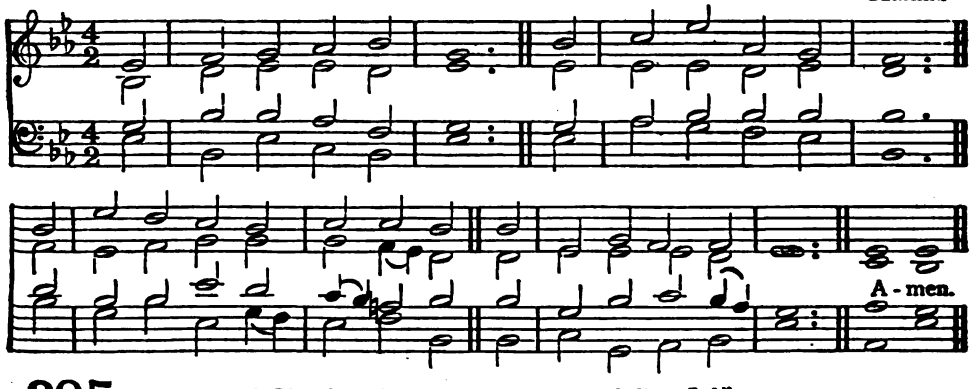
1 *mf* SOMETHING every heart is loving;
If not Jesus, none can rest:
Lord, my heart to Thee is given,
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

2 *mf* Thus I cast the world behind me,
Jesus most beloved shall be;
cres Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

3 *mf* Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face;
p Thou art loving, sweet, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

4 *p* When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedd'st for me Thy precious blood;
cres Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,—
Shall I not love Thee, my God?

5 *mf* Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee! **Amen.**

FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN.

295

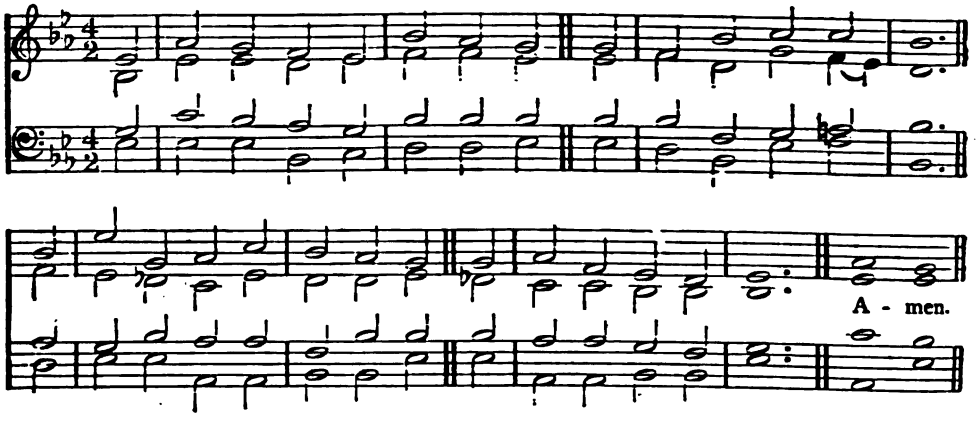
"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

1 *mf* BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 *mf* The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,—

3 *mf* Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 *p* Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee! **Amen.**

ST. FRANCES. C.M. G. A. LÖHR.

296

"We love Him because He first loved us."

1 *mf* JESUS, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
dim Nor yet because, if I love not,
p I must for ever die.

2 *mf* I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art
Who first hast lovèd me.

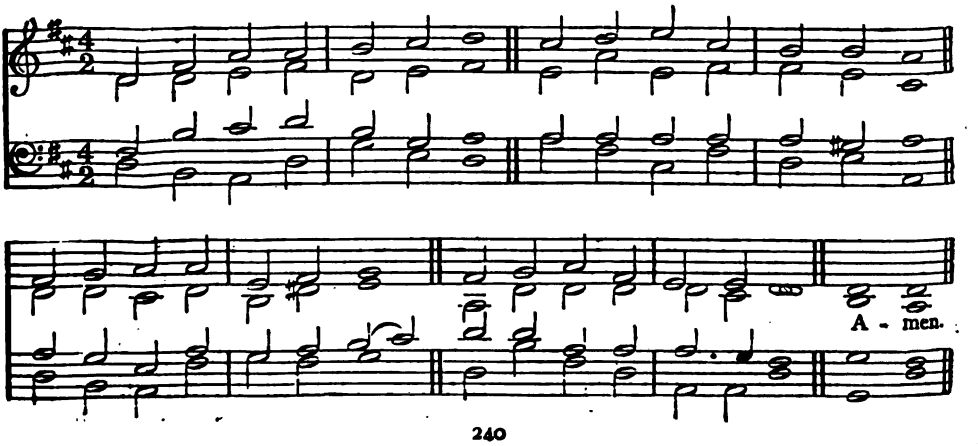
3 *mf* For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
dim For me didst bear the cross and shame
And manifold disgrace;

4 *p* For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
pp Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

5 *mf* Then why, O blessèd Saviour mine,
Should I not love Thee well?
dim Not for the sake of winning heaven,
p Nor of escaping hell;

6 *mf* Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
cres But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovèd me, O Lord!

7 *mf* Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
cres Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King. Amen.

LÜBECK. 7,7,7,7. GERMAN.

297

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

1 *mf* CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground!
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 *mf* Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

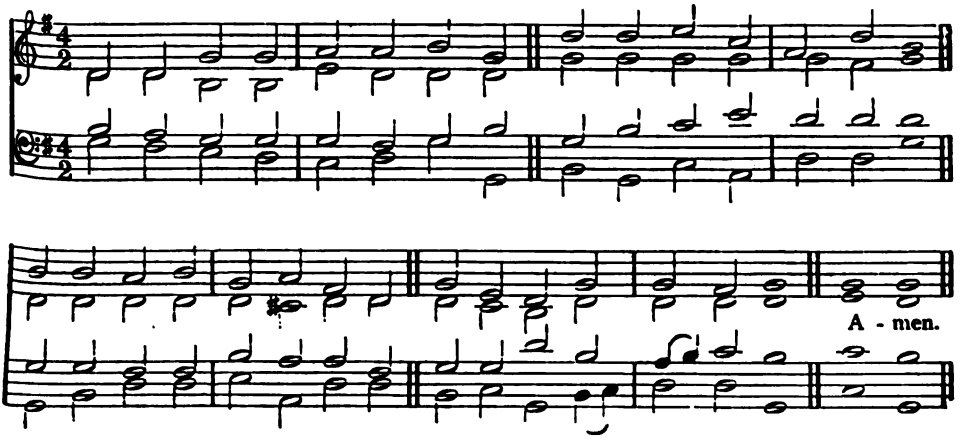
3 *mf* Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it, "Christ to live!"

4 *f* Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 *mf* When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
p Death's dark stream shall never more
cres Part from Thee my ransomed soul.

6 *mf* Thus, oh! thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die." Amen.

V.—GRATITUDE AND CONSECRATION.

STUTTGARD. 8,7,8,7. GERMAN.

298

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

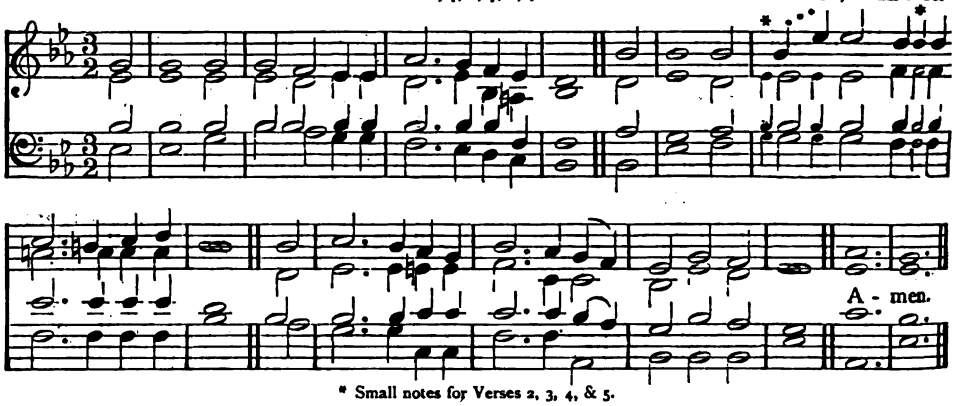
1 *mf* COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 *mf* Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

3 *p* Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
cres He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

4 *mf* Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

5 *mf* Prone to wander—(*p*) Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
cres Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above. Amen.

CARROW. 8,4,8,4,8,4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

* Small notes for Verses 2, 3, 4, & 5.

299 *"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

mf MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and bright.

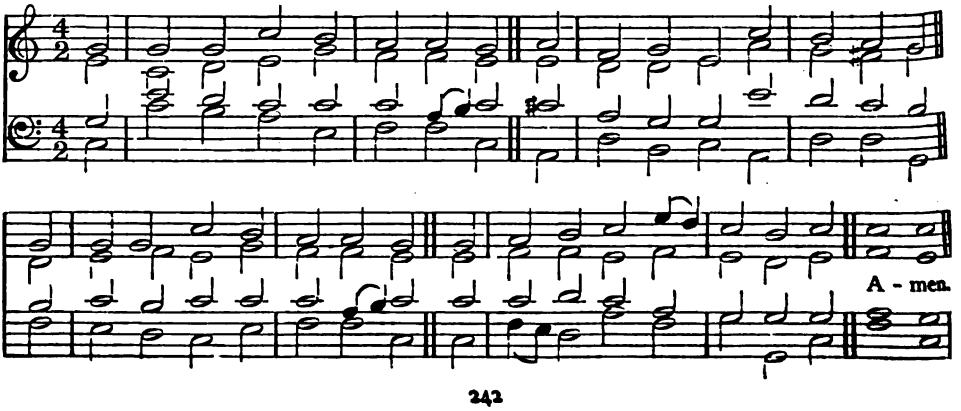
2 *mf* I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 *mf* I thank Thee more that all our joy
p Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
mf So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 *p* For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
cres So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 *f* I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
mf We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 *mf* I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
dim Nor ever shall, until they lean
rall On Jesus' breast. Amen.

MAINZER. L.M. Dr. MAINZER.

300

"I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed."

1 *mf* JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
cres Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
Oh, may I scorn it more and more!

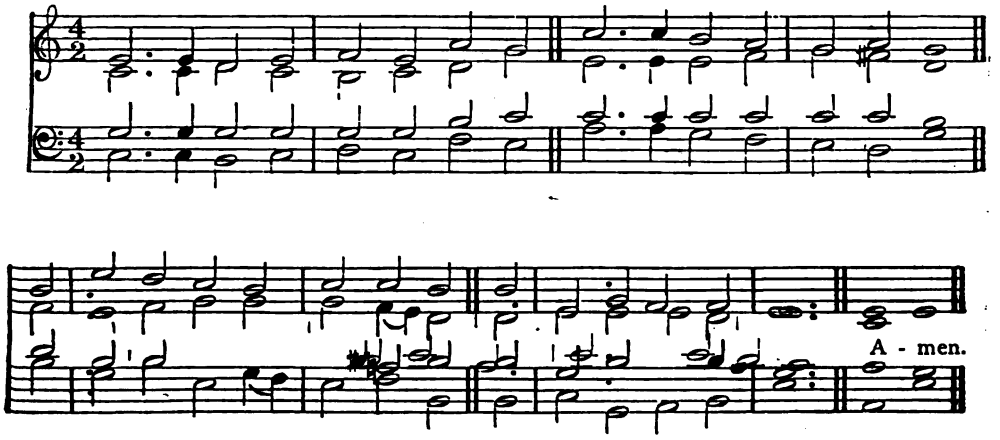
2 *p* Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

3 *p* 'Tis evening with my soul till He,
cres That Morning Star, bids darkness flee;
He sheds the beam of noon divine
O'er all this midnight soul of mine.

4 *p* Ashamed of Jesus! (*cres*) of that Friend,
On whom for heaven my hopes depend!
f It must not be: (*p*) be this my shame,
cres That I no more revere His name.

5 *p* Ashamed of Jesus! (*cres*) yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away.
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 *mf* Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
cres And oh, may this my portion be,
f That Saviour not ashamed of me!
Amen.

ST. ANDREW. 8,7,8,7. E. H. THORNE.

(See also "St. Oswald, Durham," No. 386.)

301

"He saith unto them, Follow Me."

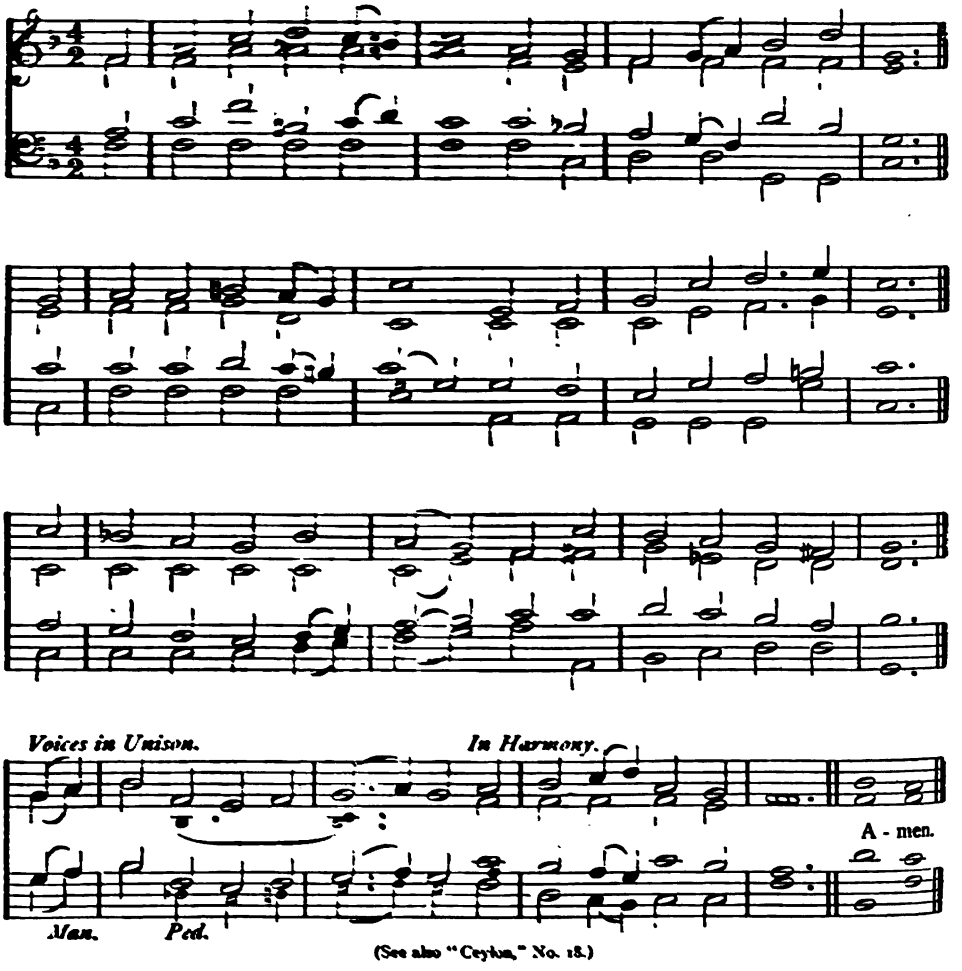
1 *mf* JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

2 *mf* As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 *mf* Jesus calls us, from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 *p* In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 *mf* Jesus calls us: (*p*) by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
cres Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

DAY OF REST. 7,6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.

(See also "Ceylon," No. 18.)

302

"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

1 *mf* O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
cres I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
mf Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

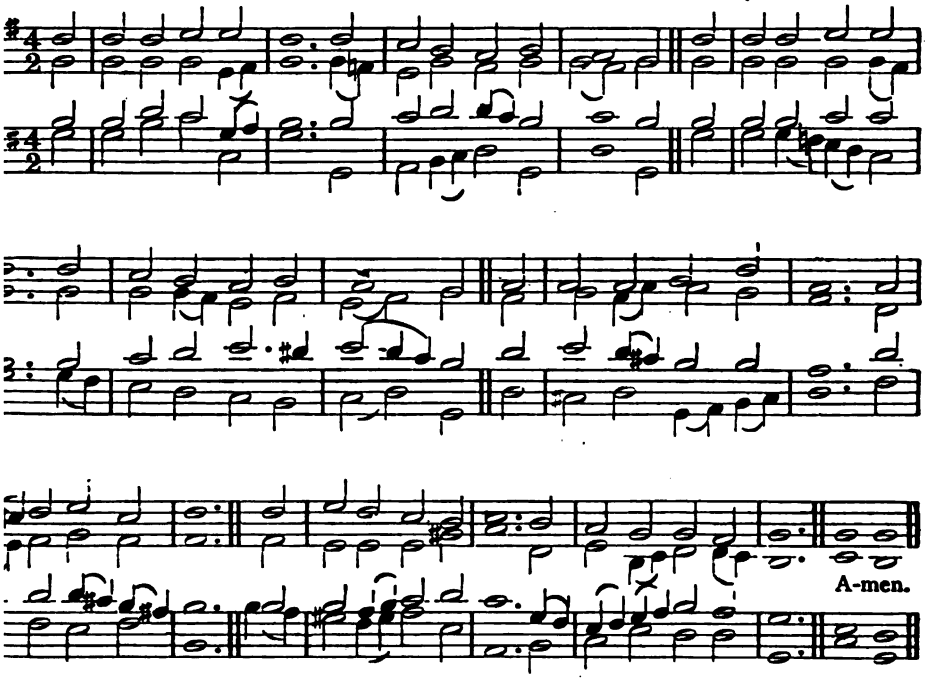
2 *mf* Oh, let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
p My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cres But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 *p* Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
mf Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
cres Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

mf O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
res And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
im Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 *p* Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone!
cres Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!
Amen.

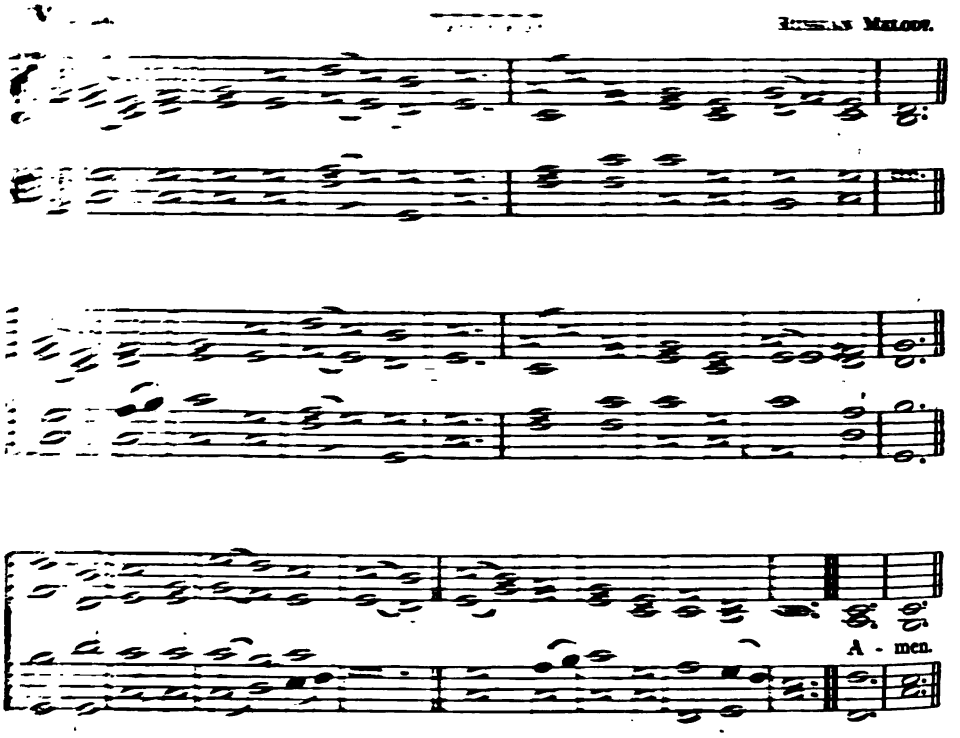
6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6.

UN DANKET. *Nun danket alle Gott.* JOHANN CRÜGER.

303 *"Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name."*

f NOW thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
p Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blest us on our way
res With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

f Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;

mf And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
cres And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 *ff* All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen.

304

Part I.

1 *mf* Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
p By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
cres Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 *mf* Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
cres Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

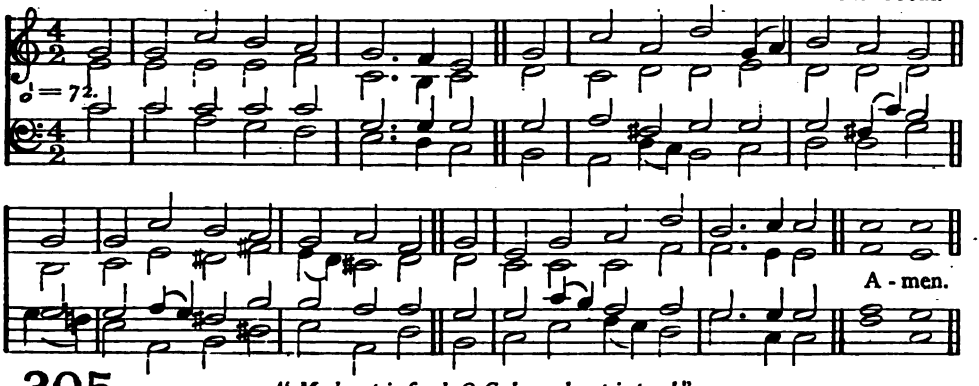
3 *mf* Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
p Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
cres Oh, be Thou my All in all! Amen.

Part II.

1 *mf* Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
p Though so feebly and so ill,
cres Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 *p* Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
cres Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me;
f Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 *p* Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose:
cres Only let me hear Thy call.
mf Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free! Amen.

ASHTON. L.M. BERTHOLD TOURS.

305

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

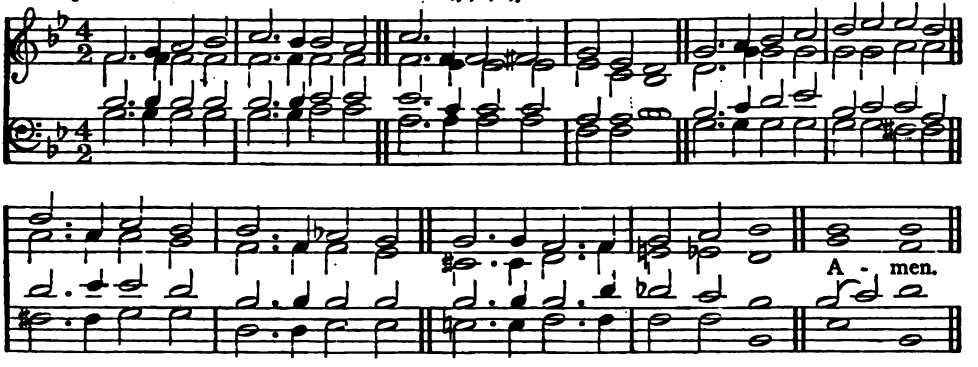
1 *mf* O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 *mf* O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 *p* 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
cres I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
mf He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 *mf* Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 *f* High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
p Till in life's latest hour I bow,
cres And bless in death a bond so dear.
Amen.

ST. JUDE. 8,7,8,8,7. CHARLES VINCENT, Mus. Bac.

306

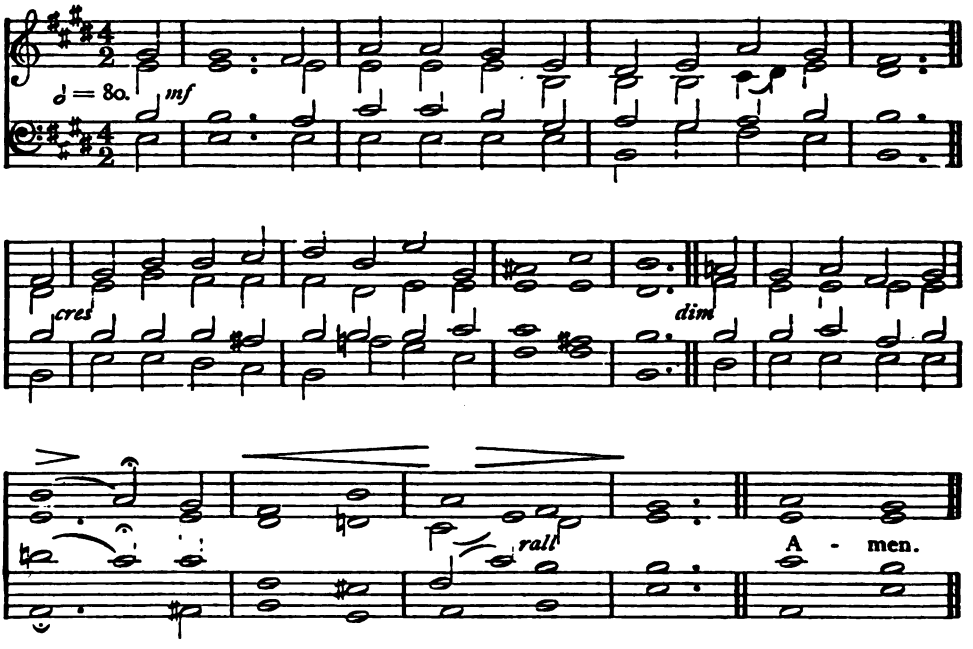
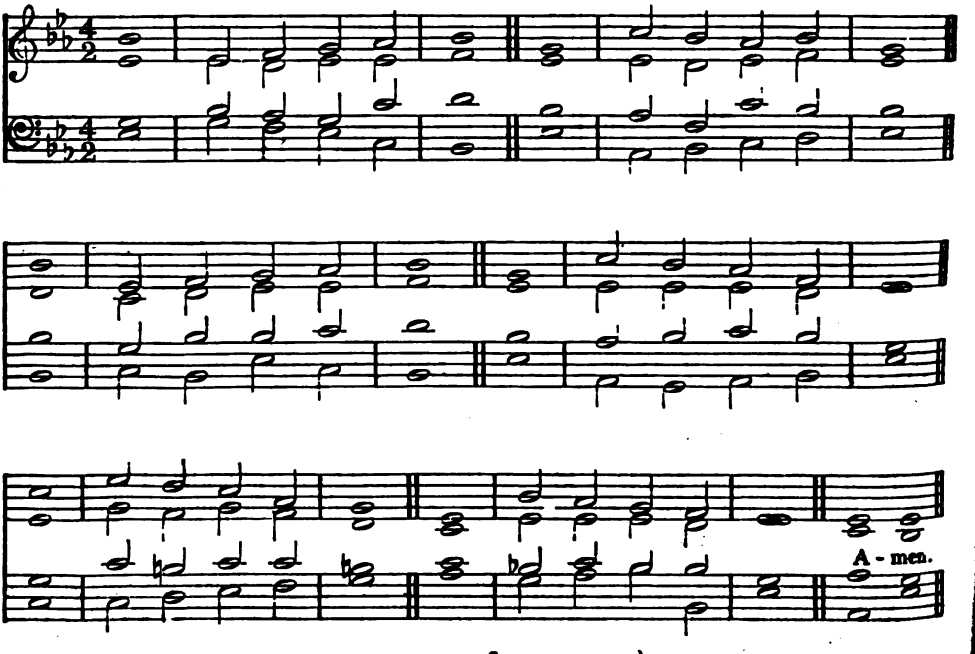
"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

1 *p* OH, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
mf "All of self, and none of Thee!"

2 *p* Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
dim And my wistful heart said faintly:
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee!"

3 *mf* Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered
p "Less of self, and more of Thee!"

4 *f* Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cres Grant me now my soul's desire:
ff "None of self, and all of Thee!" Amen.

ST. VIGIAN (*1st Tune*). 6,6,6,6,6,6. A. CROIL FALCONER.

BACA (*2nd Tune*). 6,6,6,6,6,6. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

307

"They gave their own selves to the Lord."

1 *mf* THY life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
cres That I might ransomed be
f And quickened from the dead;
mf Thy life was given for me:
p What have I given for Thee?

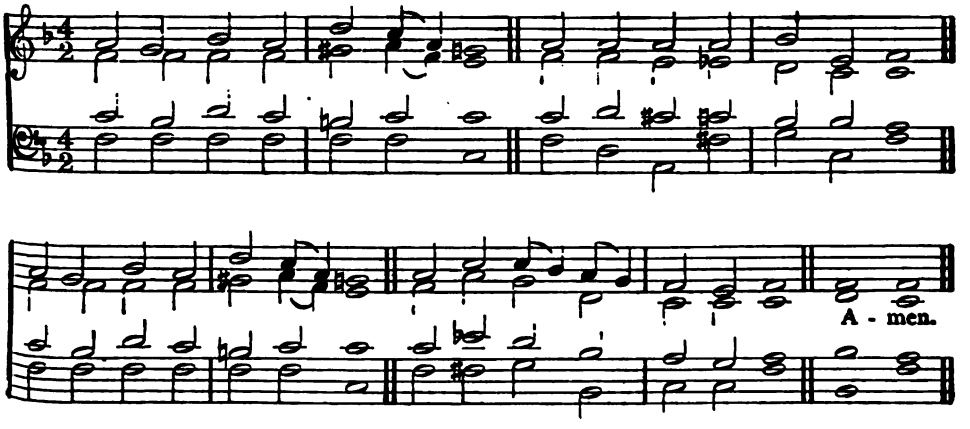
2 *p* Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
cres That through eternity
f Thy glory I might know;
dim Long years were spent for me:
p Have I spent one for Thee?

3 *f* Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
dim Were left for earthly night,
p For wanderings sad and lone;
cres Yea, all was left for me:
dim Have I left aught for Thee?

4 *mf* Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
pp Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff'redst all for me:
p What have I borne for Thee?

5 *cres* And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
f Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
p What have I brought to Thee?

6 *mf* Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
cres Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
f I give myself to Thee! Amen.

WEBER. 7,7,7,7. C. M. VON WEBER.

308

"Now these are Thy servants and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power."

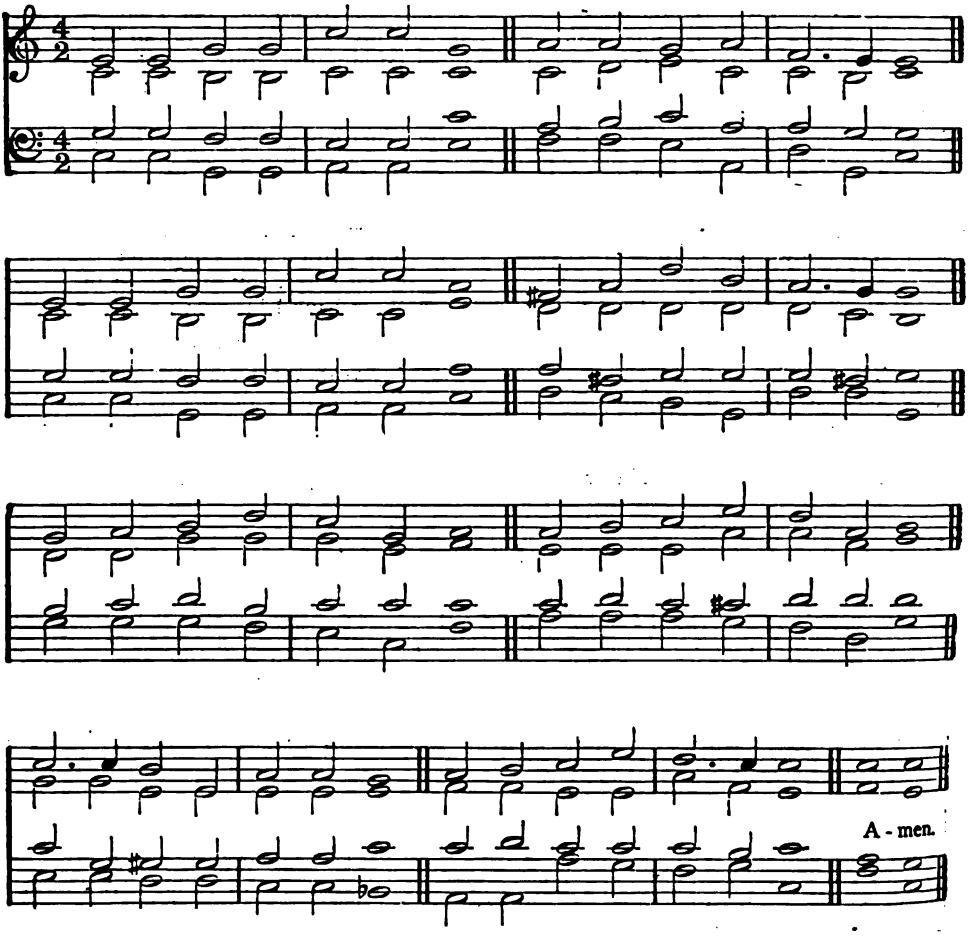
1 *mf* THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 *mf* Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
cres Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 *f* Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

4 *p* Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
cres Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 *mf* Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
cres All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

CULFORD. 7,7,7,7. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

309

"O Lord, truly I am Thy servant."

1 *mf* TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 *mf* Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

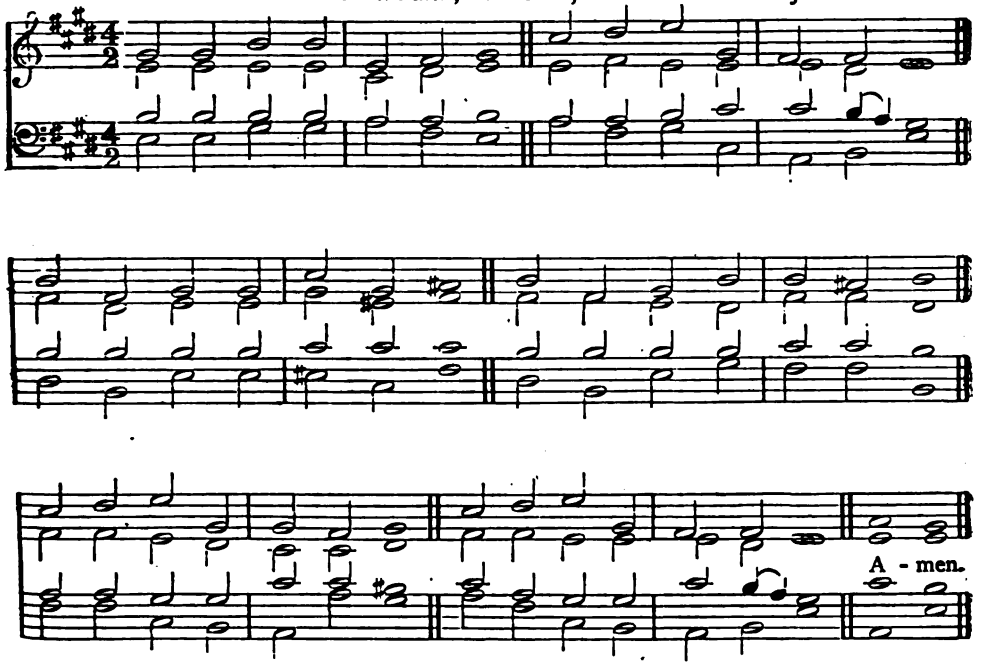
3 *mf* Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 *mf* Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

5 *mf* Take my will, and make it Thine;
p It shall be no longer mine.
cres Take my heart: it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 *mf* Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
cres Take myself, and I will be
f Ever, only, all, for Thee! Amen

7,7,7,7,7,7.

NASSAU *Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit.* J. ROSENMÜLLER

310

"*How much owest thou unto my Lord?*"

1 *mf* WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cres Not till then, how much I owe.

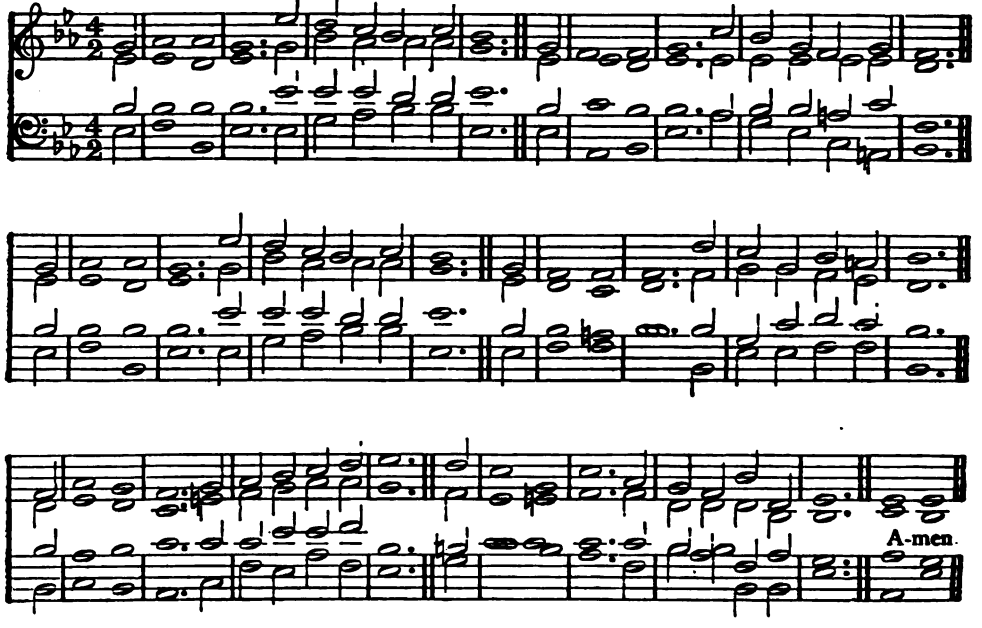
2 *mf* When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cres Not till then, how much I owe.

3 *mf* When the praise of heaven I hear,
cres Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
p Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
cres Not till then, how much I owe.

4 *mf* Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
p Even on earth, Lord, make me know
cres Something of how much I owe.

5 *mf* Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
cres Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
f By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

VI.—SUBMISSION AND COMFORT.

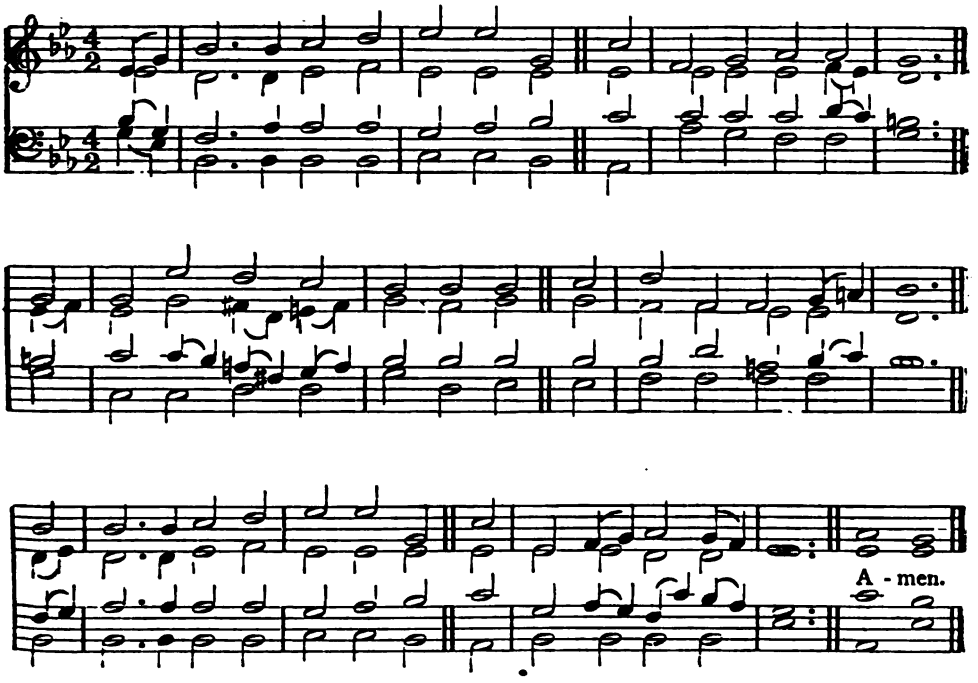
ST. HELEN. 10,10,10,10. WALTER HATELY.

311 *"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."*

1 *p* BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
cres Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
p Be still, my soul: (*cres*) thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 *p* Be still, my soul: (*cres*) thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
mf Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
p Be still, my soul: (*cres*) the waves and winds shall know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

3 *f* Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
cres Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
p Be still, my soul: (*cres*) thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 *p* Be still, my soul: (*cres*) the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
p Be still, my soul: (*cres*) when change and tears are past,
f All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last. Amen.

SLINGSBY. 8,6,8,6,8,6. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

312 *"Deal with Thy servant according unto Thy mercy, and teach me Thy statutes."*

1 *mf* FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
cres But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 *mf* I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
dim And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
p To soothe and sympathise.

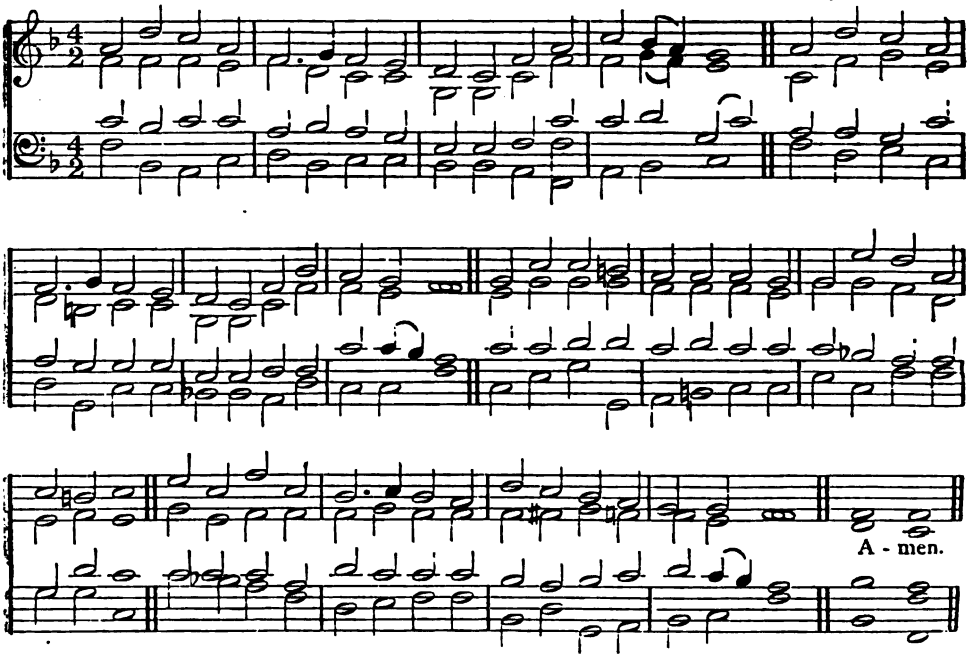
3 *mf* I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
dim I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 *mf* Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 *mf* So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 *p* There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer,
cres But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

7 *mf* In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty. Amen.

BETHANY. 8,7,8,7. D. HENRY SMART.

313

"Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee."

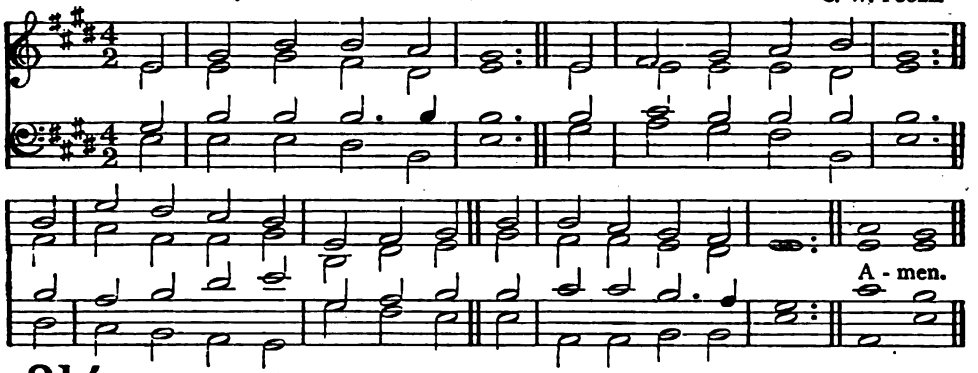
1 *mf* JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee!
p Destitute, despised, forsaken,
cres Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
mf Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own!

2 *mf* Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
f Show Thy face, and all is bright!

3 *p* Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
cres Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

4 *mf* Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
p Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
cres What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

5 *f* Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
p Soon shall close thine earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cres Hope soon change to glad fruition,
f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
Amen.

WESTENHANGER. S.M. C. W. POOLE.

314

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him."

1 *mf* COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 *mf* Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
p He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

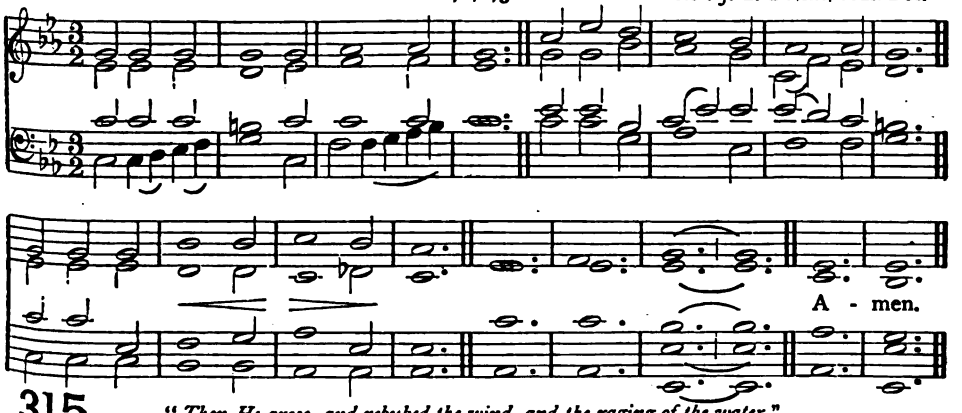
3 *mf* Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 *mf* No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
dim Attends the softest prayer.

5 *mf* Thy everlasting truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 *mf* Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light. Amen.

ST. ALFRED. 8,8,8,3. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



315

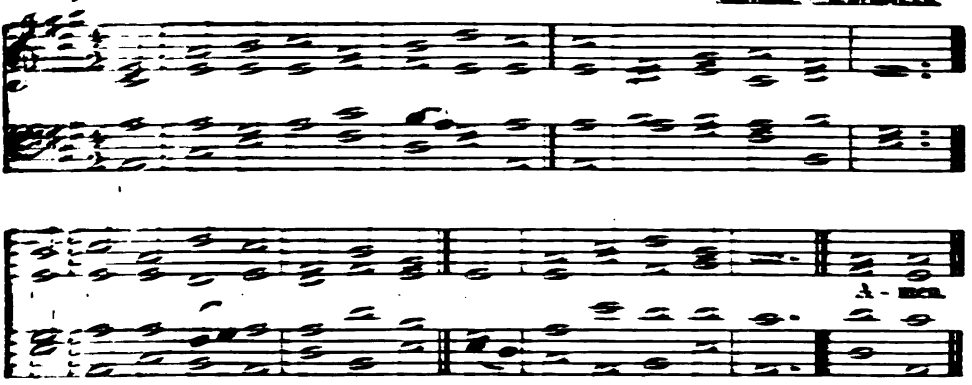
"Then He arose, and rebuked the wind, and the raging of the water."

1 *mf* FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
p But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 *mf* "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
cres "Oh, save us in our agony!"
mf Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still!"

3 *mf* The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
mf The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 *mf* So, when our life is clouded o'er,
cres And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
p "Peace, be still!" Amen.

St. James C.M. Rachael Cremoville

316.

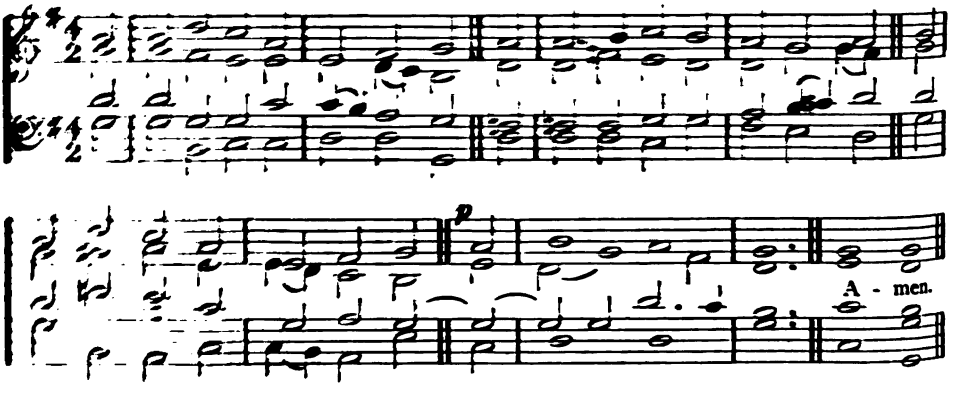
"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant."

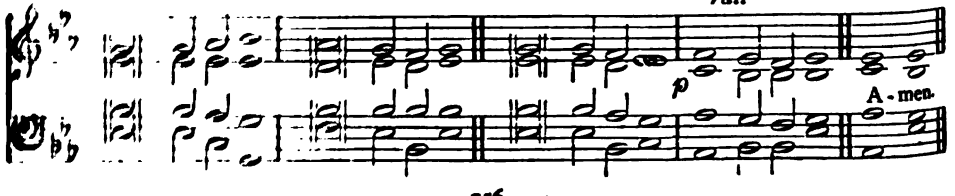
1 *mf* My God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure

2 *mf* Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven, my final home,—

3 *mf* I welcome all Thy sovereign will;
For all that will is love:
p And, when I know not what Thou dost,
cres I'll wait the light above.

4 *mf* Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart;
Which, *p* when my eyelids close in death,
cres Shall cheer my fainting heart. Amen.

Sarum (1st Tune). 8.8.8.4 From Hymnarium Sarisburiense. Adapted by John Hullah.

Troyte's Chant, No. 1 (2nd Tune). A. H. D. Troyte.



317

"Thy will be done."

1 *mf* MY God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
cres Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
dim "Thy will be done."

2 *p* Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
cres Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
dim "Thy will be done."

3 *p* What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 *p* If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
pp "Thy will be done."

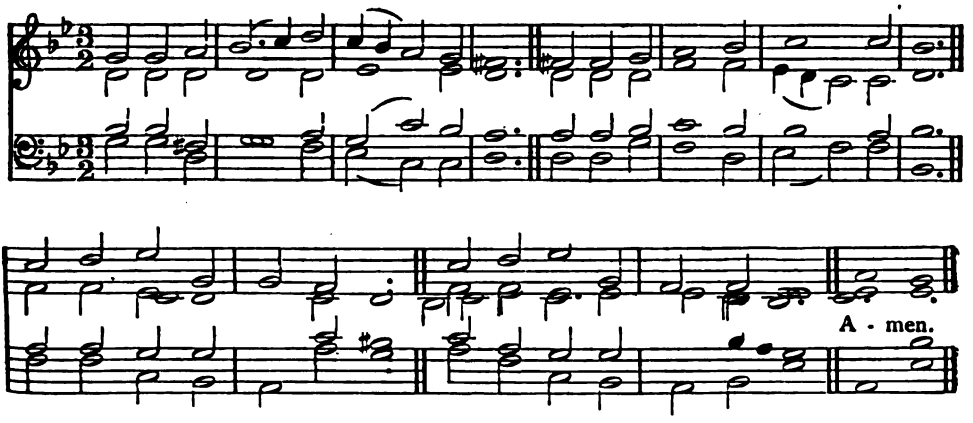
5 *p* Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 *mf* Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God! to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

7 *p* Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

8 *mf* Then, when on earth I breathe no more
p The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cres I'll sing upon a happier shore,
f "Thy will be done." Amen.

MAGDALENE. L.M. Dr. B. ROGERS.



318

"I said not unto the seed of Jacob, 'Seek ye Me in vain!'"

1 *mf* GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail

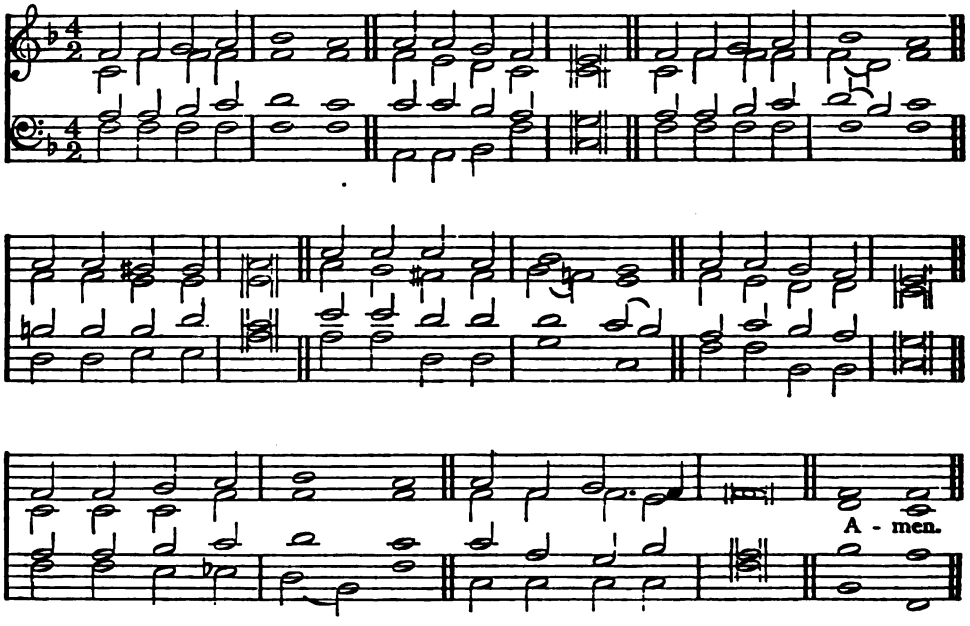
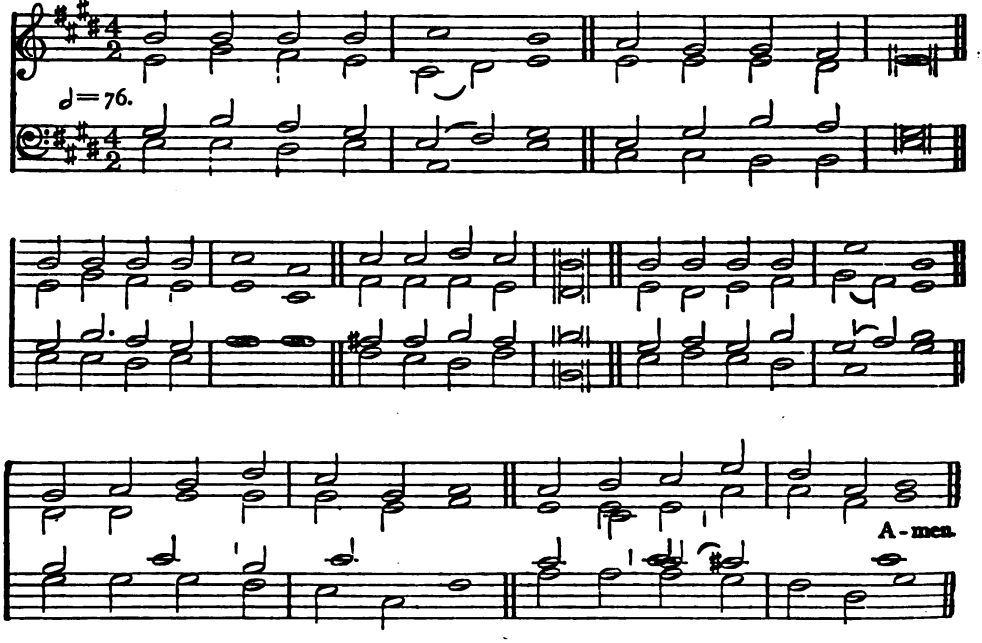
2 *p* Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
cres Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 *p* Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
cres And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
mf Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 *p* That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
cres But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 *mf* Fair is the lot that's cast for me!
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 *p* Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
cres Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
mf And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
Amen.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE (*1st Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

BOHEMIA (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. Melody of the 15th Century. Harmony from the Temple Church Choral Service Book.

319

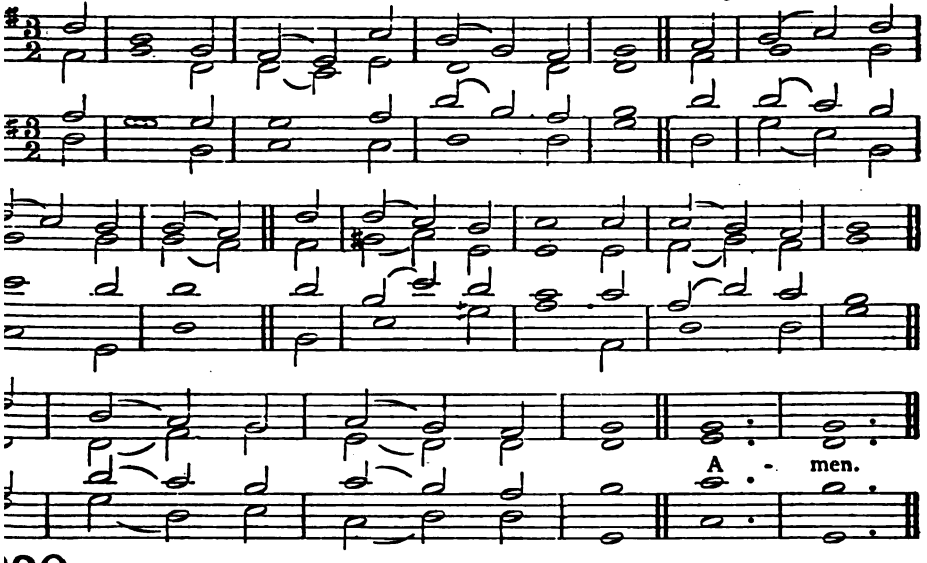
"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

mf IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

mf With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 *p* If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
cres Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
p Though the flesh may falter,
cres Faith shall drink the cup.

4 *pp* When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
cres While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
p Through that mortal strife
Lord, receive me, dying,
cres To eternal life. Amen.

ISHOPTHORPE. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

320

"Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

'LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

'If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
es To welcome endless day?

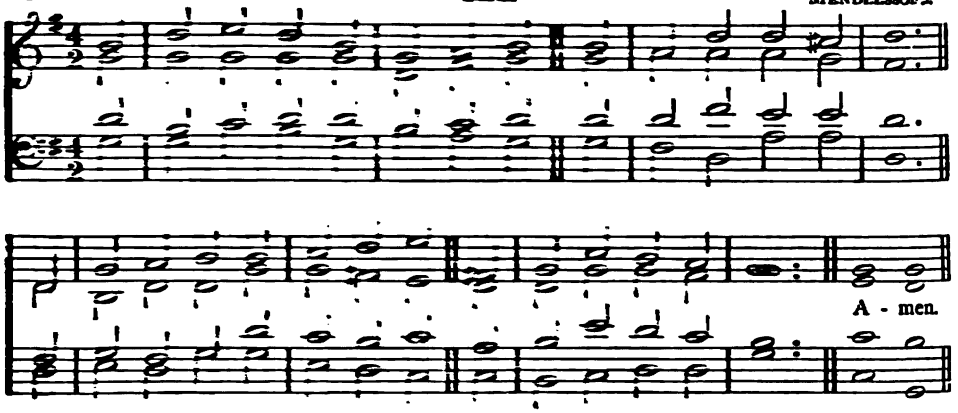
'Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 *mf* Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
cres For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 *mf* Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
f And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 *p* My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
cres But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
f And I shall be with Him. Amen.

FELIX. C.M. MENDELSSOHN.



321

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

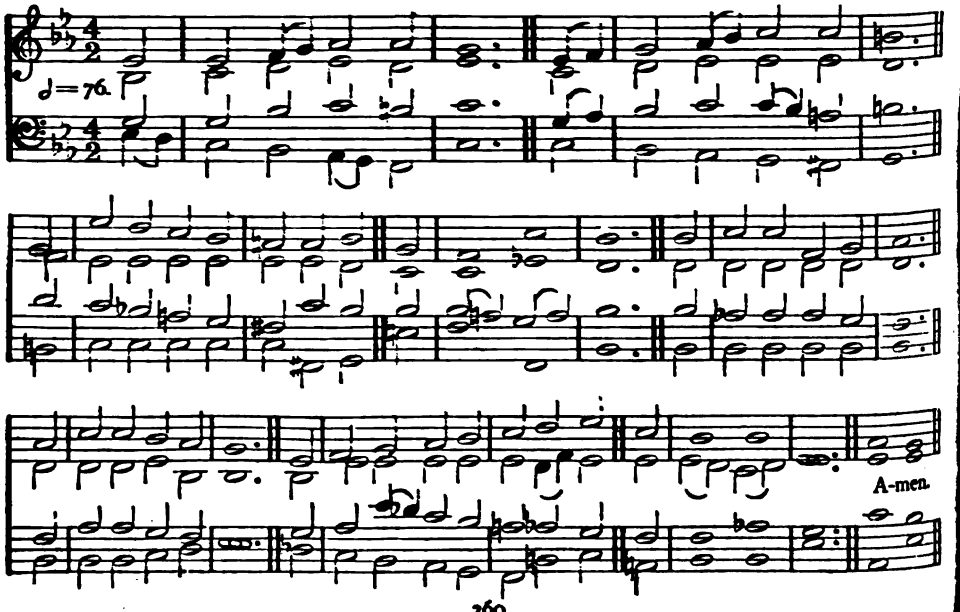
1 *mf* I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 *mf* I have no cares, O blessèd Will!
For all my cares are thine;
cres I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

3 *mf* Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

4 *mf* He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 *p* Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
cres And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will. Amen.

RESIGNATION. 6,6,6,6. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.

322

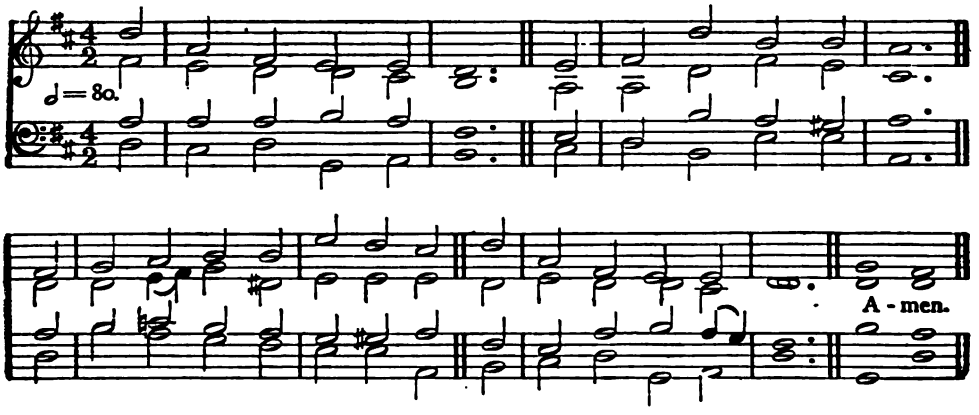
"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."

1 *mf* MY Saviour, as Thou wilt:
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
p "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

2 *mf* My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
p My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 *mf* My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
p My Lord, Thy will be done!

4 *mf* My Saviour, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
cres Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
rall "My Lord, Thy will be done!"
Amen.

RICHMOND. S.M. HENRY G. TREMBATH, Mus. Bac.

323

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

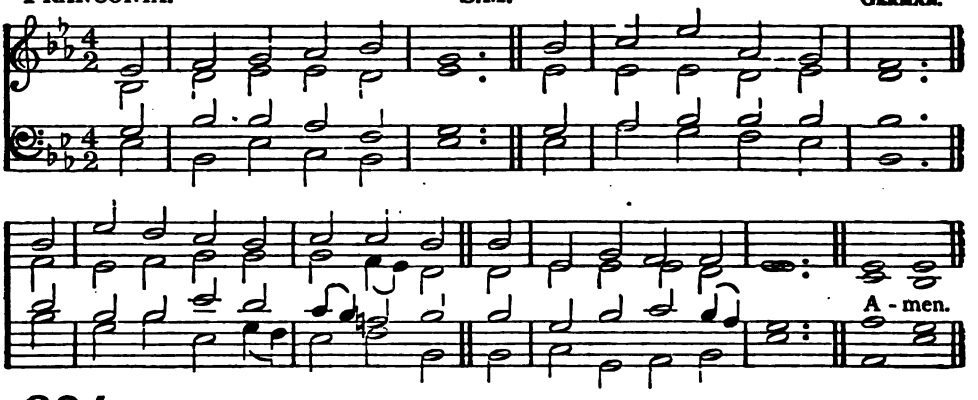
1 *p* MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
cres For Thou art love divine.

2 *p* In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
cres I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 *mf* Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 *mf* Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
cres Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. Amen.

FRANCONIA. **S.M.** **GERMAN.**



324

"My times are in Thy hand."

1 *p* MY times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

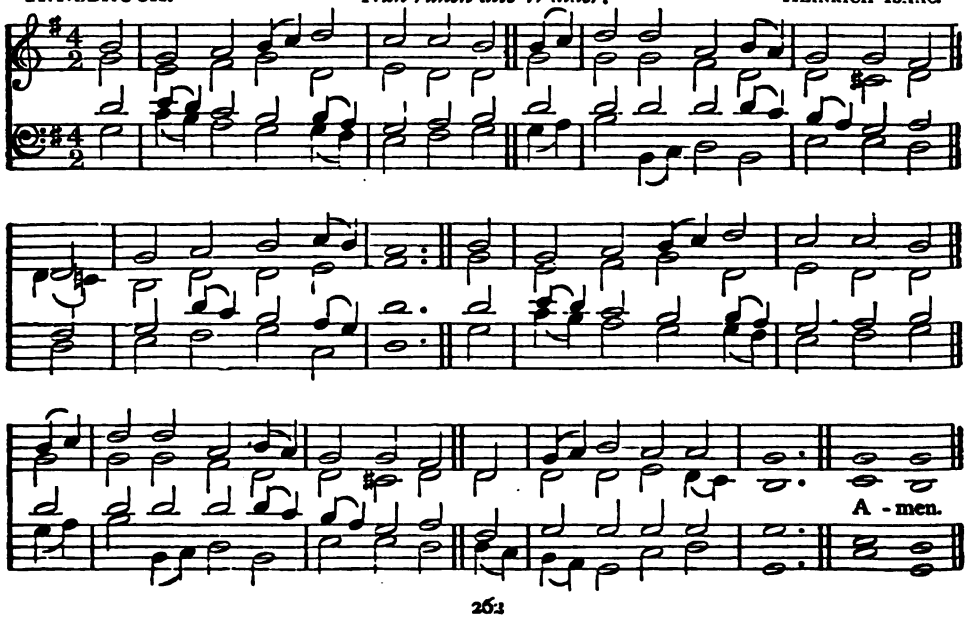
2 *p* My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 *mf* My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 *p* My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

5 *mf* My times are in Thy hand:
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
f I shall for ever be. Amen.

8,8,6,8,8,6.

INNSBRÜCK. *Nun ruhen alle Wälder.* **HEINRICH ISAAC.**

325

"Resting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

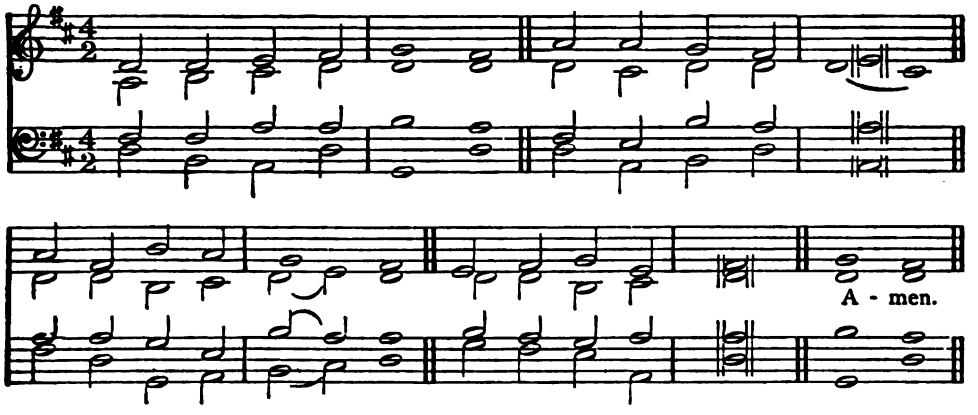
1 *mf* O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
cres And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 *p* How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
cres Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
f On Thine almighty arms!

3 *p* Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
cres Then rise with lightened cheer,
mf Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

4 *p* We cannot trust Him as we should:
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
cres Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 *mf* Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
dim And taste, before Him lying still,
p E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

CLEWER. 6,5,6,5. GERMAN.

326

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

1 *mf* OH, let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
cres Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 *p* Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
mf God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

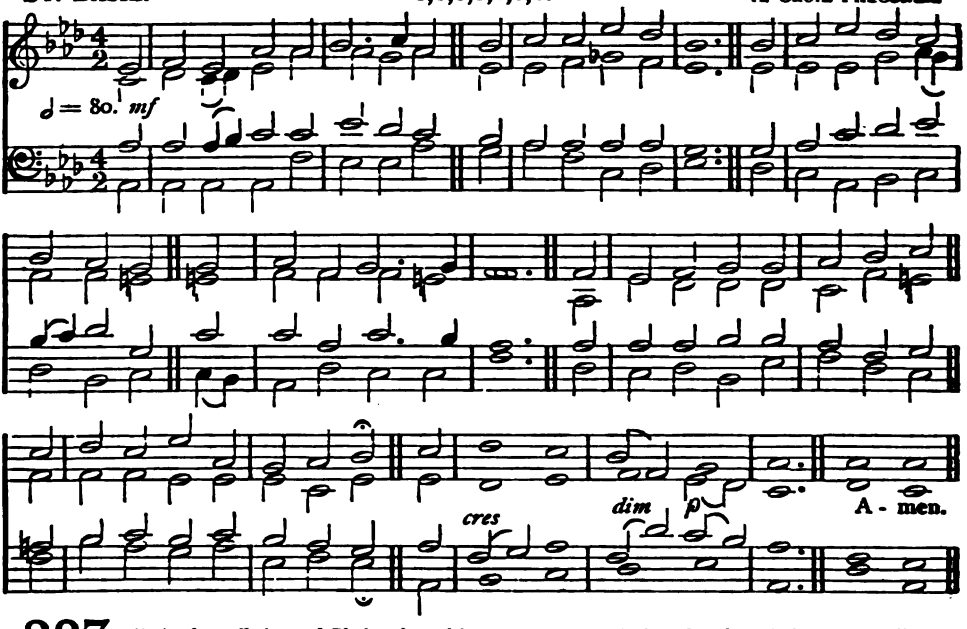
3 *mf* God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pain that grieve thee.
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 *f* Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 *p* If in grief thou languish,
cres He will dry the tear,
mf Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 *p* All thy woe and sadness
In this world below,
cres Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know.

7 *mf* Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
f Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

ST. BASIL. 8,6,8,6,8,8,6. A. CROIL FALCONER.

327

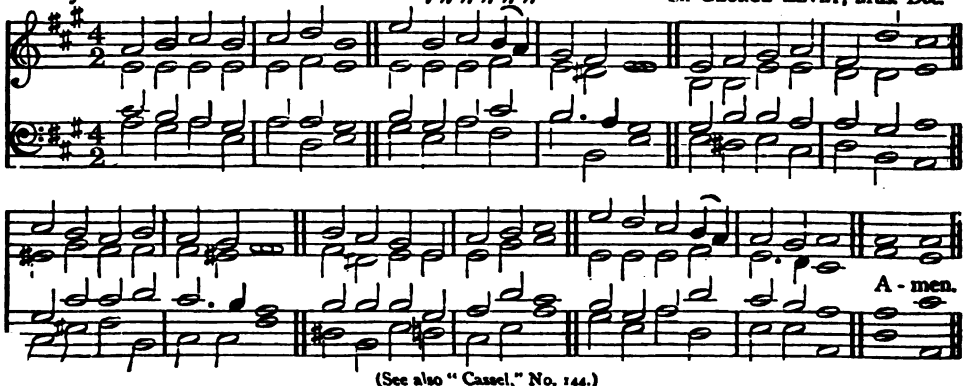
"As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

1 *p* O THOU who diedst to give us life,
Full well to Thee is known
The cross, and all the inner strife
Of those who weep alone,
And 'neath their burden well nigh faint;
The aching heart's unspoken plaint
Finds echo in Thine own.

2 *p* Ah, Christ! do Thou within me speak,
For Thou canst comfort best;
The tower and stronghold of the weak,
The weary wanderer's rest,
Our shadow in the noon-day hours,
cres And, when the tempest round us lowers,
Our shelter safe and blest!

3 *mf* O Holy Spirit, sent of God,
In whom all gladness lies,
Refresh my soul, lift off her load,
From Thee all sadness flies;
Thou know'st the glories yet to come;
The joy, the solace of that home,
Where we shall one day rise.

4 *mf* There in Thy presence we shall see
Glories beyond our ken;
The cross known here to none but Thee
Shall turn to gladness then;
cres There smiles for all our tears are given,
And for our woes the joys of heaven;
f Lord, I believe! Amen! Amen.

ELIJAH. 7,7,7,7,7,7. SIR GEORGE ELVEY, MUS. DOC.

(See also "Cassel," No. 144.)

328

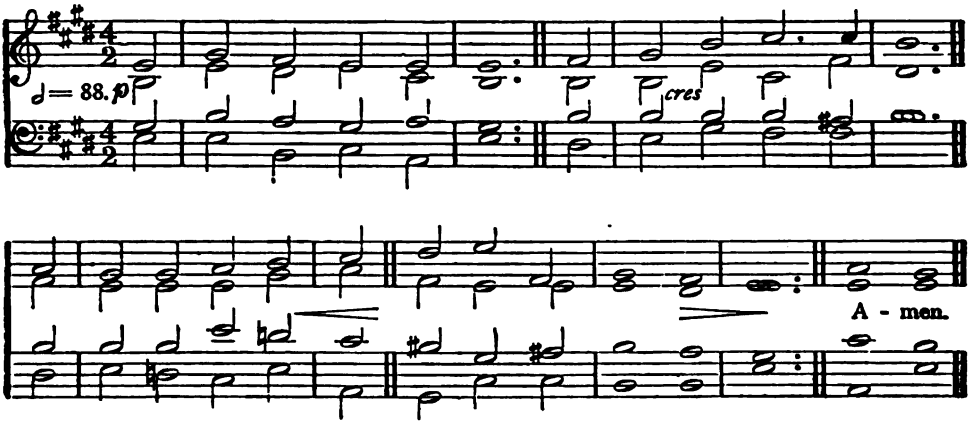
"Be in subjection to the Father of spirits."

1 *p* QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me, as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
mf Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 *mf* What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
dim Why should I the burden bear?

3 *mf* As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
cres Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 *mf* Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
cres When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love. Amen.

VIA CRUCIS. 6,6,6,6. JOSEPH BARNBY.

329

"Make Thy way straight before my face."

1 *p* THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 *p* Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
cres Right onward to Thy rest.

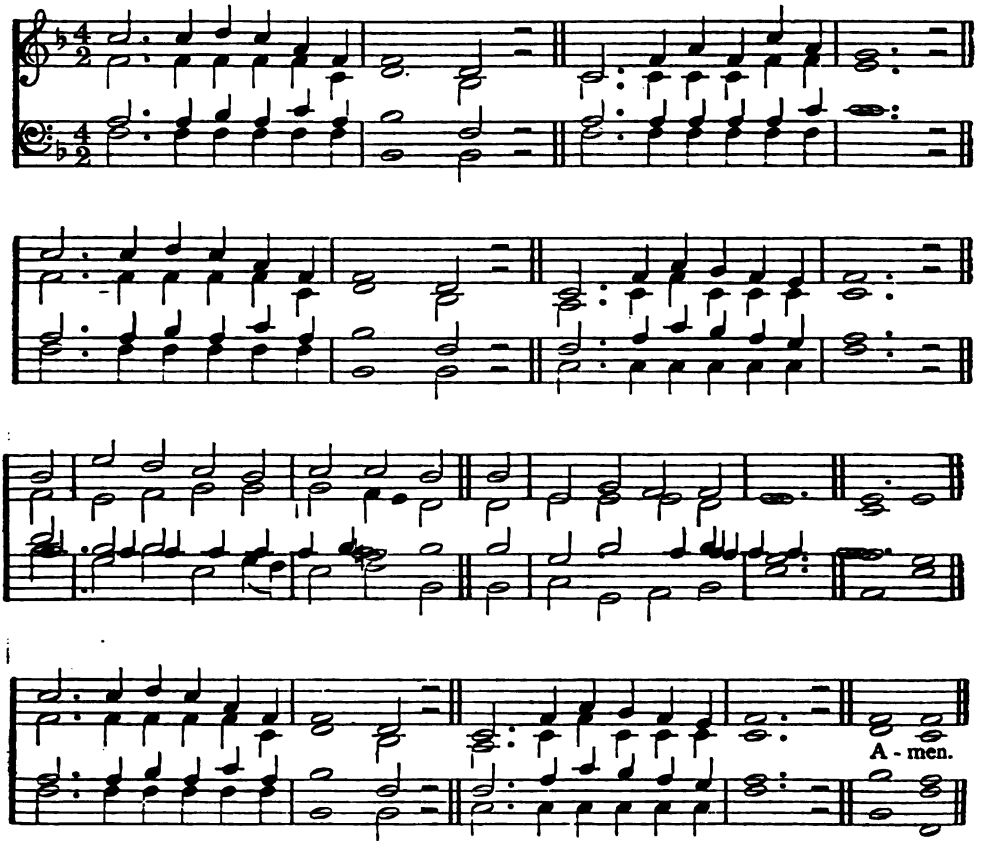
3 *p* I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
mf Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4 *mf* The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
dim Else I must surely stray.

5 *mf* Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem:
Choose Thou my good and ill;

6 *mf* Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
dim Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 *mf* Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
cres Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
f My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

FRIEND OF SINNERS. 8,7,8,7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.

330

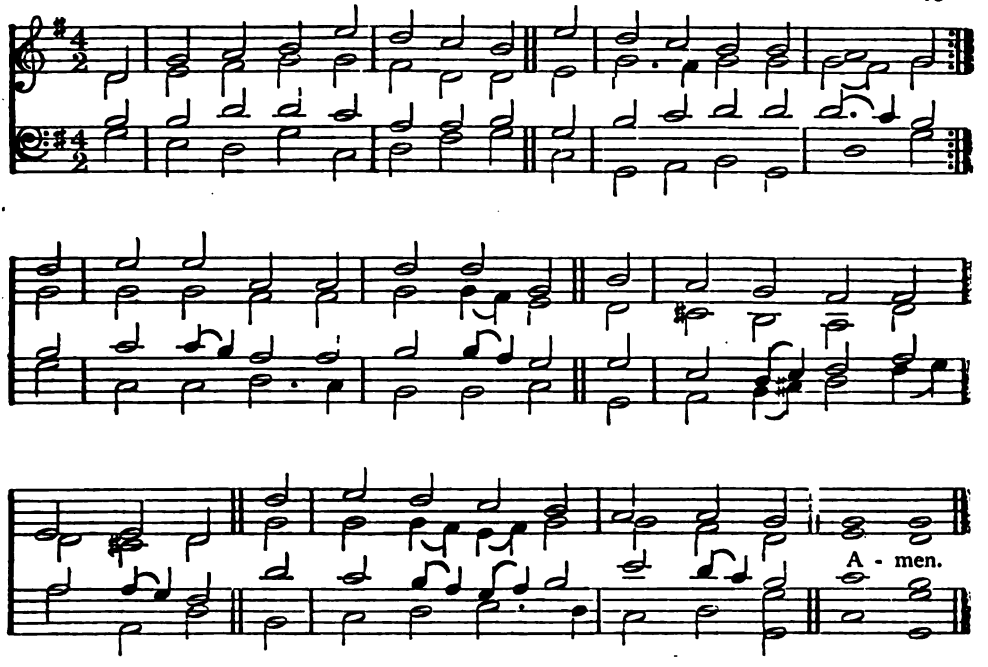
"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

1 *mf* WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege, to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
p Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
cres All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

2 *p* Have we trials or temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
cres We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
mf Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 *p* Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
p Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
mf Take it to the Lord in prayer;
cres In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

8,7,8,7,4,4,8,8.

BADEN. *Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.* SEVERUS CASTORIUS, 1675.

331 *"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."*

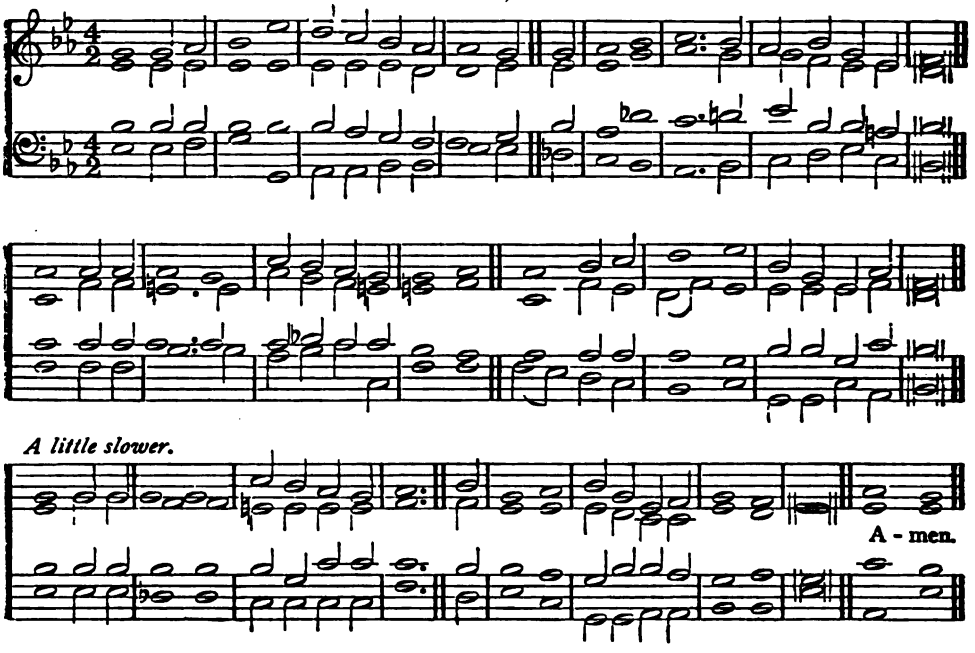
1 *mf* WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
Holy His will abideth;
p I will be still, whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth.
cres He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

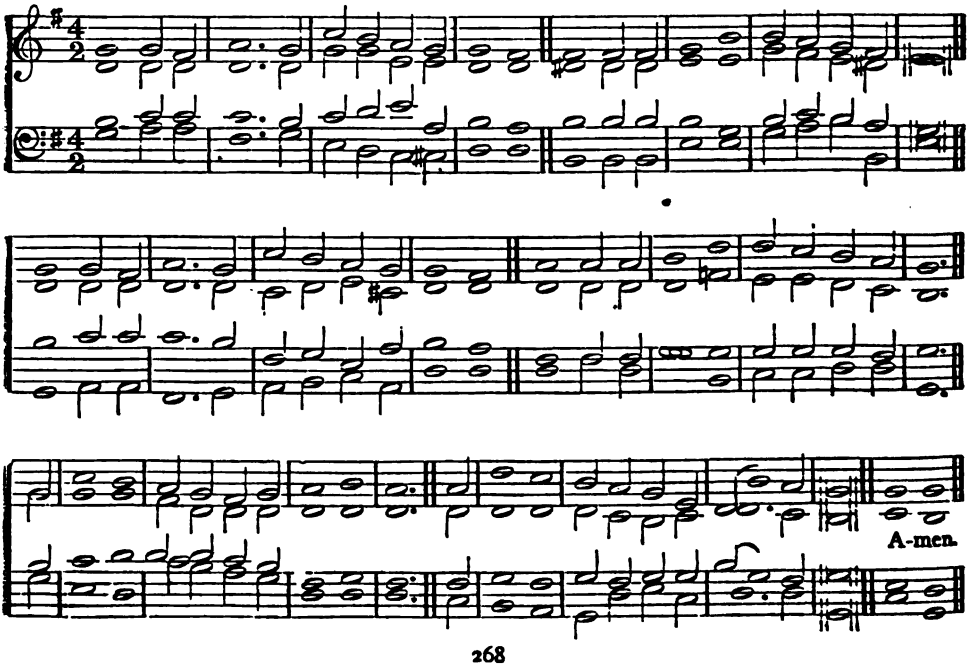
2 *mf* Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 *mf* Whate'er my God ordains is right:
p Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
cres I take it, all unshrinking;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
mf Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 *mf* Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
p Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
cres Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care
Is round me there;
mf He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all Amen.

ST. NICOLAS (*1st Tune*). 11,10,11,10,10,10. JOSEPH BARNBY.



THOU KNOWEST, LORD (*2nd Tune*). 11,10,11,10,10,10. O. R. BARNICOTT, LL.B.

332

"Lord, Thou knowest all things."

1 *mf* THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: (*p*) Thou knowest, Lord.

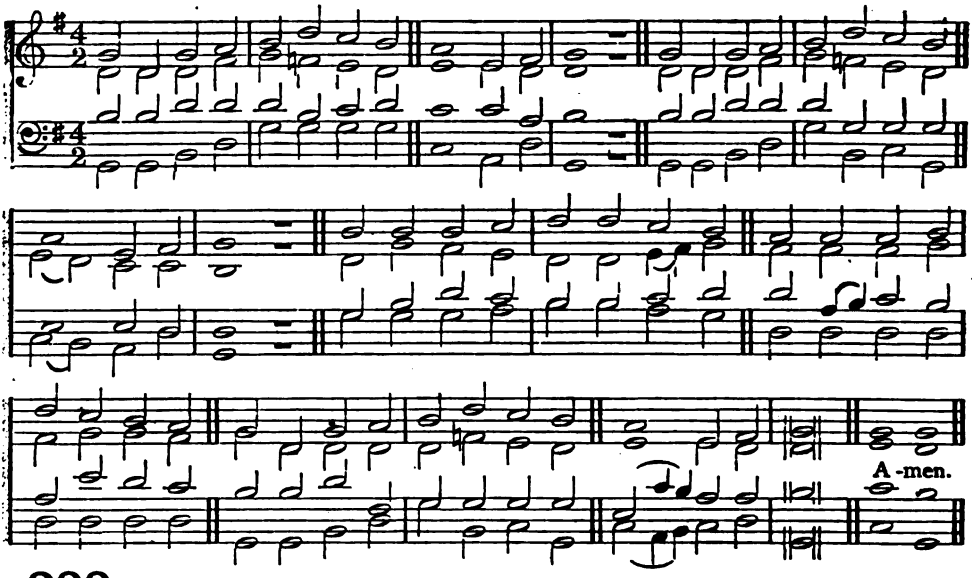
2 *mf* Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
p And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain
cres And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 *mf* Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
p All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 *mf* Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
pp And the dark river to be crossed at last;
cres Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, "Thou knowest, Lord?"

5 *mf* Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
cres And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 *mf* Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
cres Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
f And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.

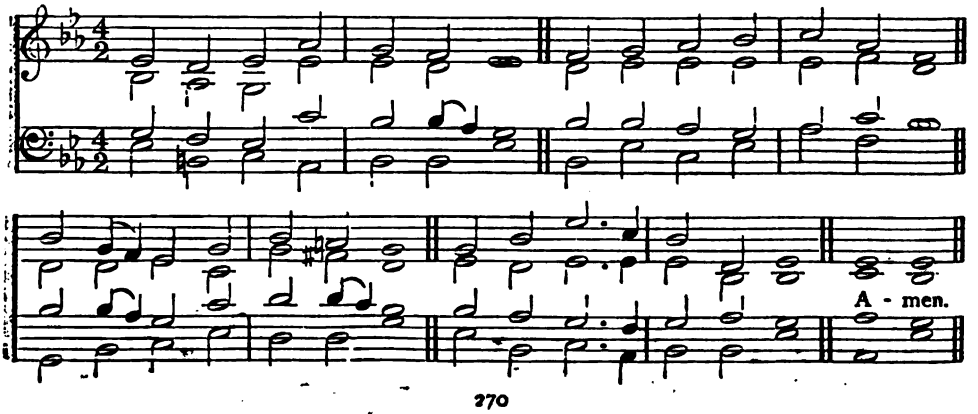
EVENSONG. 8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4. T. B. SOUTHGATE.

333

"Is it well with thee? . . . It is well."

1 *mf* THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
p Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
cres Strong the hand stretched forth to shield [us;
f All must be well.

2 *p* Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
cres Ours is such a full salvation,
f All, all is well.
mf Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
dim Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
p All must be well.

3 *mf* We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
f "All, all is well."
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, (*p*) or in dying,
ff All must be well. Amen.

FIDUCIA. 7,7,7,7. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

334

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 *p* WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
f "It is I; be not afraid."

2 *mf* When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
f "It is I; be not afraid."

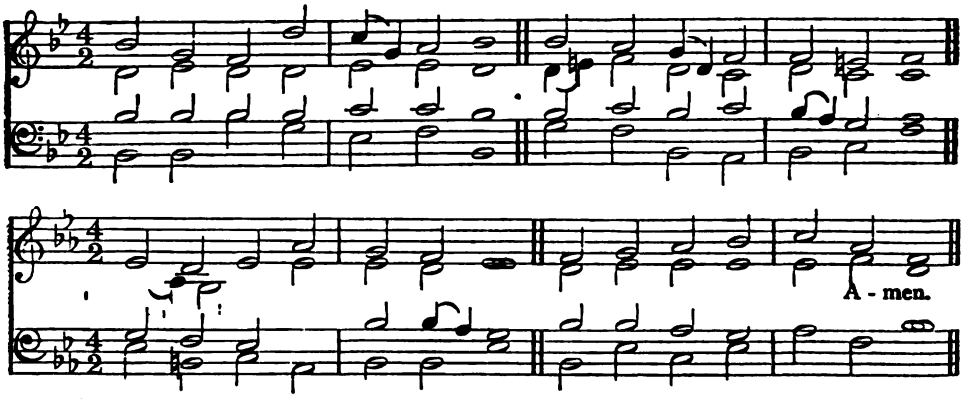
3 *p* When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
cres "It is I; be not afraid."

4 *pp* When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,
p "It is I; be not afraid."

5 *p* When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
cres Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
mf "It is I; be not afraid."

6 *pp* When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cres May the voice be strong and clear,
f "It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

VII.—ASPIRATION AND PRAYER.

CHRIST CHAPEL. 7,7,7,7. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

335

"Ask, and it shall be given you."

1 *mf* COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 *f* Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 *p* With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

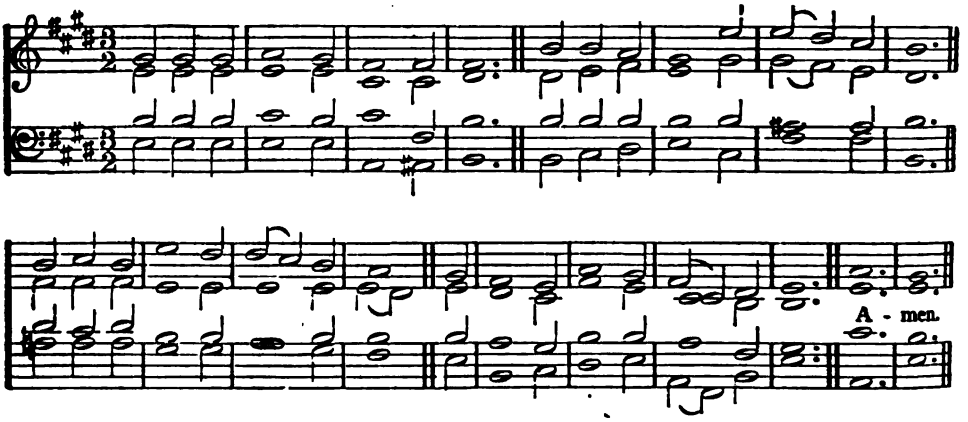
4 *p* Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
cres Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 *mf* As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

6 *p* While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
cres As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 *mf* Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
dim Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

MARYTON. L.M. Rev. H. PERCY SMITH.



336

"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

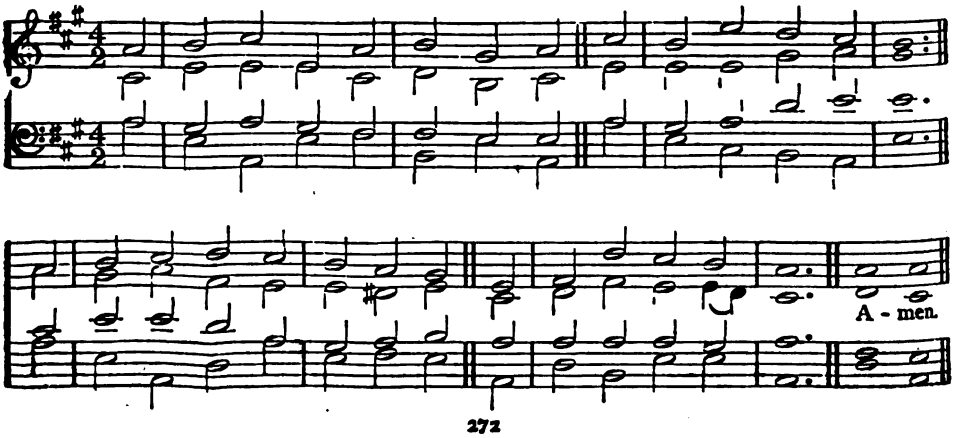
1 *mf* FOR Thee, my God, for Thee alone,
My spirit longs with ardent love;
On earth beside Thee there is none,
And none but Thee in heaven above.

2 *mf* Fulfil, O God, my heart's desires;
While I look up, look down to bless;
Each holy wish Thy grace inspires,
May I in Thy deep love possess.

3 *p* My soul cleaves heavy to the dust,
cres But Thou canst raise and set it free;
And then in calm and joyful trust
It soars from earth to heaven and Thee.

4 *p* Now in this stillness, as the breath
Of prayer steals upward to the skies,
cres Oh, give my soul the wings of faith,
That it to Thee may gladly rise:

5 *mf* That, breaking through each fleshly link
Which binds its being to the clod,
cres At life's clear well-spring it may drink,
mf Rejoicing in the smile of God. Amen.

ST. PAUL. C.M. NAHUM TATE, 1700.

337

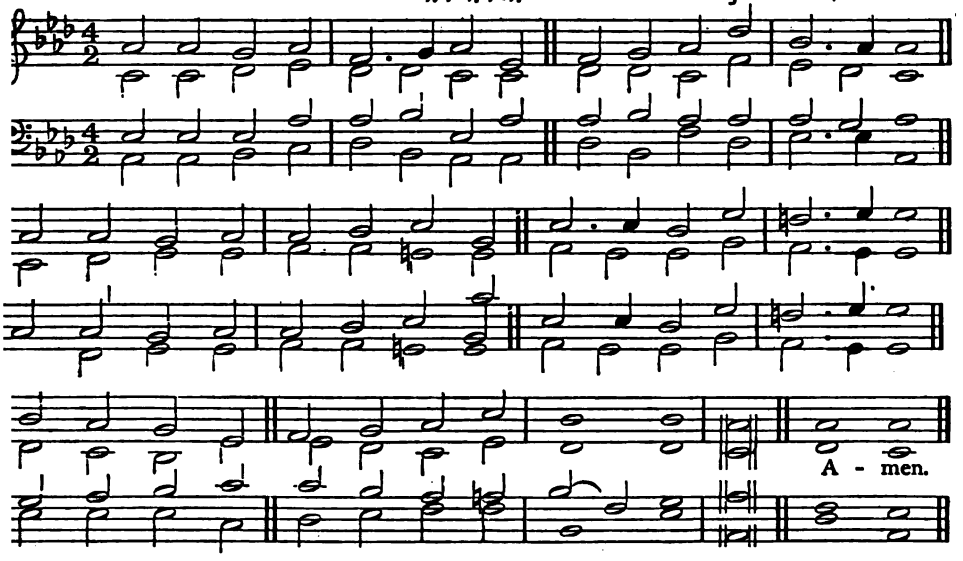
"The God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do His will."

mf FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

mf Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.

3 *mf* Oh, may Thy Spirit seal our souls
cres And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

4 *mf* That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
cres And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes. Amen.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

338

"Deliver us from evil."

mf JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
p By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

mf Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

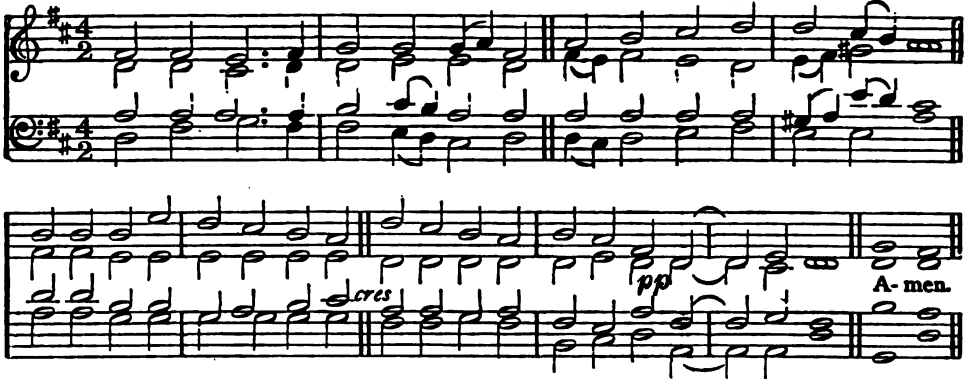
mf From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

p When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
pp By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

5 *mf* When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

6 *p* In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

7 *pp* In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
cres May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay
p By Thy mercy,
cres Oh, deliver us, good Lord! Amen.

ETIAM ET MIHI. 8,7,8,7,3. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

339

"Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation."

1 *mf* LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
cres Let some drops descend on me,
p Even me.

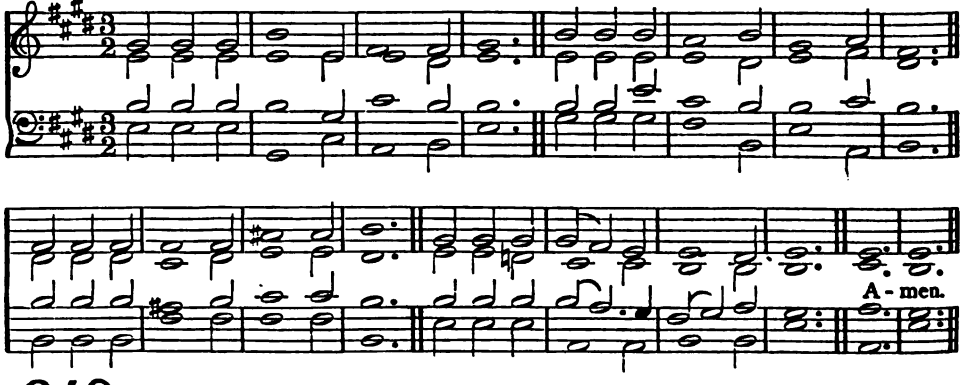
p Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather
cres Let Thy mercy light on me,
p Even me

3 *p* Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cres I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
p Even me.

4 *p* Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
cres Speak the word of power to me,
p Even me.

5 *p* Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
cres Oh! forgive and rescue me,
p Even me.

6 *mf* Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless:
cres Magnify them all in me,
p Even me. Amen.

HESPERUS. L.M. HENRY BAKER, Mus. Bac.

340

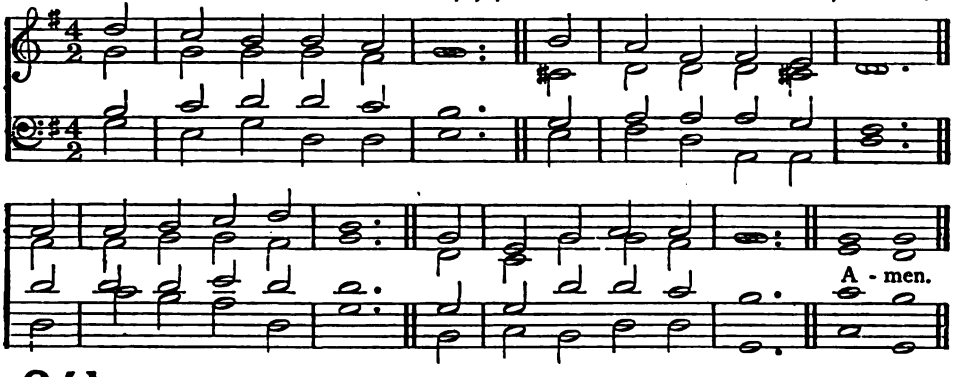
"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."

1 *p* LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest:
cres Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 *mf* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
dim Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 *mf* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
dim Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 *mf* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
p Where none can die, where none remove,
cres There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.
Amen.

ST. CECILIA. 6,6,6,6. Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

341

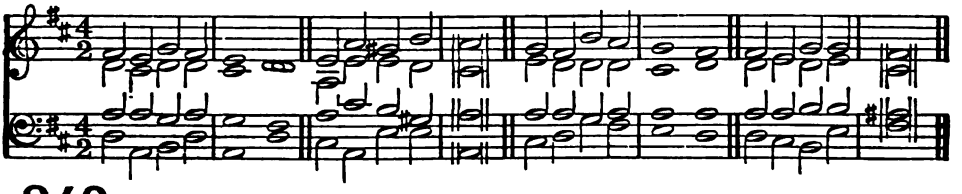
"We will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

1 *mf* MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
dim Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

2 *mf* Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

3 *p* Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 *mf* No rest is to be found,
But in Thy blessèd love;
cres Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above! Amen.

ST. CONSTANTINE. 6,5,6,5. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

342

"Remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord."

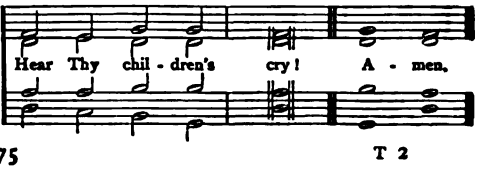
1 *p* JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry

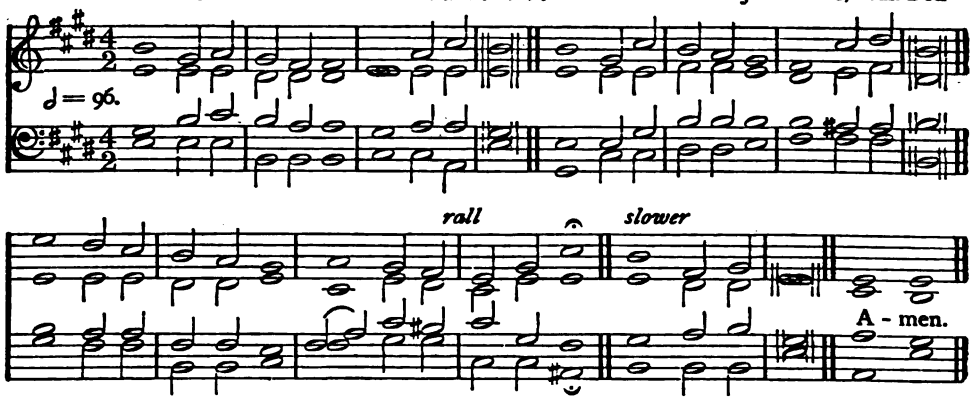
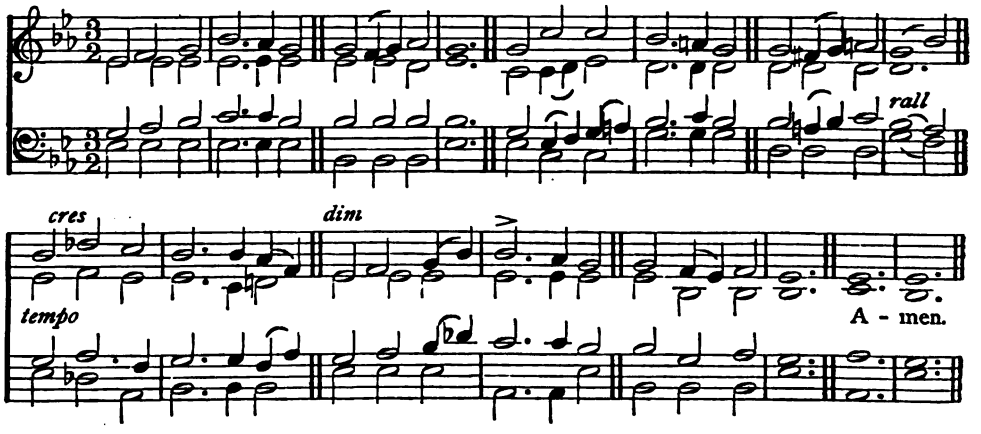
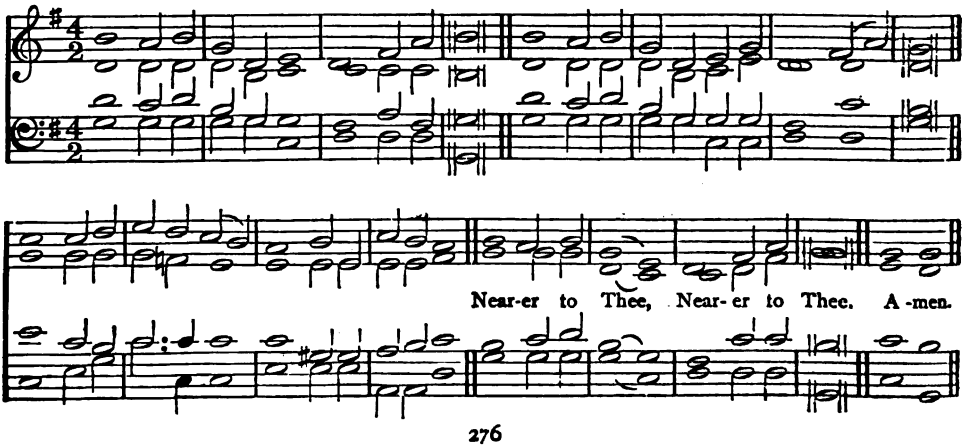
2 *mf* Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains;

3 *f* Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above;

4 *mf* Lead us on our journey;
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 *p* Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,



WHITEFORD (*1st Tune*). 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

HORBURY (*2nd Tune*). 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

PROPIOR DEO (*3rd Tune*). 6,4,6,4,6,6,4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

343

"Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him."

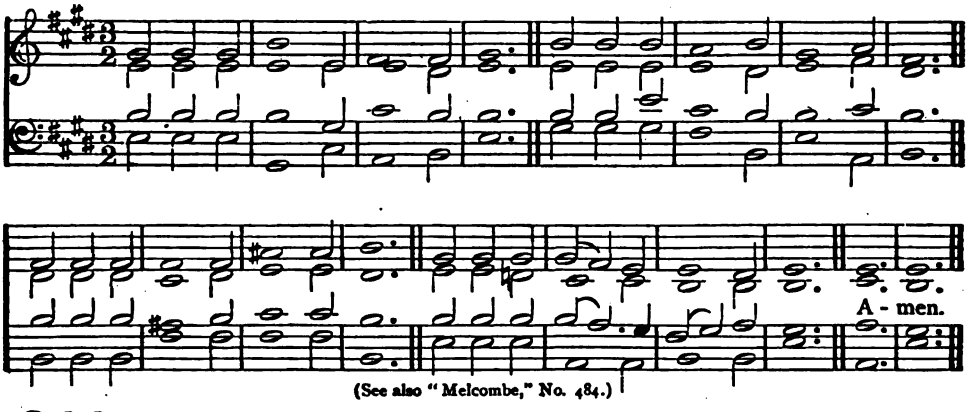
1 *mf* NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cres Still all my song would be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee!"

2 *p* Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
cres Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee!

3 *mf* There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
cres Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee!

4 *f* Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
p So by my woes to be
cres Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee!

5 *f* Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
cres Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
dim Nearer to Thee!" Amen.

HESPERUS. L.M. HENRY BAKER, Mus. Bac.

(See also "Melcombe," No. 484.)

344

"There I will meet with thee; and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat."

1 *mf* FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
p 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

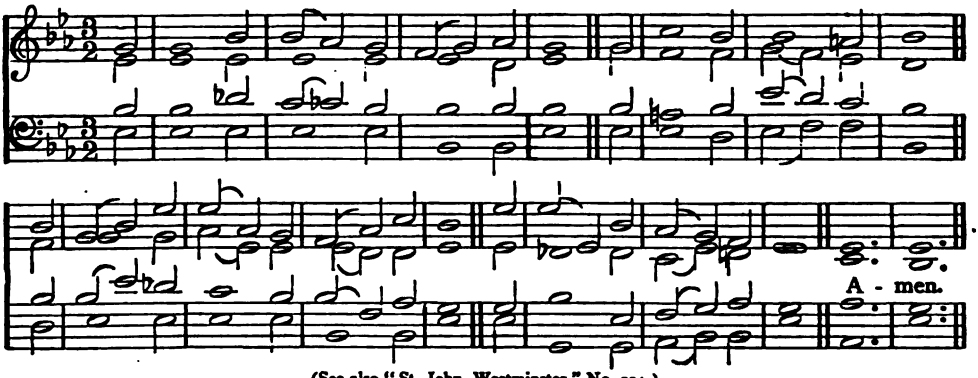
2 *mf* There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
p It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 *mf* There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 *p* Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
cres Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 *mf* There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
cres And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
f And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
Amen.

BOOTERSTOWN. C.M. HENRY BUSSELL.



(See also "St. John, Westminster," No. 234.)

345

"Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."

1 *p* OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
cres A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

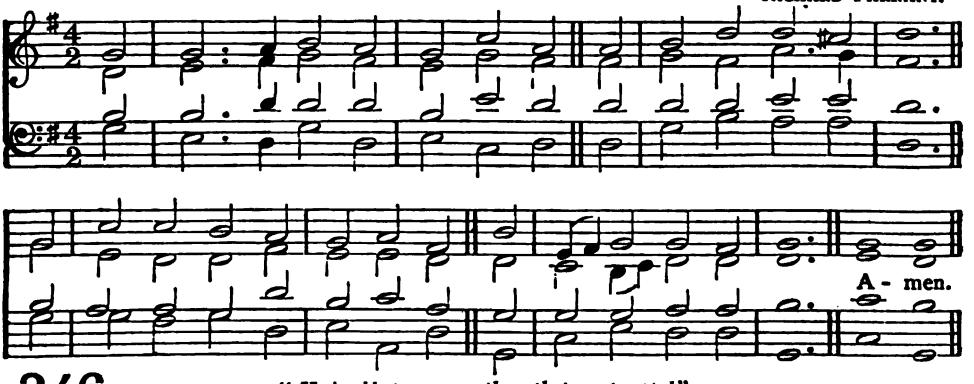
2 *p* Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 *mf* What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
p But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 *mf* Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
p I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 *mf* The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cres Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 *mf* So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

FARRANT. C.M. RICHARD FARRANT.

346

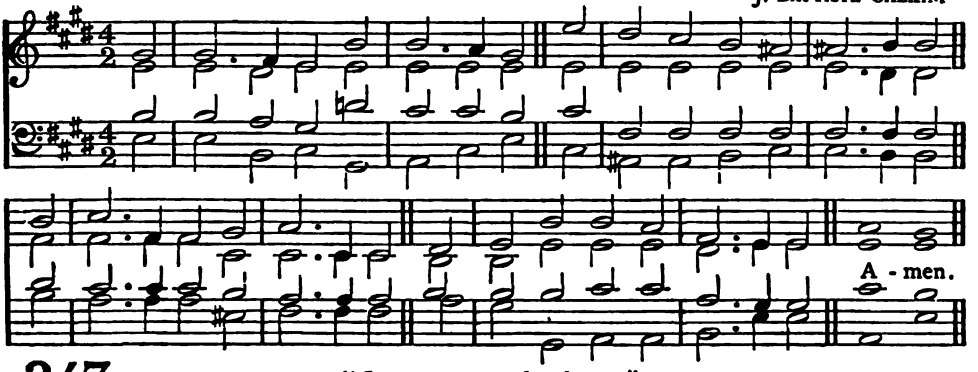
"He is able to succour them that are tempted."

1 *mf* OH, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 *p* Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

3 *mf* Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
cres For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 *p* Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high
We know no help but Thee!
cres Oh, help us so to live and die
f As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

SEFTON. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

347

"I go to prepare a place for you."

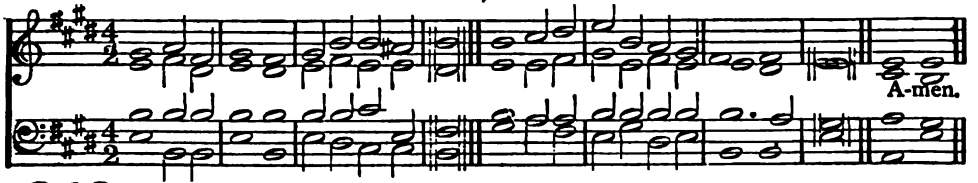
1 *mf* O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 *mf* Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

3 *cres* With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art,
f Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 *mf* Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down the Holy Ghost to be
The Raiser of our souls to Thee.

5 *p* O future Judge, eternal Lord,
cres Thy name be hallowed and adored!
f To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given!
Amen.

HISPANIA. 10,10.

348

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."

1 *mf* O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
p Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 *p* Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
cres Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 *p* O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 *mf* Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

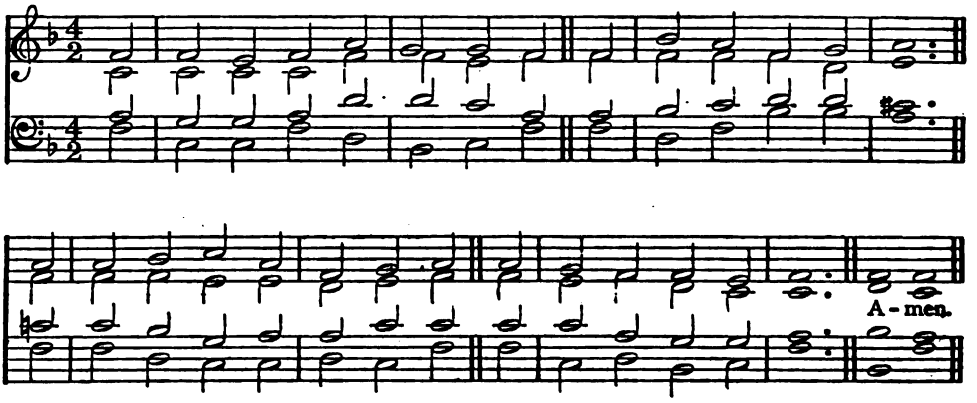
5 *p* Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 *mf* Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face!

7 *mf* In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 *mf* Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

9 *cres* Oh, lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
f And bring us safely to our home above! Amen

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

349

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

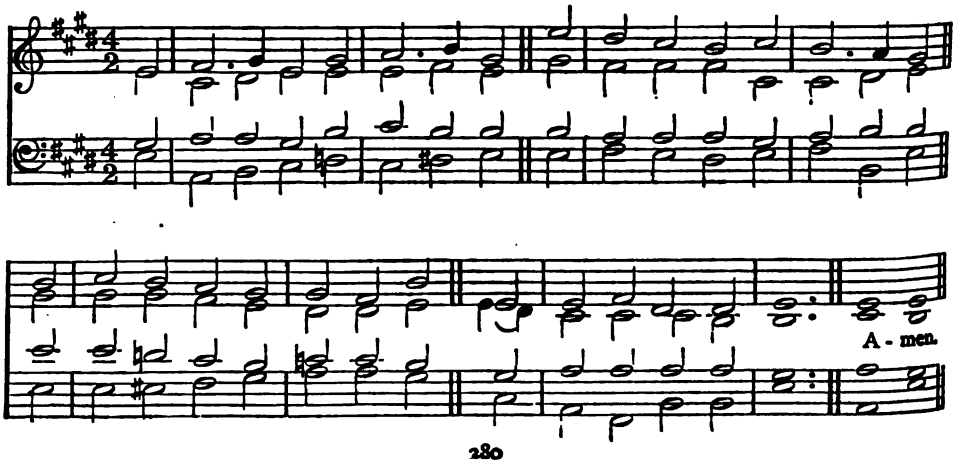
1 *f* OH, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me;

2 *mf* A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 *p* A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
cres Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 *mf* A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 *mf* Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
cres Write Thy new name upon my heart,
f Thy new, best name of Love. Amen.

ST. CECILIA. 8,8,8,6. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac.

350

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father."

1 *mf* O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
dim That Thou wilt plead for me.

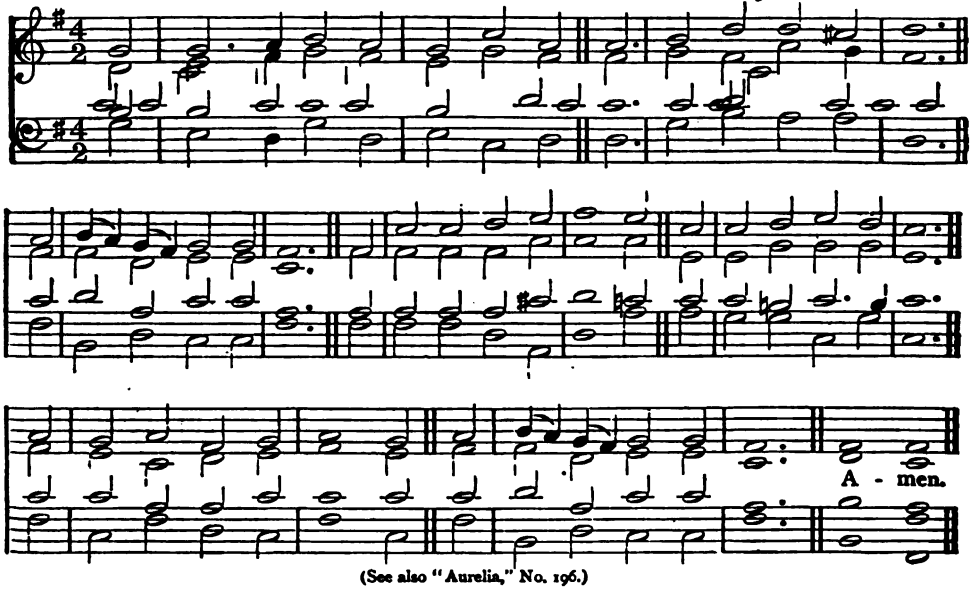
2 *mf* When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 *p* When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 *p* When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
cres Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
f And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 *pp* And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
cres Then to my fainting sight appear,
f Pleading in heaven for me.

6 *mf* When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
cres Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
f Oh, say, Thou plead'st for me! Amen.

ARCADELT. 7,6,7,6. D. JACQUES ARCADELT.

(See also "Aurelia," No. 196.)

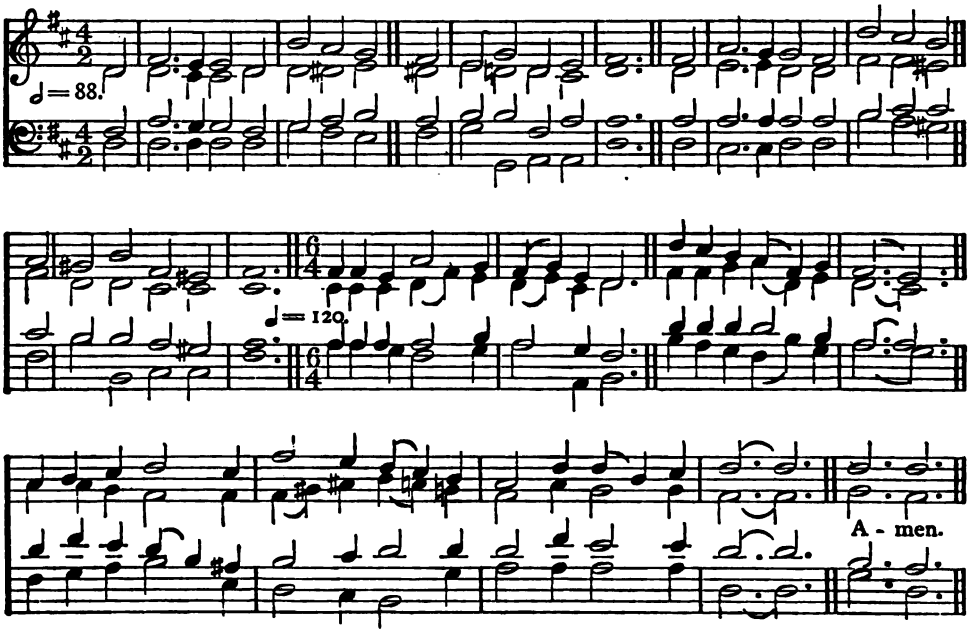
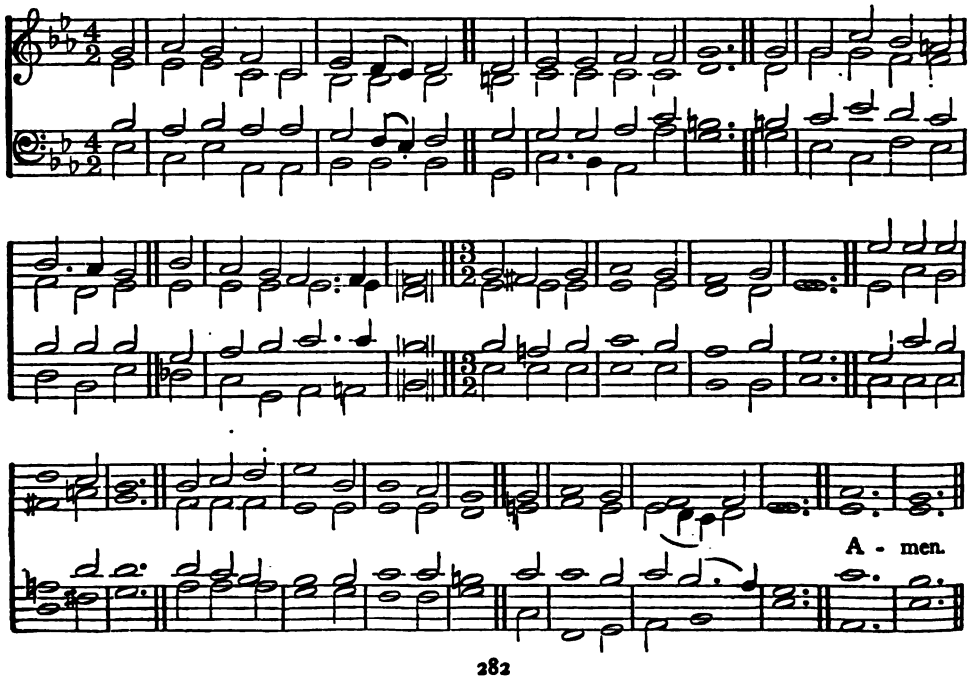
351

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

1 *p* O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy pierced side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
mf What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 *p* 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
mf Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
dim In all its cares and woe.

3 *mf* Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
f Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love.
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

THE ROSEATE HUES (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

CASTLE RISING (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.

352

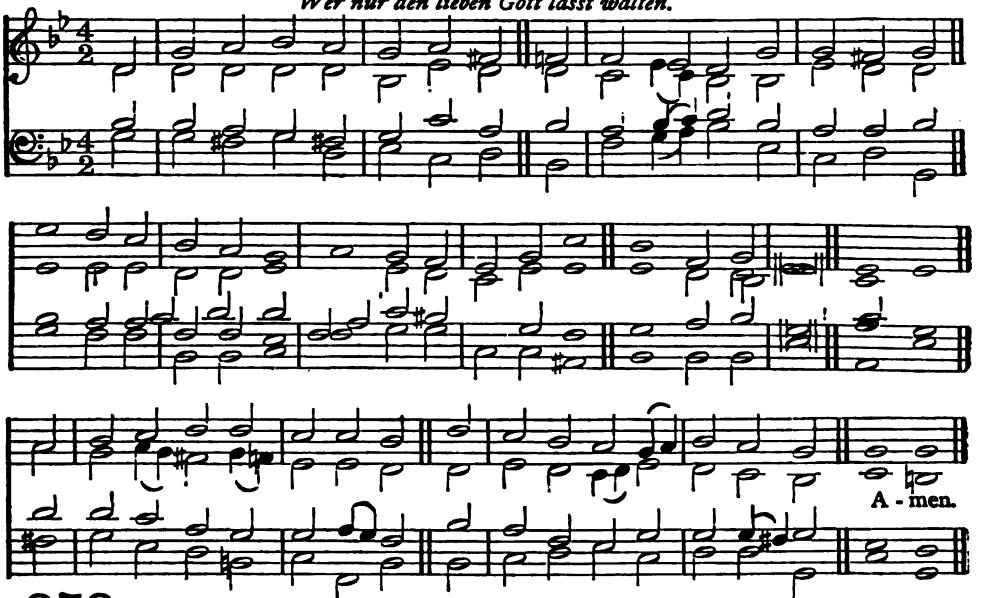
"When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

1 *mf* THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
p How fast they fade away!
cres Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
f Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth never more!

2 *p* The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cres Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
f Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 *mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
cres But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
p Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
cres Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
mf Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

NEUMARK. 8,8,8,8,8,8. G. NEUMARK.

Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.

353

"God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us."

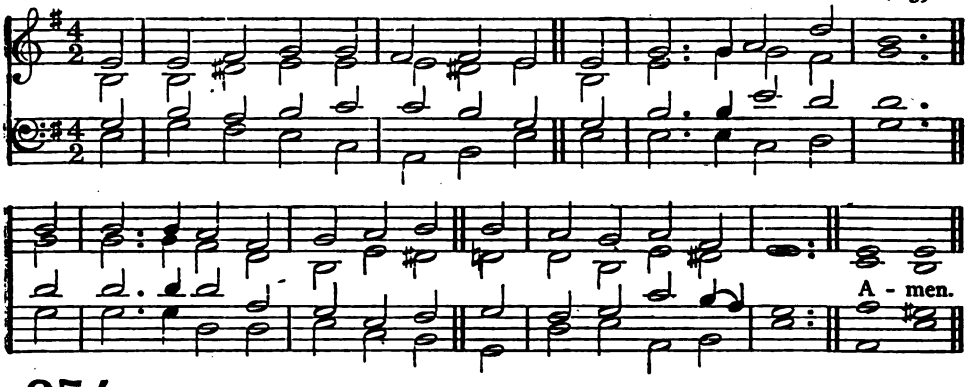
1 *mf* THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
dim Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, (*cres*) till it finds rest in Thee.

2 *mf* Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 *mf* 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 *mf* Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
cres Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
p Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 *mf* O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father" cry!
Amen.

CHESHIRE. C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

354

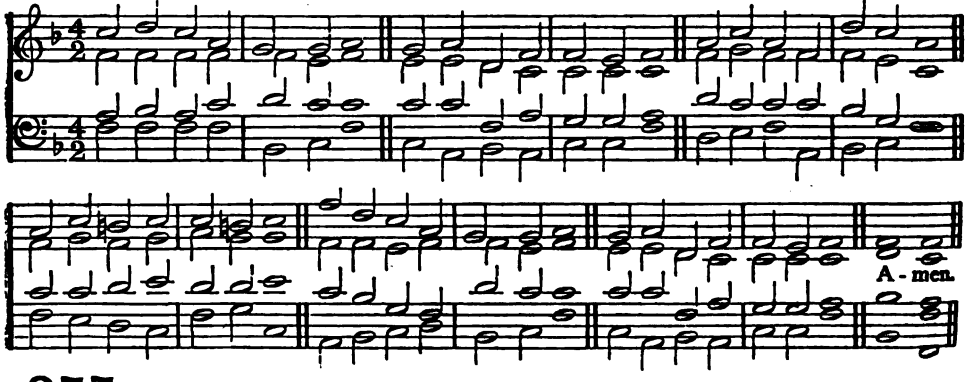
"Changed into the same image from glory to glory."

1 *mf* O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within;
cres Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

2 *mf* Oh, may we gaze upon Thy cross,
cres Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light!

3 *mf* Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things!

4 *mf* There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee;
cres And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see! Amen.

ST. CLEMENT. 7,7,7,7,7,7. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

355

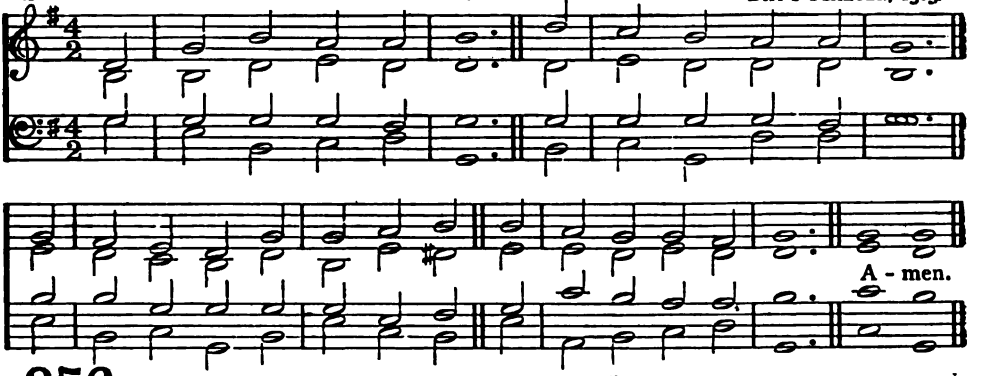
"He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry."

1 *mf* SON of Man, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 *p* Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
pp By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see:
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 *mf* Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
cres Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 *f* Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
cres Then Thy presence let me see!
Manifest Thyself to me! Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

356

"O Lord, revive Thy work."

1 *mf* REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
cres Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

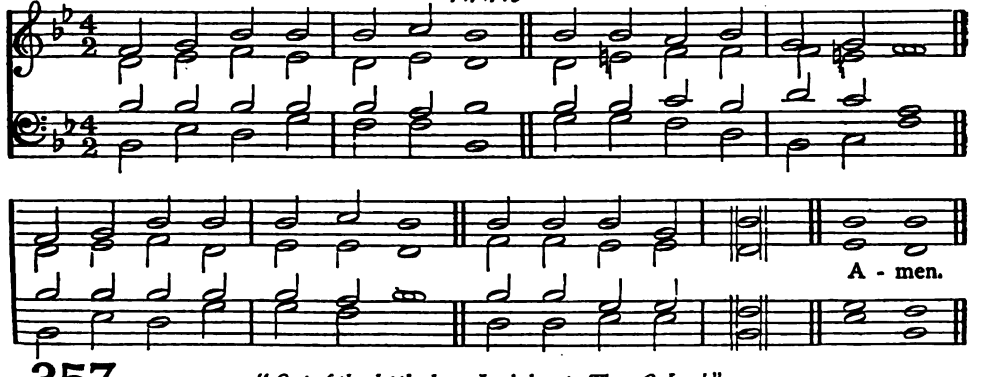
2 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
cres Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 *mf* Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Give power unto Thy word;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

6 *f* Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours! Amen.

TREVES. 7,7,7,5. ANCIENT MELODY.

357

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

1 *p* THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need:
cres Jesus, hear my cry!

2 *p* In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
cres Lift to Thee mine eye.

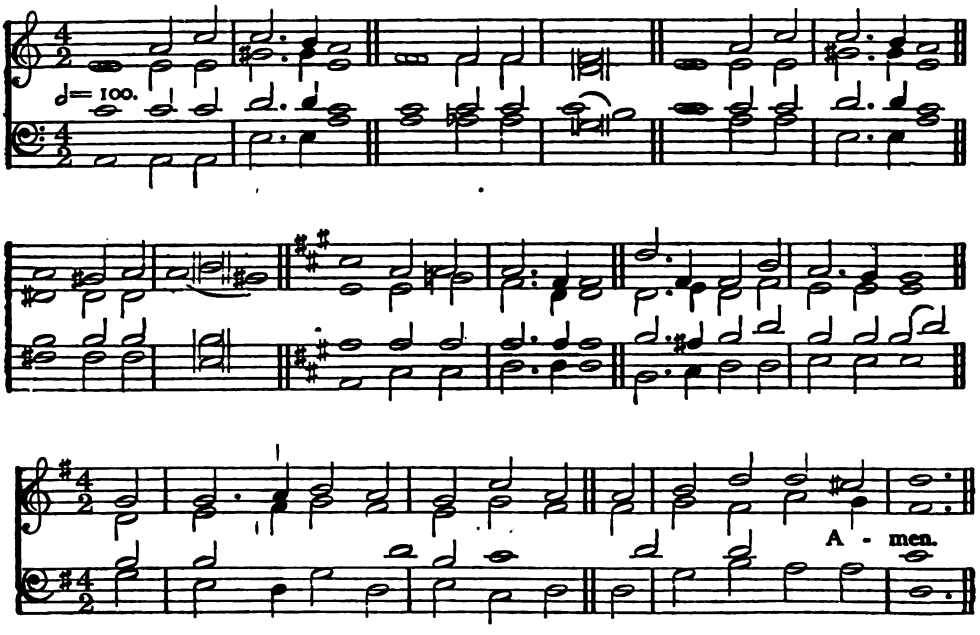
3 *p* Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
cres To Thy cross I fly.

4 *p* Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound:
cres Surely so may I!

5 *mf* There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair—
cres Save me, or I die!

6 *mf* When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
pp In the last and darkest hour,
cres Jesus, be Thou nigh! Amen.

VIII.—SERVICE AND REWARD.

VIGIL. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4. ARTHUR PATTON.

358 *"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."*

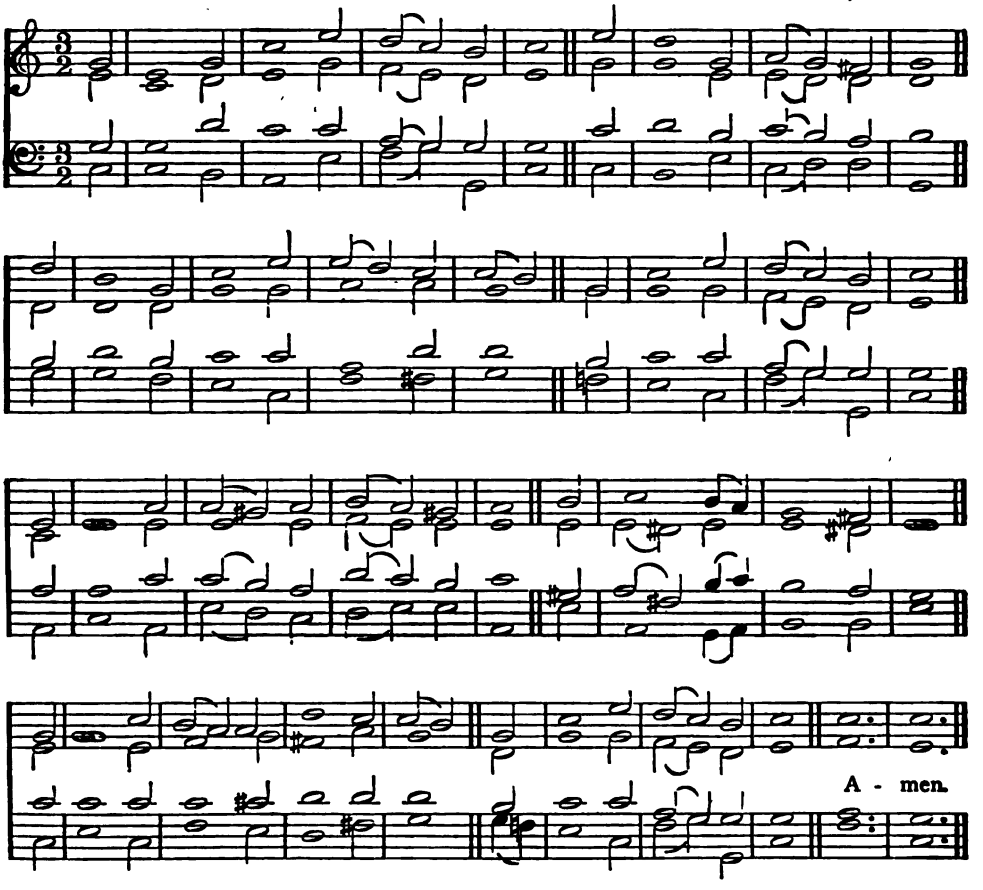
1 *f* HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
"Wake, brethren, wake!"
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
mf Sleep is for sons of night;
cres Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
f Wake, brethren, wake!

2 *mf* Call to each waking band,
"Watch, brethren, watch!"
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
Ev'n though He tarry late:
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 *mf* Heed we the Master's call,
"Work, brethren, work!"
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
cres Yours is a sure reward:
f Work, brethren, work!

4 *mf* Hear we the Saviour's voice,
p "Pray, brethren, pray!"
mf Would ye His heart rejoice?
p Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
cres Weakness needs the strong One near:
dim Long as ye struggle here,
pp Pray, brethren, pray!

5 *f* Sound now the final chord,
"Praise, brethren, praise!"
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
ff Praise, brethren, praise! Amen.

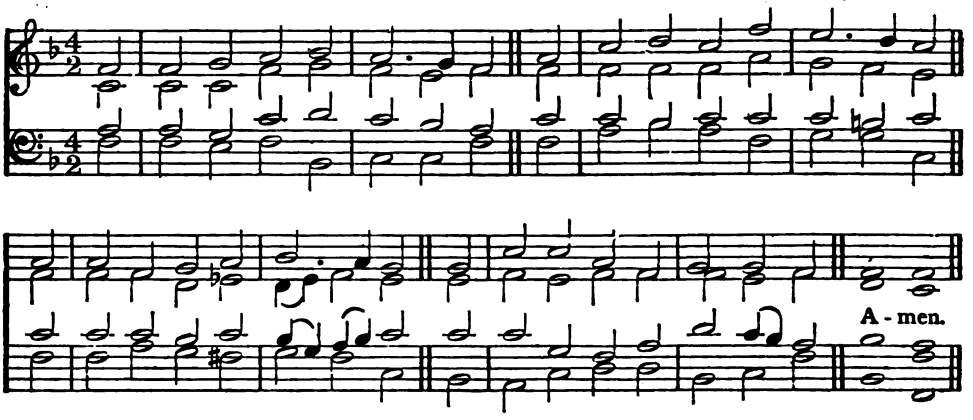
ST. MATTHEW. C.M. D. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

359 *"O Lord, truly I am Thy servant . . . Thou hast loosed my bonds."*

1 *mf* HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 *mf* With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
p No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
cres For love can easily divine
The one Beloved's will!

3 *mf* Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
p Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
cres And by my life, or by my death,
Let Christ be magnified!

4 *mf* How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
p How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh!
cres When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
f And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

ST ANSELM. L.M. Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

360

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."

1 *mf* GO, labour on; spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

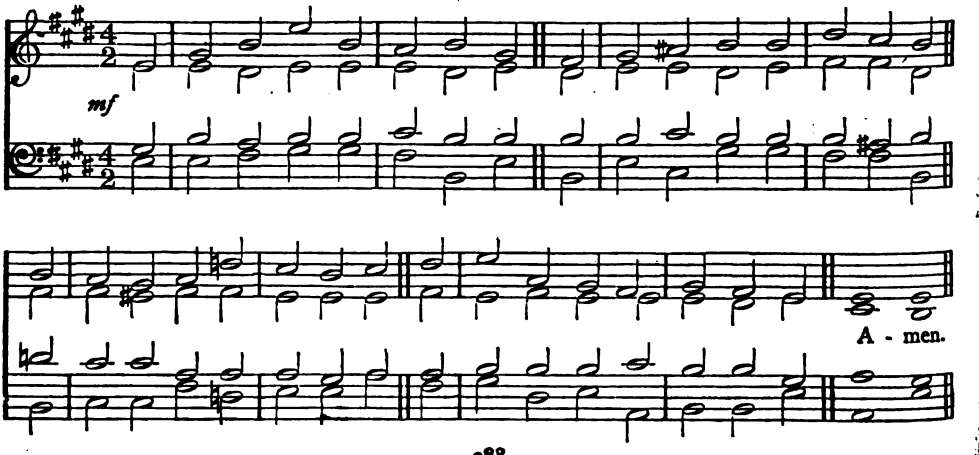
2 *mf* Go, labour on; (*dim*) your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
cres Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

3 *mf* Go, labour on while it is day;
p The world's dark night is hastening on;
cres Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 *p* Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
cres Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 *mf* Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
f Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 *mf* Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
f The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
Amen.

THANKSGIVING. L.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

361

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

1 *mf* LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
dim Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 *mf* Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 *f* Oh, strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

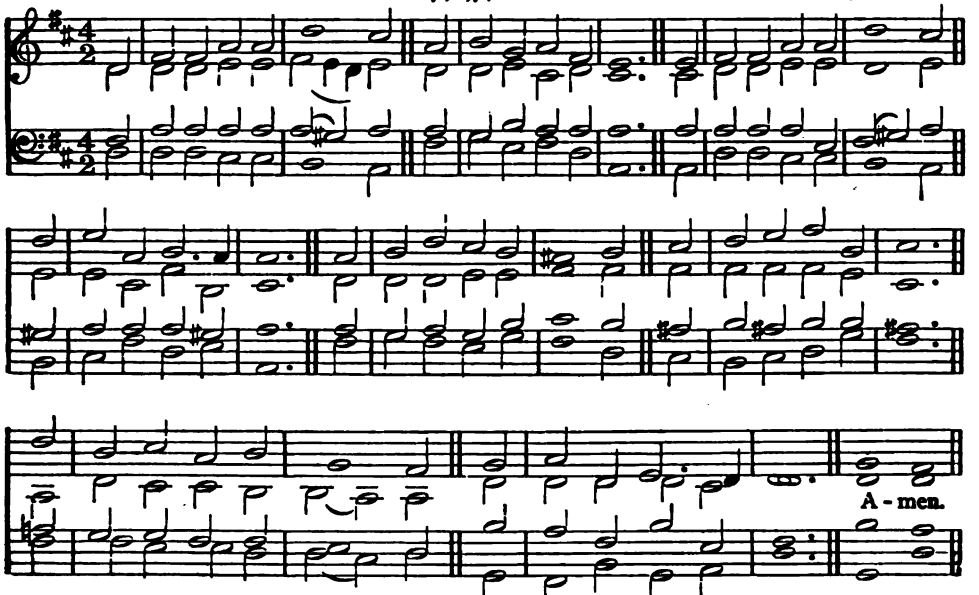
4 *mf* Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 *p* Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 *cres* Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 *mf* Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
cres Until Thy blessèd face I see,
f Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Amen.

ST. CATHARINE. 7,6,7,6. D. Rev. REGINALD F. DALE, Mus. Bac.

362

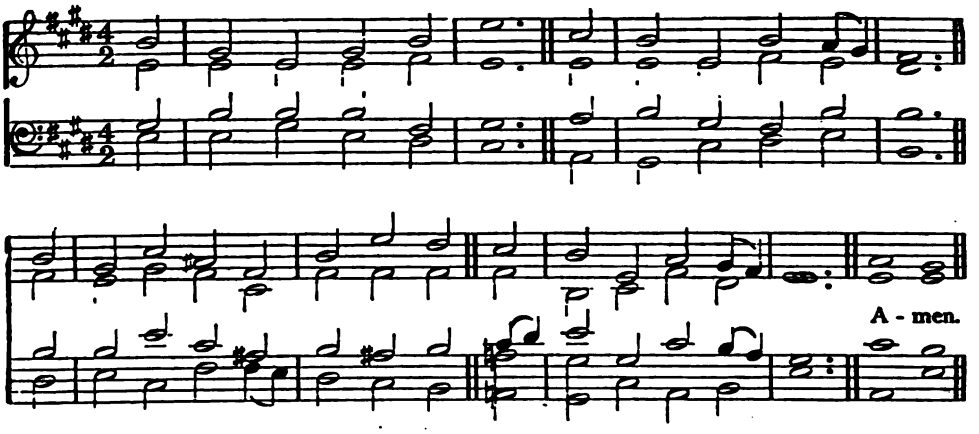
"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

1 *mf* LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
cres And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 *mf* As labourers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may we be,
dim Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come

3 *mf* Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
O blessèd Three in One!
cres Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness
Both now and evermore!

Amen.

SUNDERLAND. S.M. HENRY SMART.

363 *"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."*

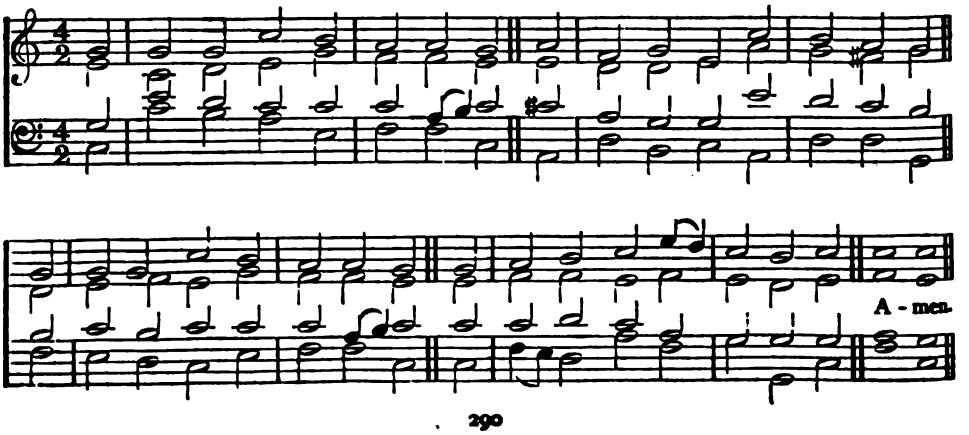
1 *mf* SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 *mf* Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

3 *mf* Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown

4 *mf* And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 *cres* Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
f And heaven cry, "Harvest home!" Amen.

MAINZER. L.M. DR. MAINZER.

364

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

1 *mf* POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

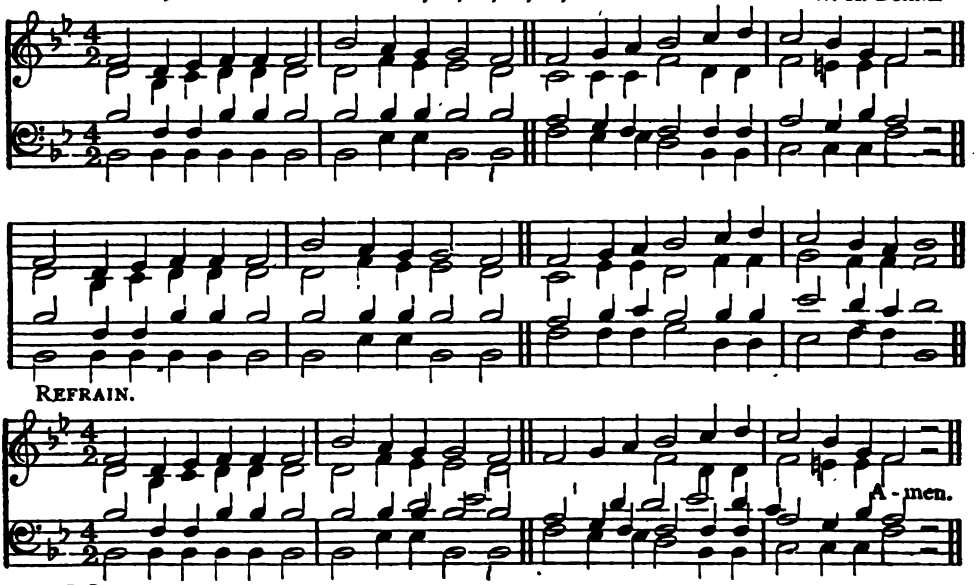
2 *mf* *Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!

3 *mf* Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 *mf* To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

5 *p* Then, when their work is finished here,
cres In humble hope their charge resign.
mf When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine!
Amen.

* This verse is to be used specially for Ministers.

RESCUE THE PERISHING. 11,10,11,10,11,10. W. H. DOANE.

365

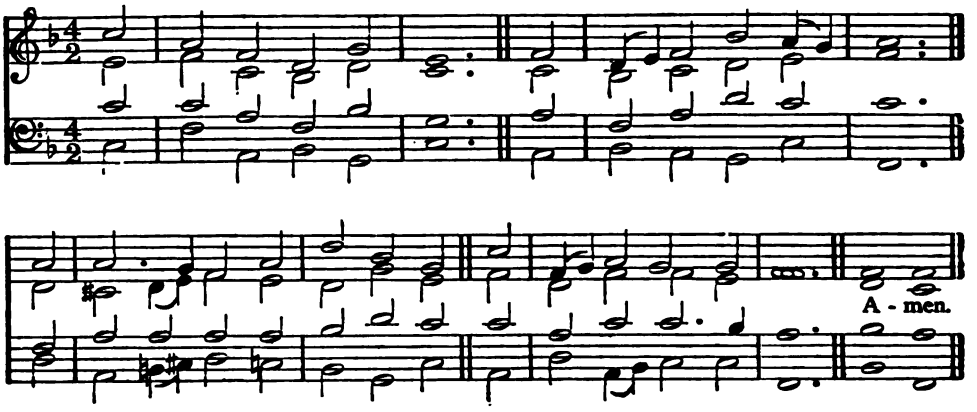
"Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

1 *mf* RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
p Weep o'er the erring ones, lift up the fallen,
cres Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
f Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 *p* Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
cres Plead with them earnestly, (*p*) plead with them gently,
mf He will forgive if they only believe.

3 *p* Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
cres Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 *f* Rescue the perishing! duty demands it:
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
dim Back to the narrow way patiently win them,
p Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died. Amen.

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

366 *"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another."*

1 *mf* WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

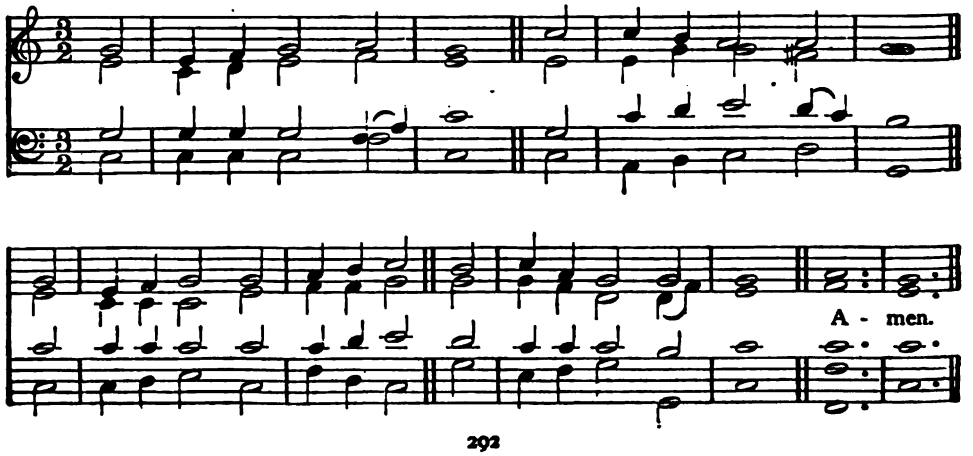
2 *mf* May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 *p* Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
dim And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 *cres* To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 *mf* The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 *mf* And we believe Thy word,
p Though dim our faith may be:
cres Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

BOYLSTON. S.M. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

367

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

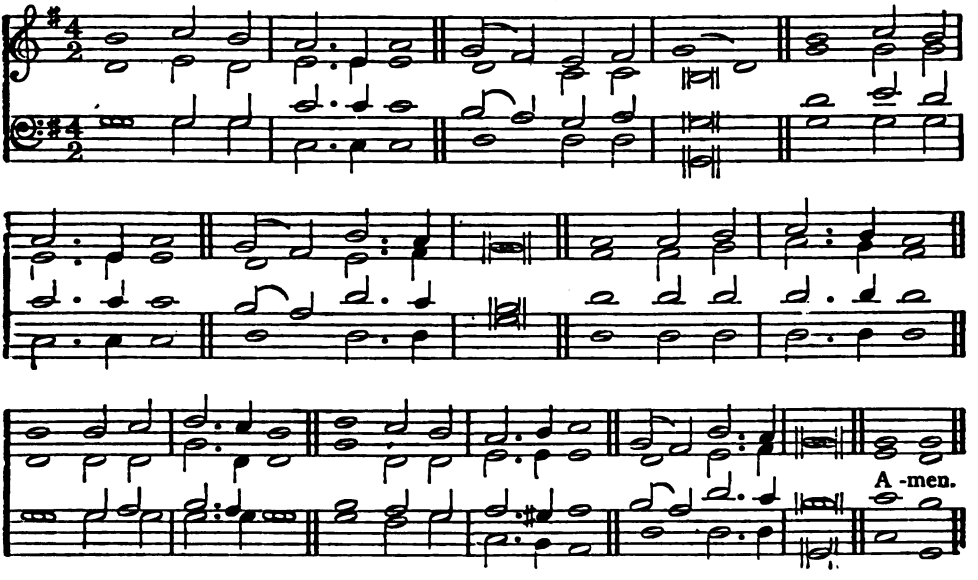
1 *mf* "WORK, while it is to-day!"
This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in His school.

2 *p* Lord Christ, we humbly ask
Of Thee the power and will,
With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfil:

3 *mf* At home, by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace;
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place.

4 *cres* That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

5 *mf* For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
f "Work while it is to-day." Amen.

CONSECRATION. 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

368

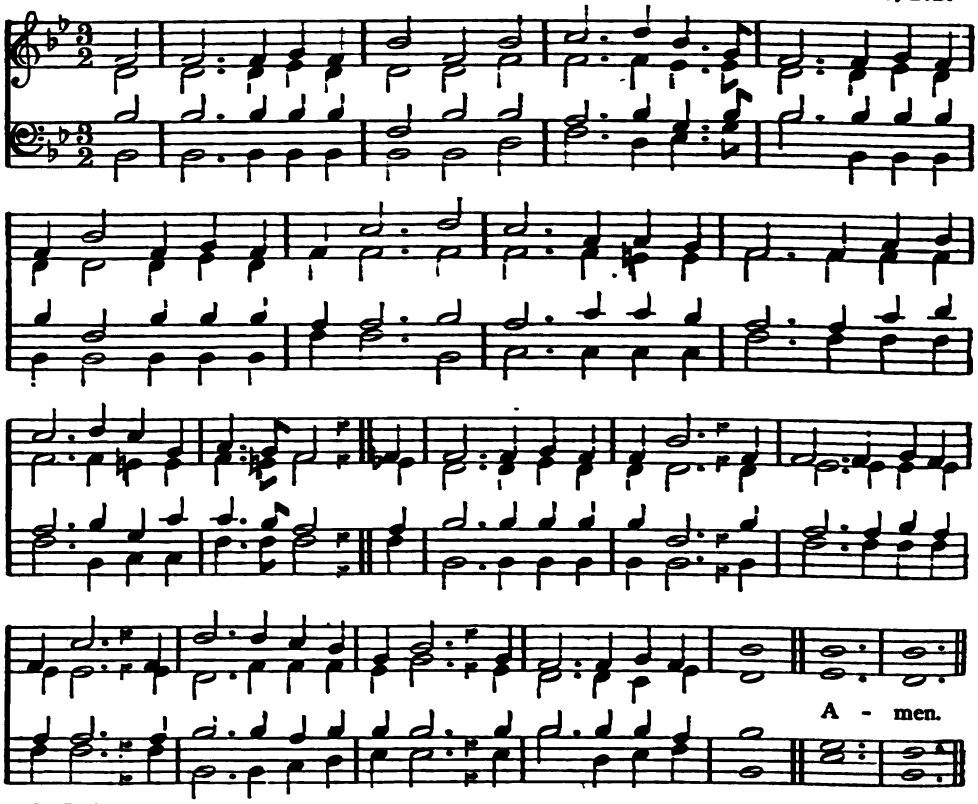
"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

1 *p* SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
cres Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
mf In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 *p* At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
cres My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
mf Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer—
Something for Thee.

3 *mf* Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
p Some wanderer sought and won,
mf Something for Thee.

4 *f* All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee. Amen.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK. 7,6,5,5,6,4,6,7,6. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

369

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day."

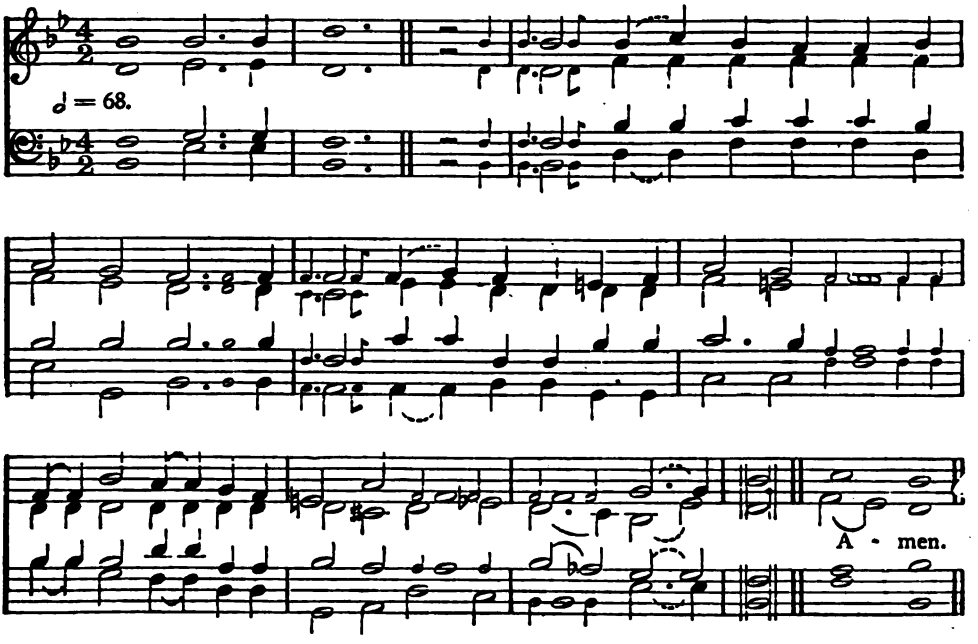
1 *mf* ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me!
cres But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me:
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.
f One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of earth for me!

2 *mf* One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty:
cres My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
One more day's work, &c.

3 *mf* One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
When Christ's flock enter in!
cres How did it shine
In this poor heart of mine!
One more day's work, &c.

4 *mf* One more day's work for Jesus!
p Oh, yes, a weary day!
cres But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ is all,—
Before His face I fall.
One more day's work, &c.

5 *mf* Oh, blessèd work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants a treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet:
p Lord, if I may,
cres I'll serve another day.
One more day's work, &c. Amen

GOSPEL-GLADNESS. 4,10,10,10,4 E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

370

"Go, work to-day in My vineyard."

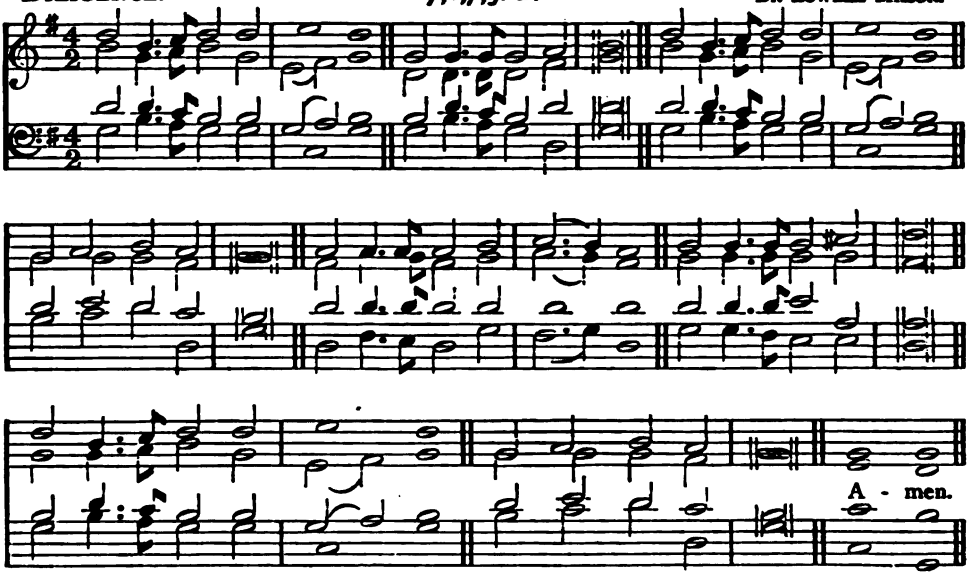
1 *f* COME, labour on!
mf Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day?"

2 *f* Come, labour on!
mf Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; (*dim*) its hours too swiftly fly;
p The night draws nigh.

3 *f* Come, labour on!
mf Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

4 *f* Come, labour on!
mf No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
p While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
cres And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
f "Servants, well done!"

5 *f* Come, labour on!
mf The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
cres How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
p O Lord, with Thee! Amen.

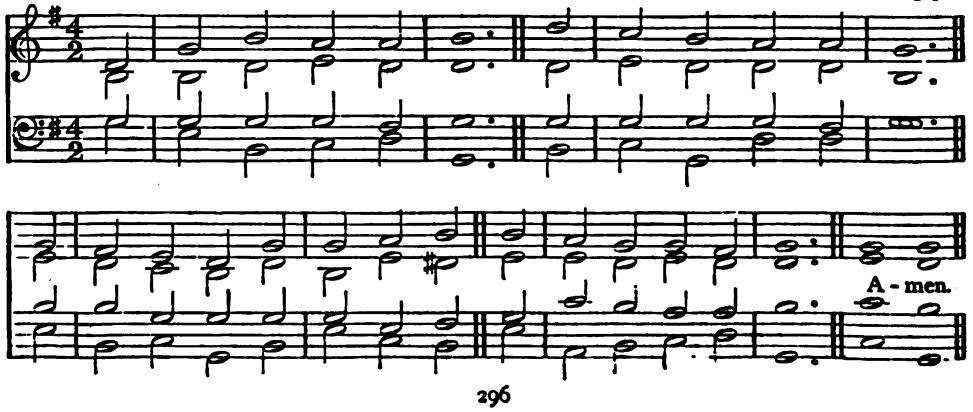
DILIGENCE. 7,6,7,5. D. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

371

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

1 *mf* WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
dim Work, for the night is coming,
p When man's work is done.

2 *mf* Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
dim Work, for the night is coming,
p When man works no more.

3 *mf* Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
dim Work, while the night is darkening,
p When man's work is o'er. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

372 *"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."*

1 *mf* YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
p And watchful at His gate.

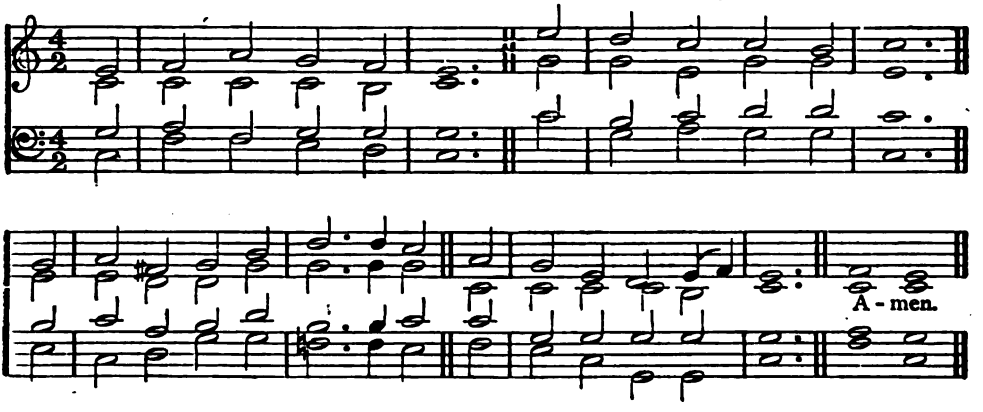
2 *f* Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
p For awful is His name.

3 *mf* Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
p And, while we speak, He's near:
mf Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 *cres* Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 *f* Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

IX.—WARFARE AND VICTORY.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

373 *"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."*

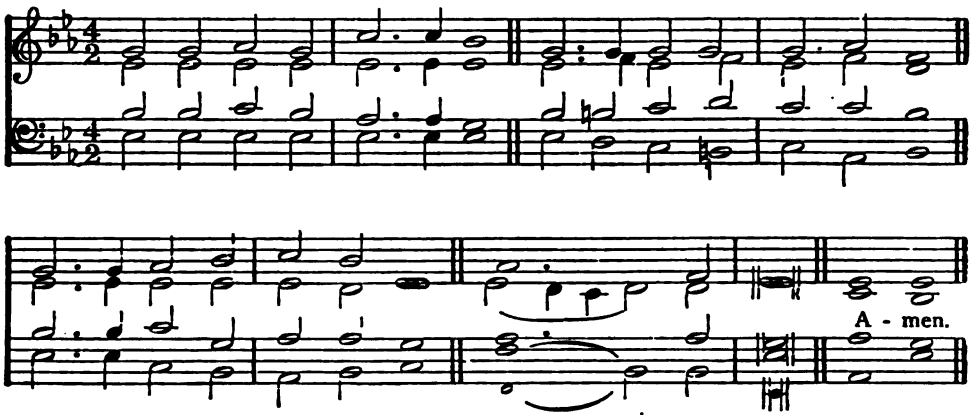
1 *mf* OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

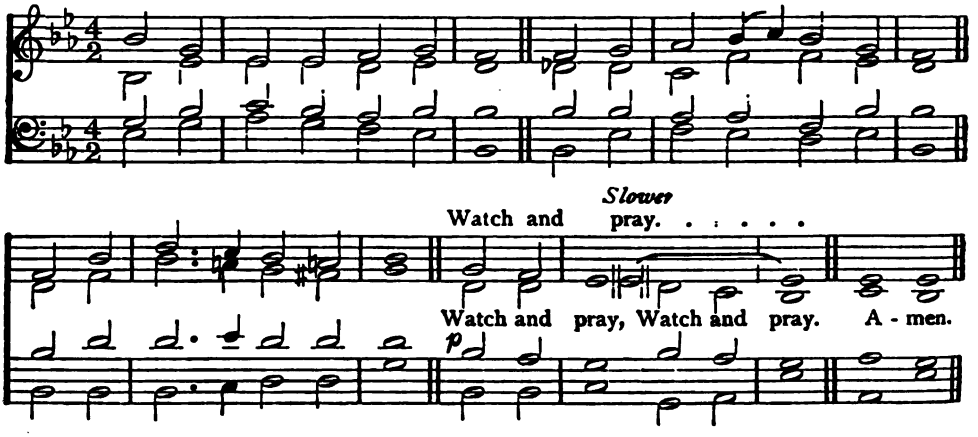
2 *p* Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 *mf* Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 *mf* Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 *mf* Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
cres And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live. Amen.

VIGILATE (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,3. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

AGATHOS (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,3. J. W. ELLIOTT.



374

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

1 *mf* CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p "Watch and pray."

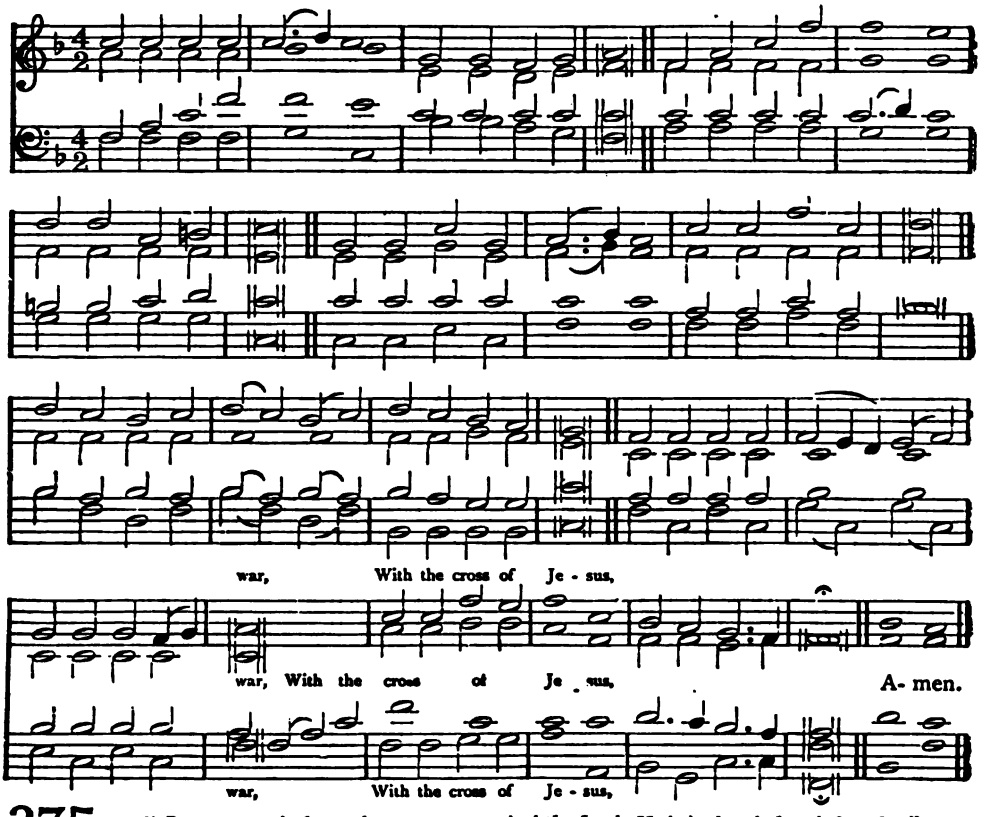
2 *mf* Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
p "Watch and pray."

3 *mf* Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
cres Ambushed lies the evil one:
p "Watch and pray."

4 *f* Hear the victors who o'ercame;
p Still they mark each warrior's way;
cres All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 *mf* Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

6 *mf* Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray." Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6,5,6,5. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

375 *"Be strong and of a good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."*

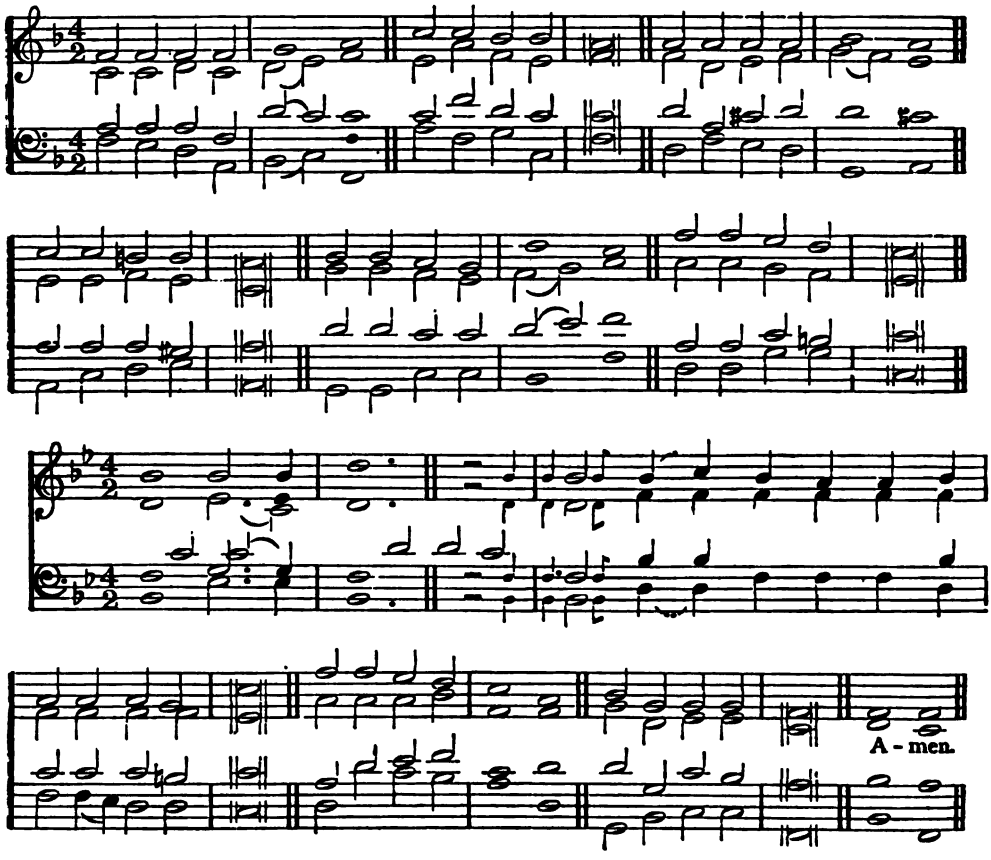
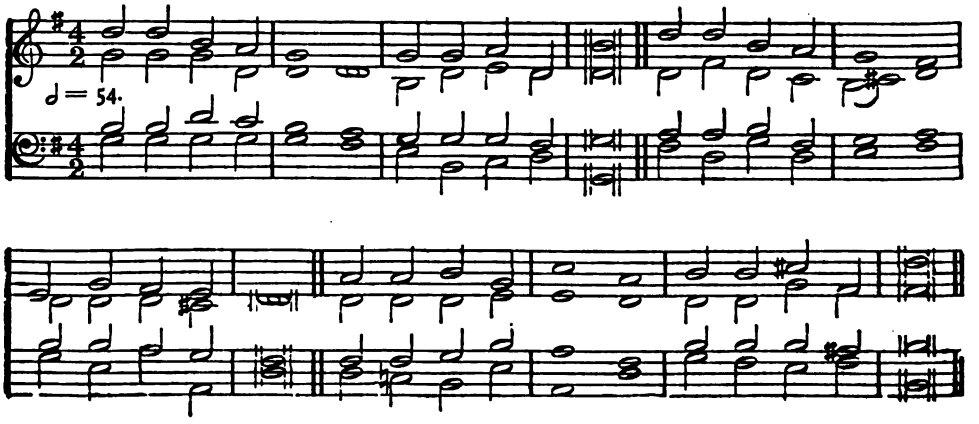
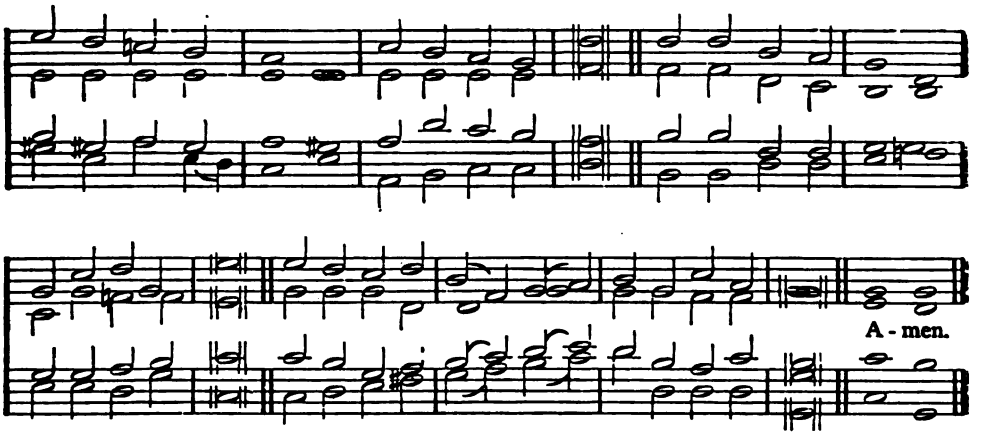
1 *f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

2 *f* At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
cres Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 *f* Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided;
All one body we—
cres One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

4 *p* Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cres But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 *f* Onward, then, ye faithful!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
cres "Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King!"
mf This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. Amen

FORWARD (*1st Tune*). 6,5,6,5 (12 lines). DEAN ALFORD.

SMART (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5 (12 lines). HENRY SMART.

376

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

1 *mf* "FORWARD!" be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

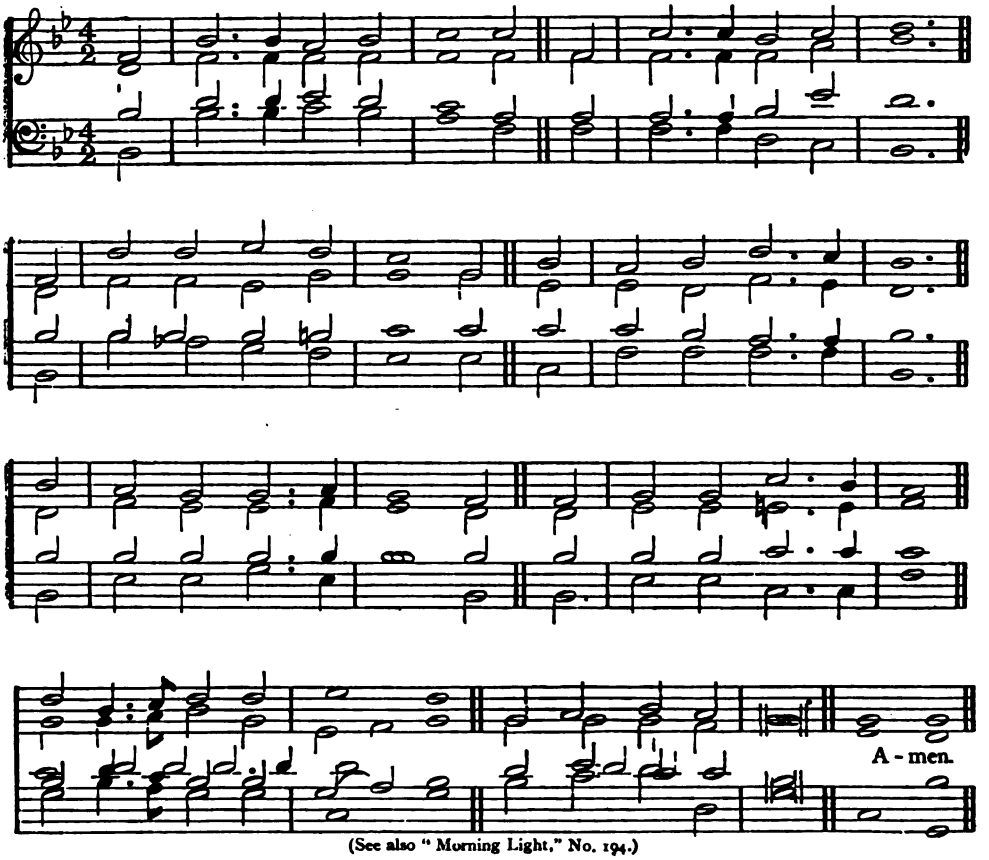
2 *mf* Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
f Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 *mf* Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
cres Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 *mf* Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
p Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
f Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

5 *mf* Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

6 *ff* To th' eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done!
p Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
cres Forward into triumph,
f Forward into light! Amen.

LOKETTO. 7,6,7,6. D. HENRI F. HEMY.

(See also "Morning Light," No. 194.)

377

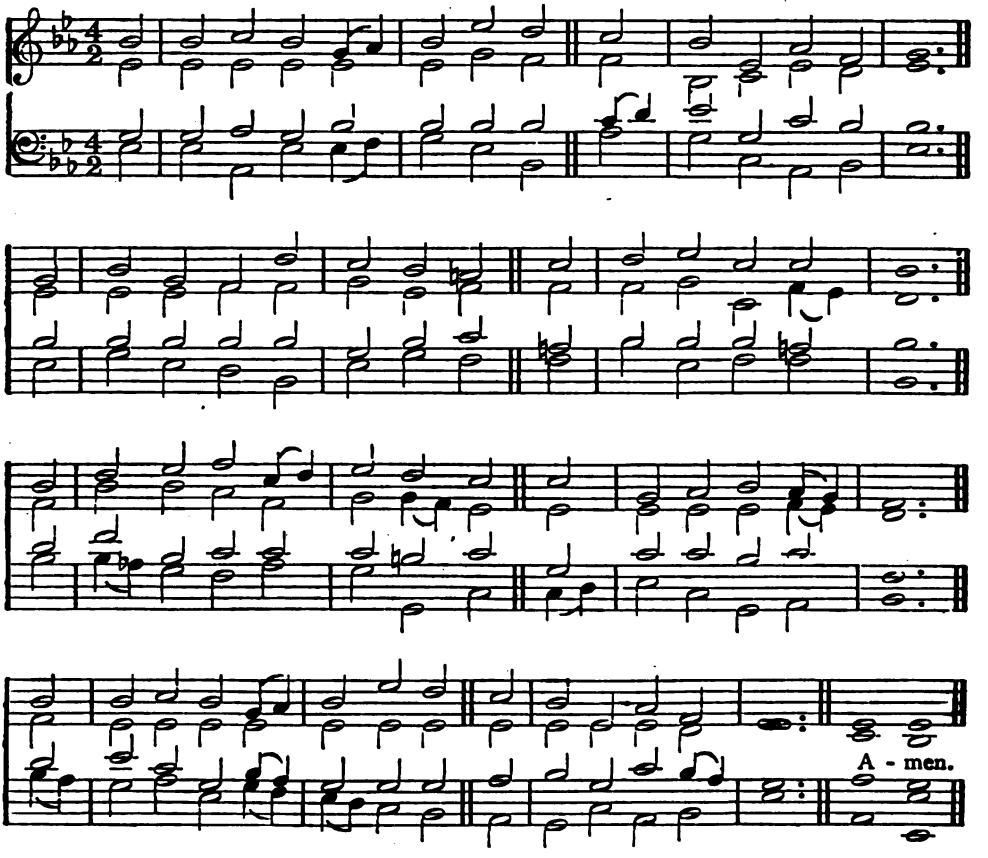
"Who will stand up for Me against the evil doers?"

1 *mf* STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
f From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
f Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
p The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
f Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally! Amen.

NORTHUMBERLAND (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. HENRY SMART.

378

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

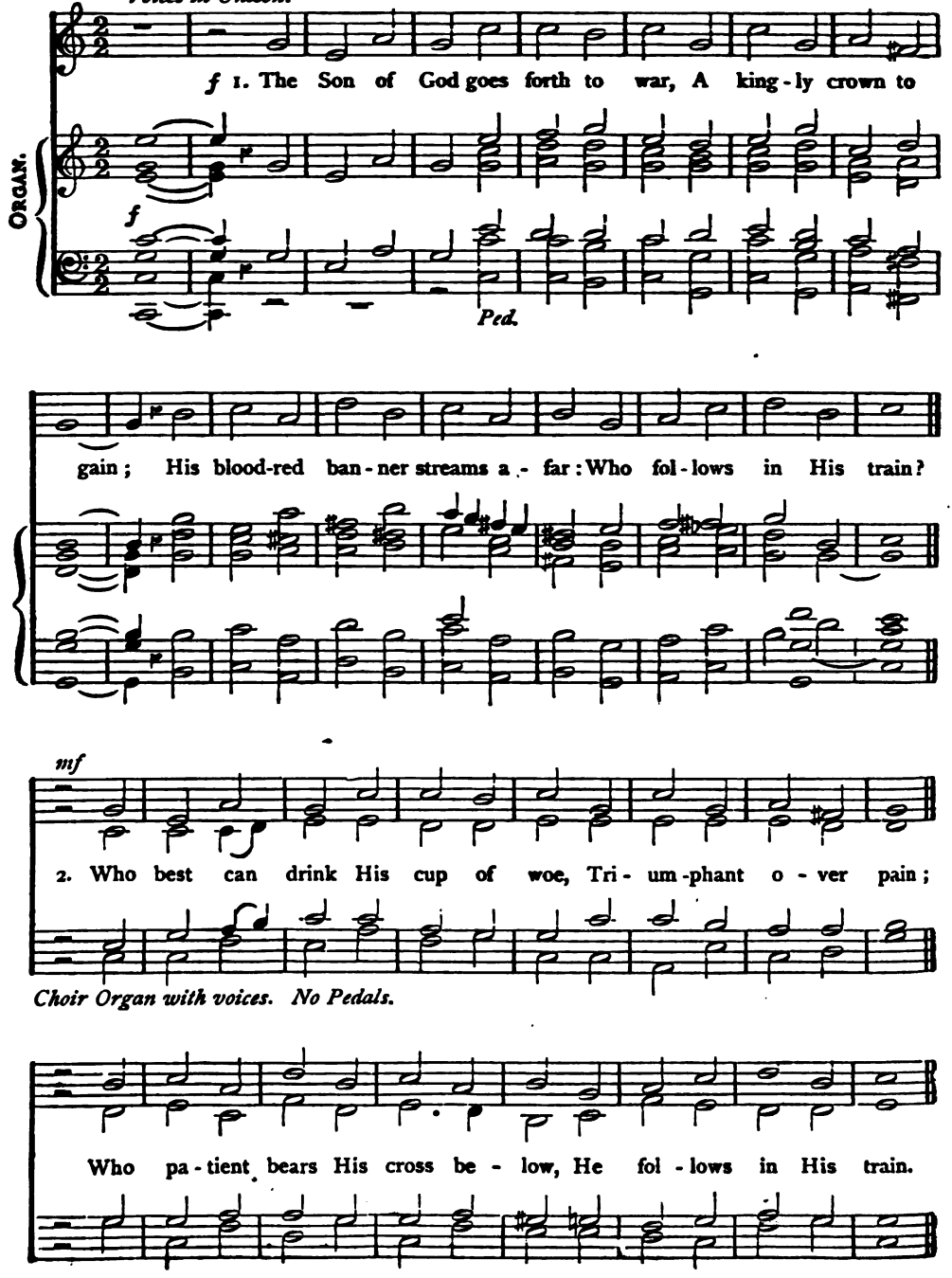
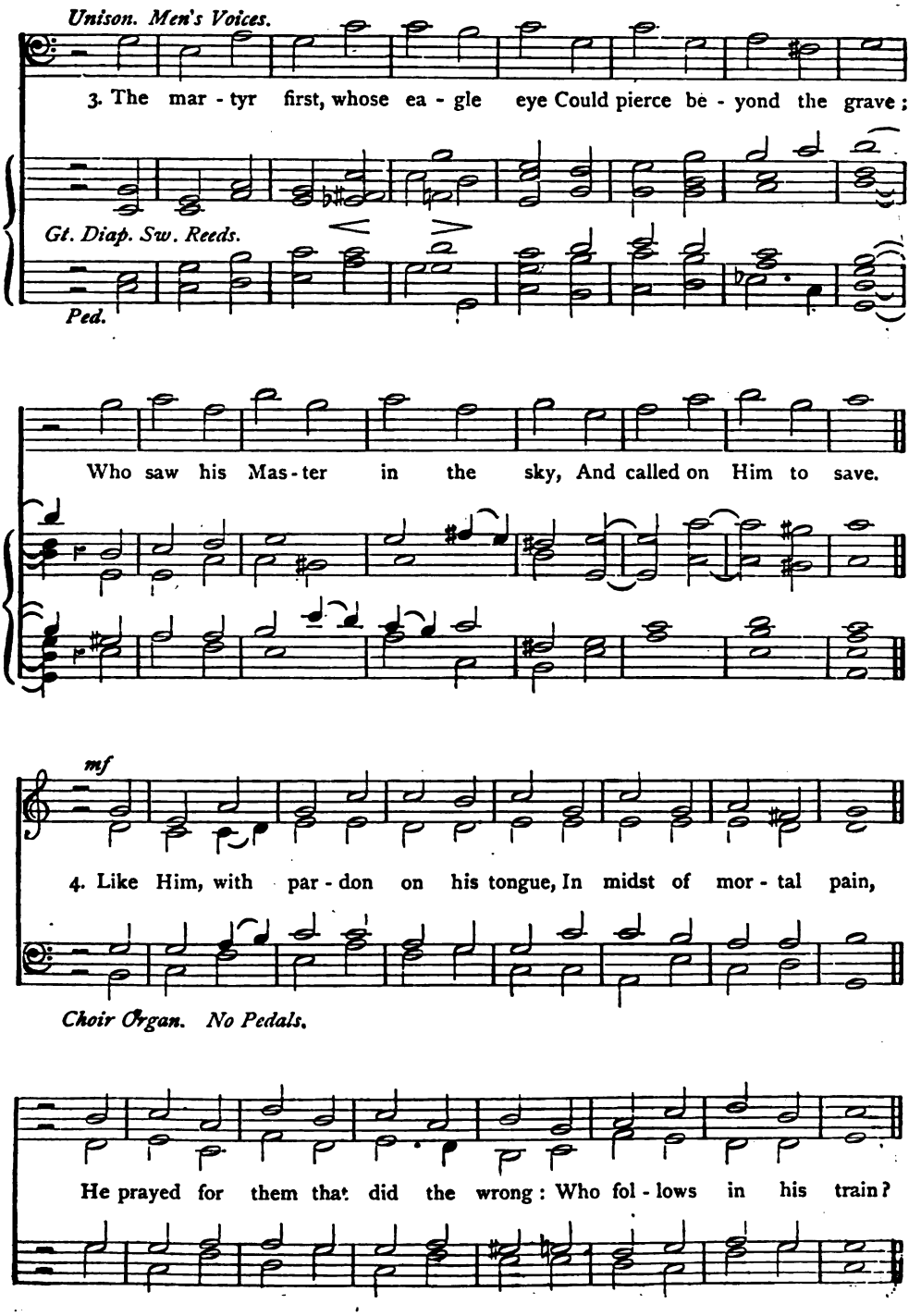
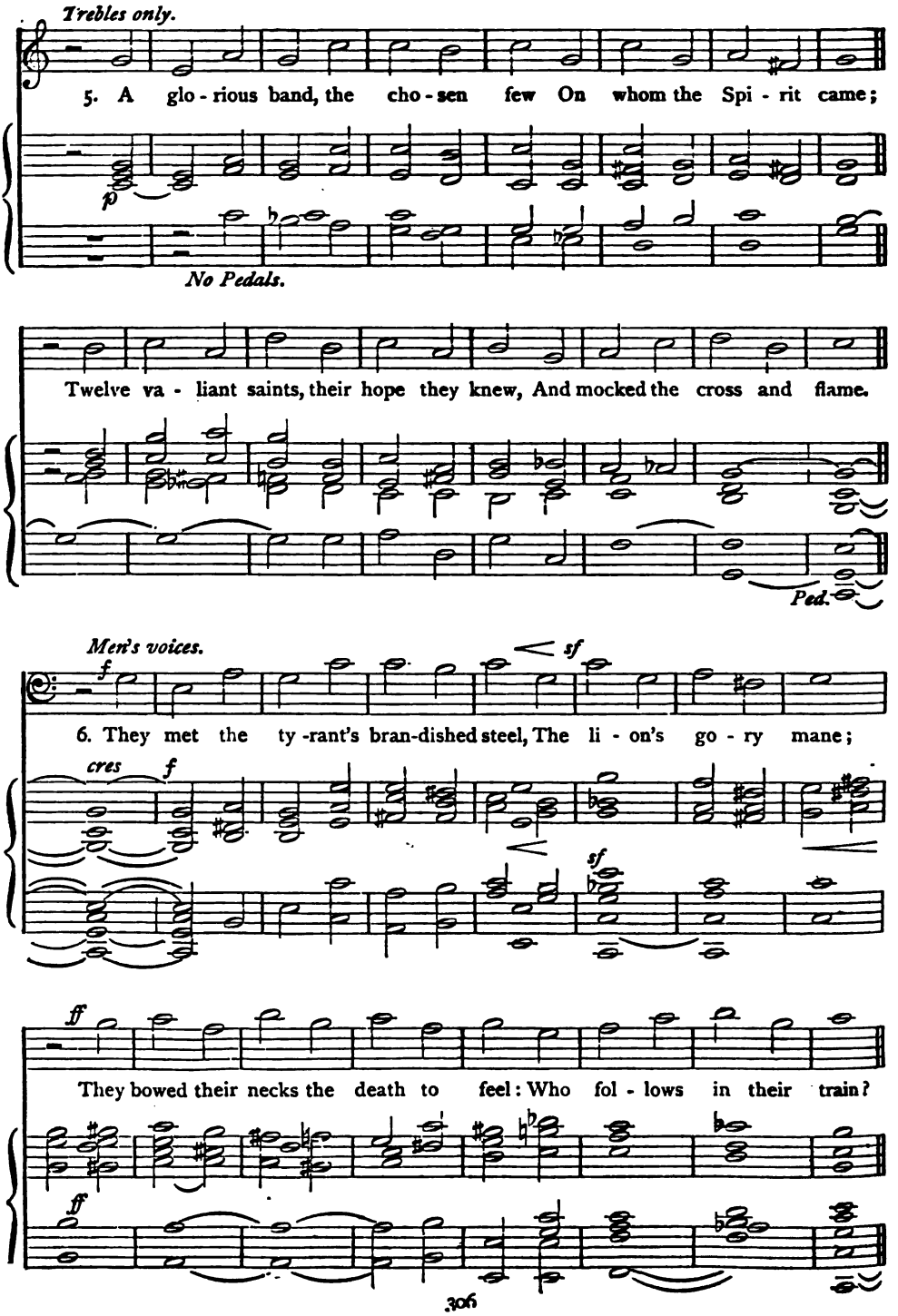
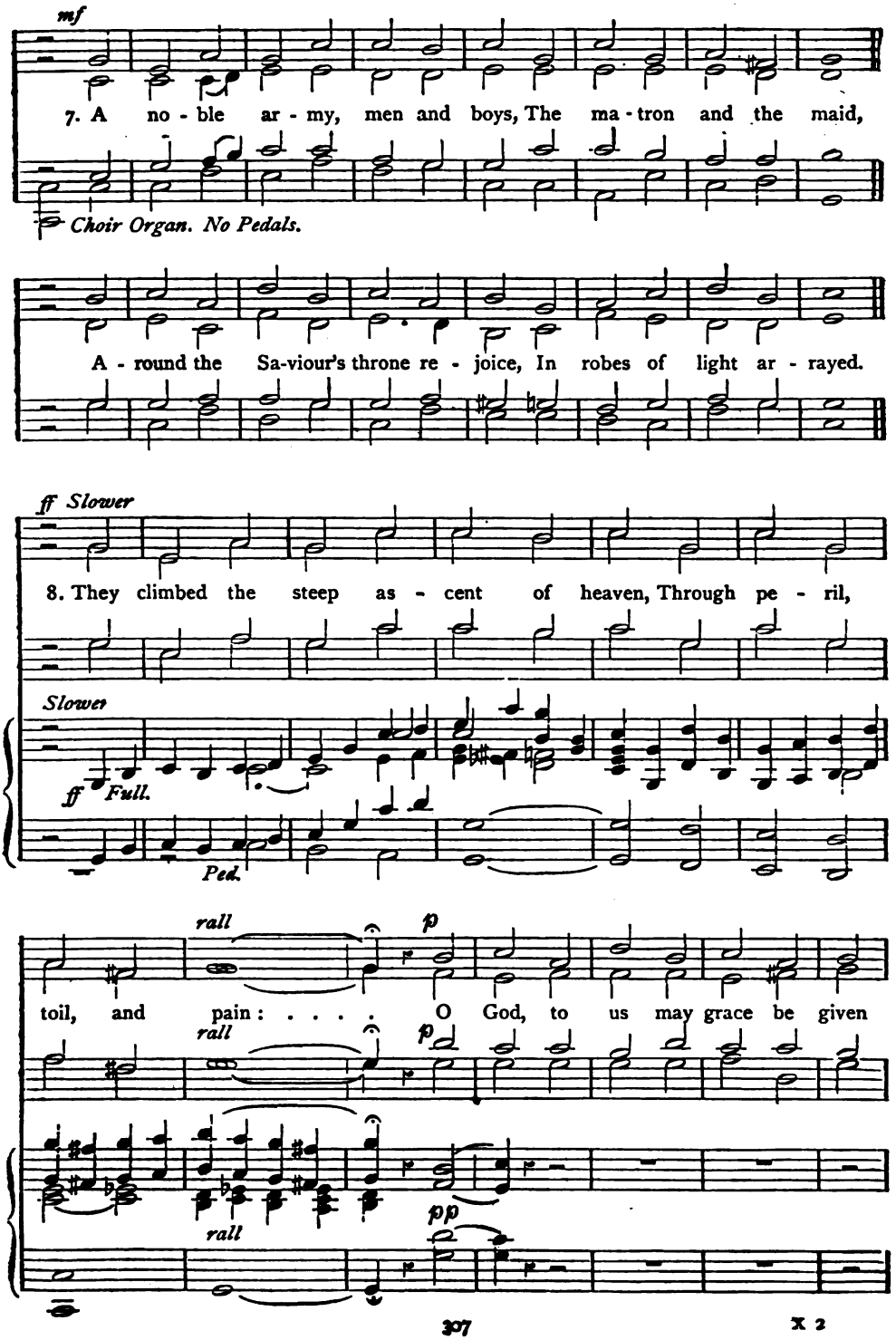
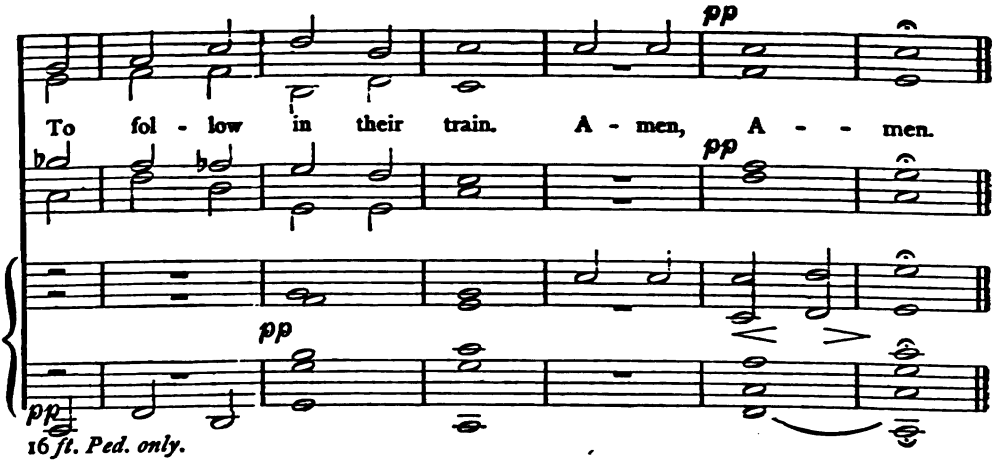
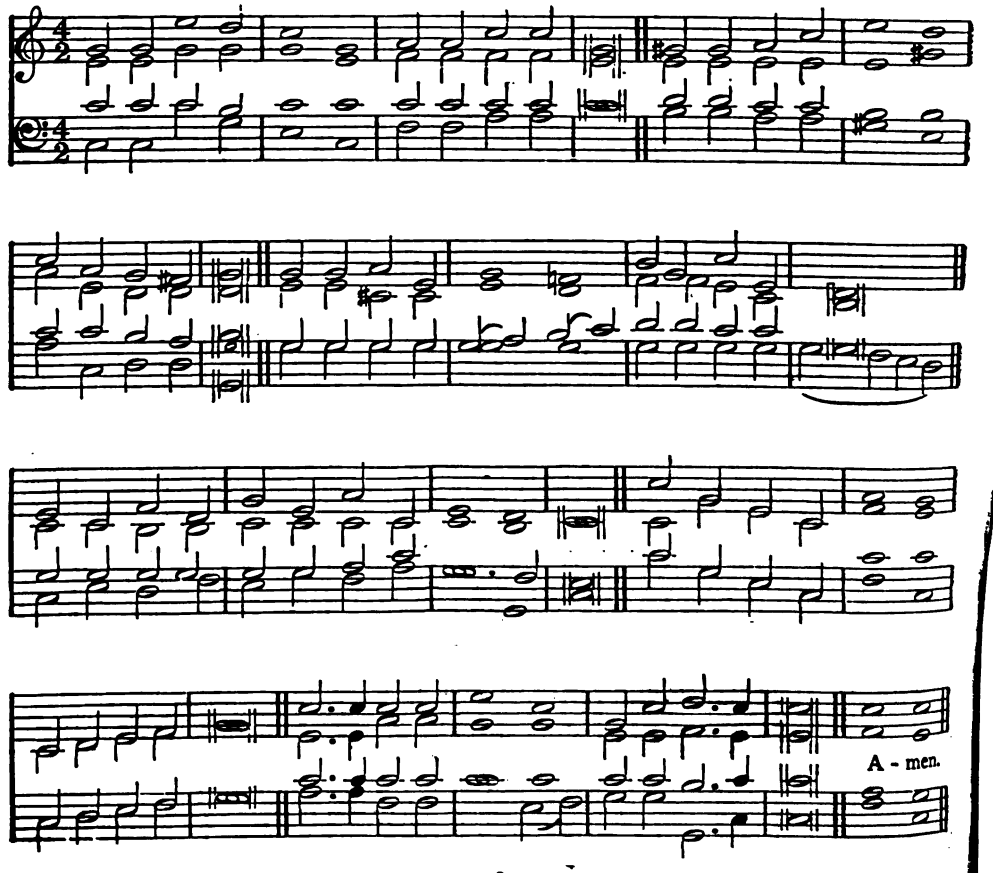
1 *mf* THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
cres Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below—
mf He follows in His train.

2 *mf* The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
p Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
cres Who follows in his train?

3 *mf* A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
cres Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame;
p They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel.
cres Who follows in their train?

4 *mf* A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
cres Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
f They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
dim Through peril, toil, and pain:
cres O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

ST. ANN (*2nd Tune*). **C.M. D.** Ascribed to Dr. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708: Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Voices in Unison.

ORGAN.
f
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to
f
Ped.
gain; His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
mf
2. Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain;
Choir Organ with voices. No Pedals.
Who pa-tient bears His cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.

Unison. Men's Voices.
3. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.
Ped.
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
mf
4. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
Choir Organ. No Pedals.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?

Trebles only.
5. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spi - rit came;
p
No Pedals.
Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
Ped.
Men's voices.
f
sf
6. They met the ty -rant's bran-dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
cres
f
sf
ff
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
ff

mf
7. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
Choir Organ. No Pedals.
A - round the Sa-viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
ff Slower
8. They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven, Through pe - ril,
Slower
ff Full.
Ped.
rall
p
toil, and pain: . . . . O God, to us may grace be given
rall
p
rall
pp

ARMAGEDDON. 6,5,6,5 (12 lines). Adapted by Sir JOHN GOSS.

379 *"Who is on the Lord's side?"*

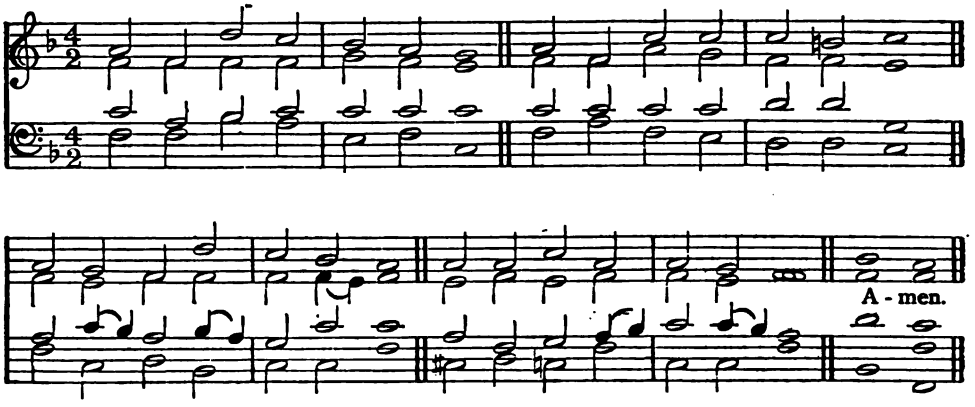
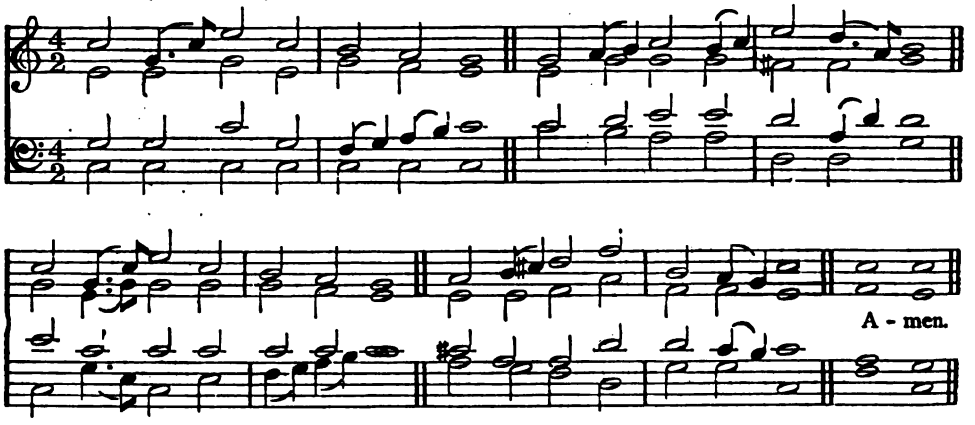
1 *f* WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will for Him go?
p By Thy call of mercy,
cres By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, we are Thine!

2 *mf* Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
p But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
cres He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
f By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 *mf* Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
p But with Thine own life-blood,
cres For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 *p* Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
cres But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure,
f Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 *mf* Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, and faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
f Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
cres Always on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, always Thine! Amen.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*1st Tune*). 7,7,7,7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

CLARION (*2nd Tune*). 7,7,7,7. E. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

380

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"

1 *mf* MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
cres Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

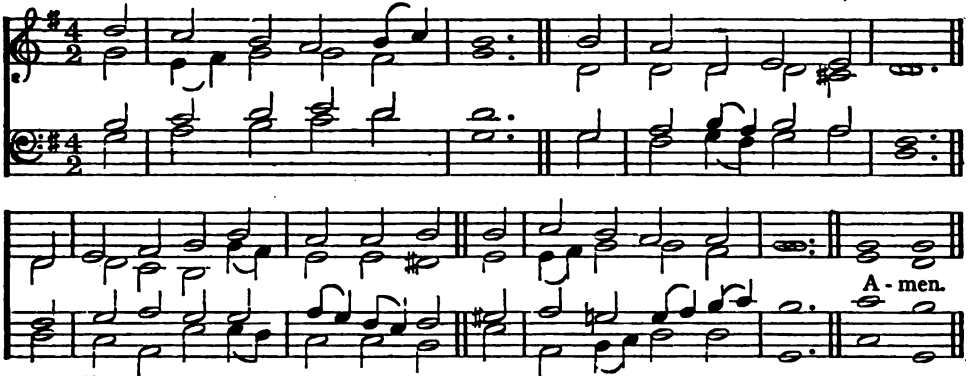
2 *f* Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
p Dreary is the long campaign.

3 *f* Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 *mf* Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
f Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 *p* Let not sorrow dim your eye;
cres Soon shall every tear be dry:
mf Let not fears your course impede;
f Great your strength, if great your need.

6 *f* Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
cres Though opposed by many a foe,
ff Christian soldiers, onward go! Amen

ST. ETHELWALD. S.M. Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

381 *"Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day."*

1 *f* SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

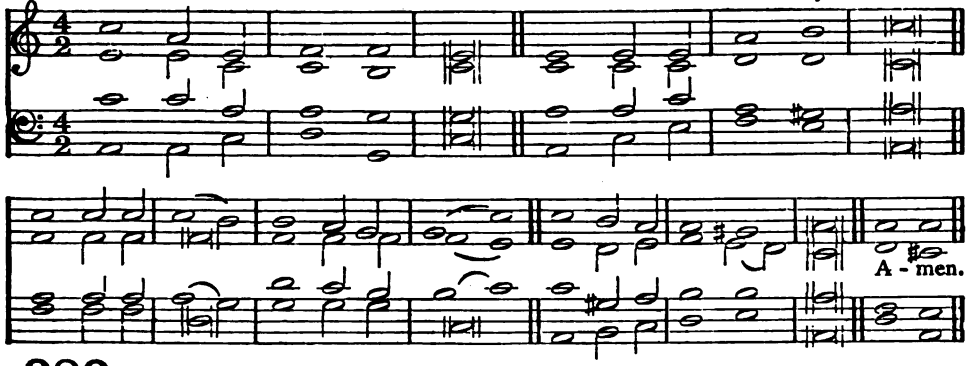
2 *f* Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
p Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
cres Is more than conqueror.

3 *f* Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 *mf* From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
f And win the well-fought day:

5 *mf* That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
cres Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
f And stand complete at last. Amen.

X.—PILGRIMAGE AND REST.

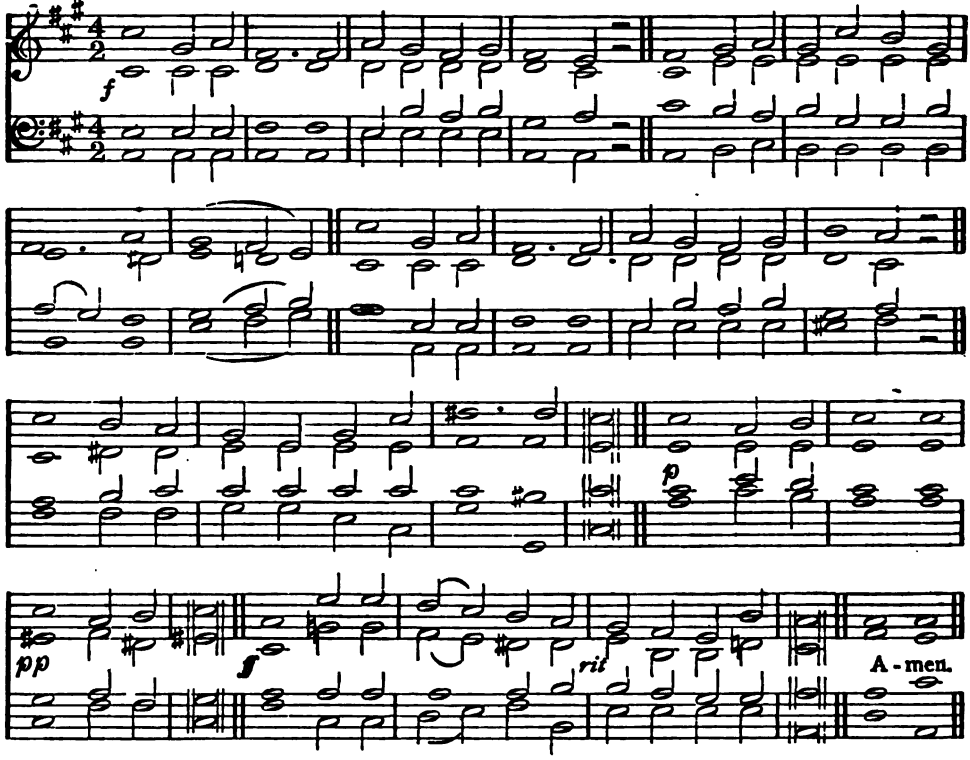
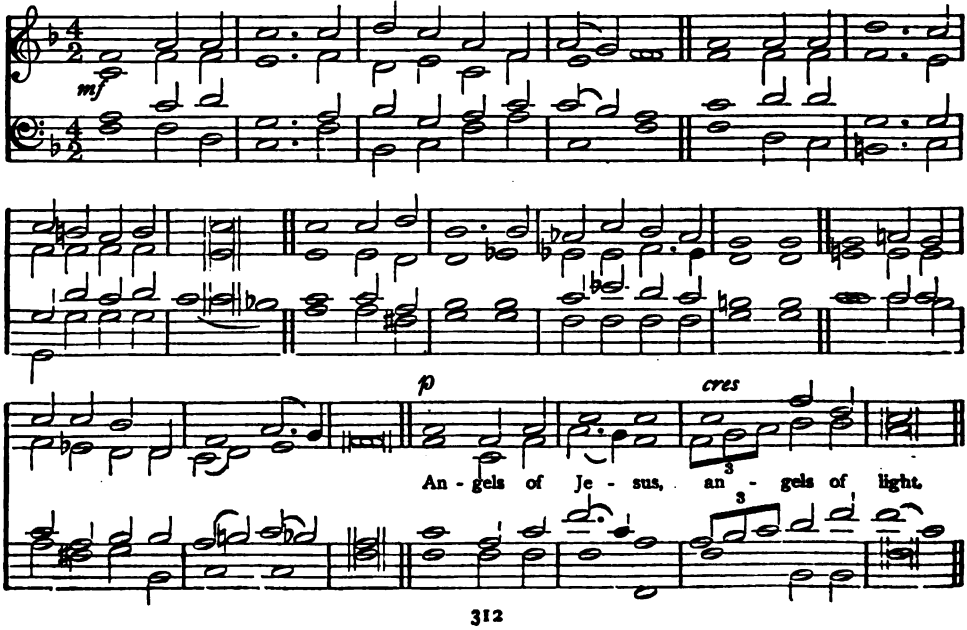
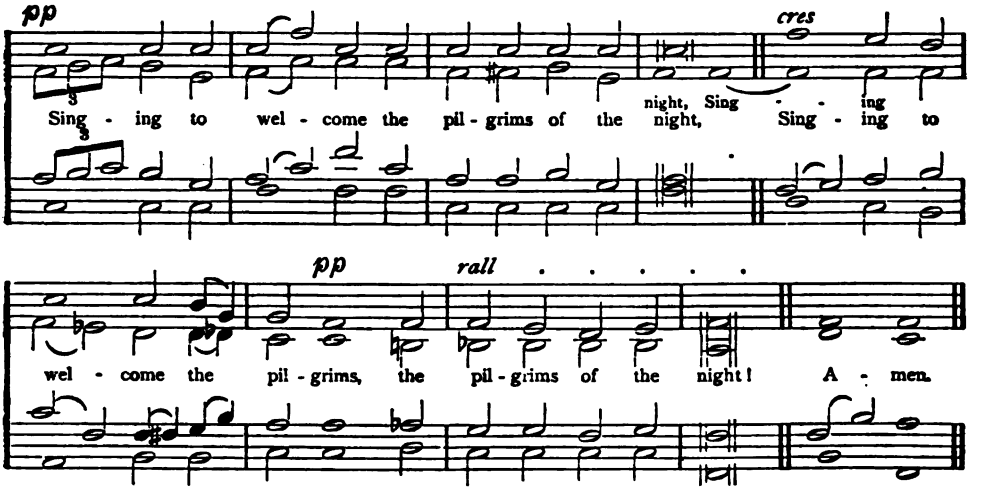
LYTE. S.M. JOHN WILKES.

382 *"We wept, when we remembered Zion."*

1 *p* FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, (*cres*) "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 *p* My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 *mf* To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 *p* God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
cres Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last! Amen.

ST. ANGELUS (*1st Tune*). 11,10,11,10,9,11. JOSEPH BARNBY.

VOX ANGELICA (*2nd Tune*). 11,10,11,10,9,11. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

pp
cres
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing
night, Sing - ing to
pp
rall
wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

383

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."

1 *mf* HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

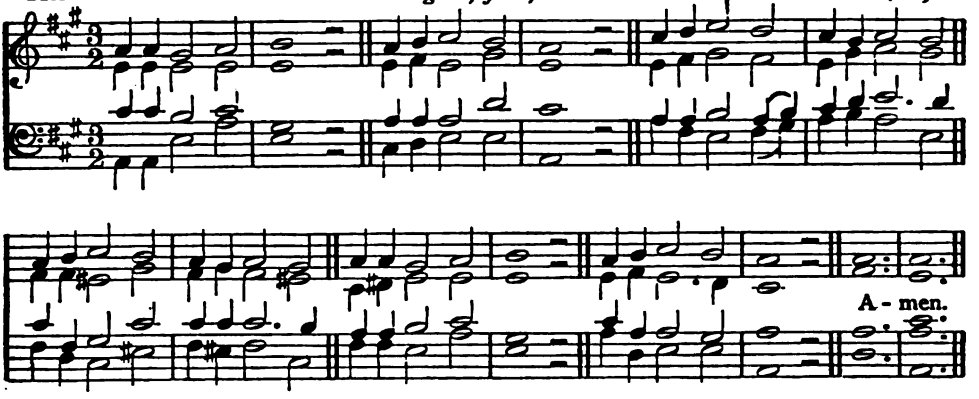
2 *mf* Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
mf And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

3 *pp* Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
cres The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
p And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
cres Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

4 *mf* Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
cres And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

5 *mf* Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cres And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
f Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

5,5,8,8,5,5.

HAARLEM. *Seelenbräutigam, Jesu, Gotteslamm.* ADAM DRESE, 1698.

384

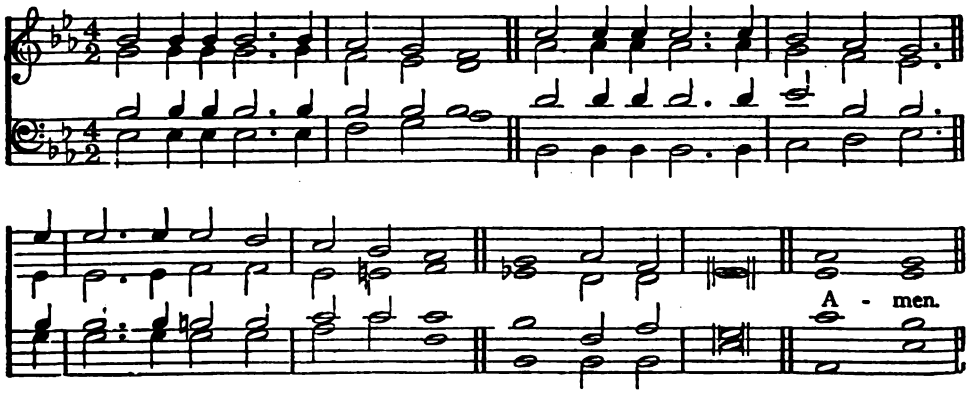
"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

1 *mf* JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
p And, although the way be cheerless,
cres We will follow, calm and fearless:
mf Guide us by Thy hand
dim To our fatherland.

2 *p* If the way be drear
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;
cres Let not faith and hope forsake us;
p For, through many a foe,
cres To our home we go.

3 *p* When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
cres Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
dim Where we weep no more

4 *mf* Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
cres Till we safely stand
f In our fatherland. Amen.

HANFORD. 8,8,8,4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

385

"Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."

1 *mf* THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guarded by Thy faithful word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow Thee.

2 *p* In silence of the lonely night,
cres In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

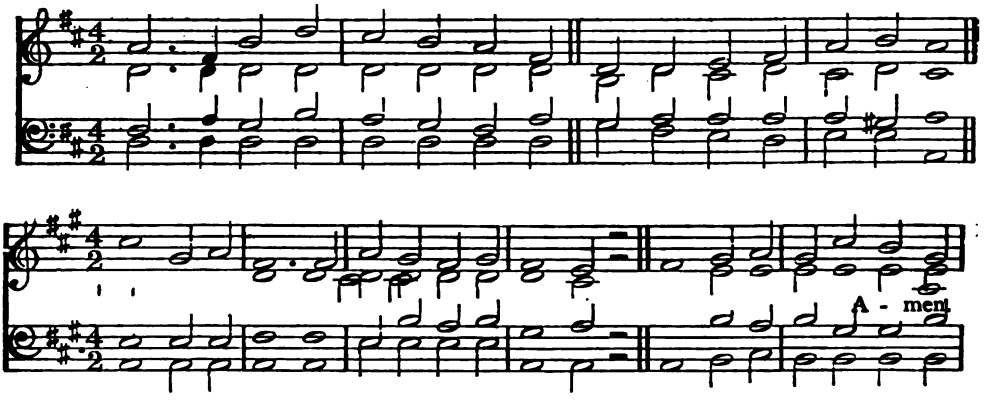
3 *mf* Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe;
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 *mf* With enemies on every side,
p We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
cres Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

5 *mf* Great Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then, in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

6 *mf* Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

7 *mf* Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move:
f We follow Thee. Amen.

ST. OSWALD, DURHAM. 8,7,8,7. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

386

"Ye are called in one hope of your calling."

1 *mf* THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim-band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land;

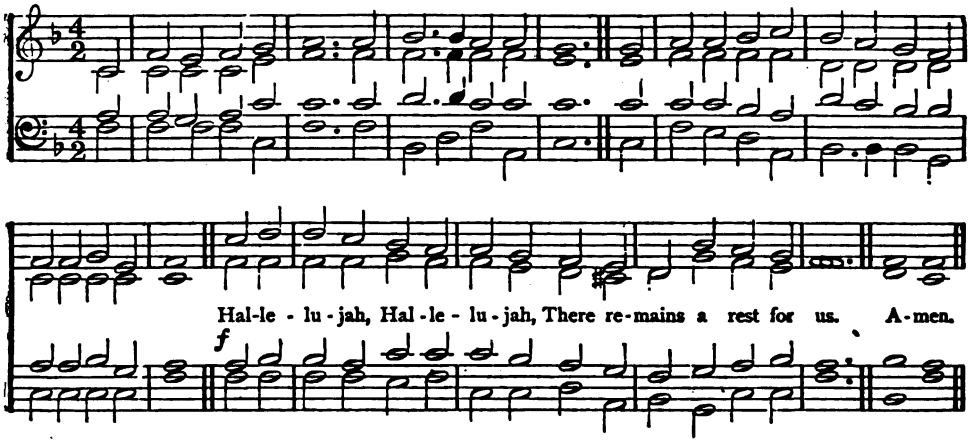
2 *mf* And before us, through the darkness,
Gleameth clear the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 *p* One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cres Banishing the gloom and terror,
Brightening the path we tread;

4 *mf* One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

5 *f* One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
p One the conflict, one the peril;
cres One the march in God begun;

6 *ff* One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In His love for evermore. Amen.

DAY OF SERVICE. 6,6,8,6,4,7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, M.us. Doc.

387

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

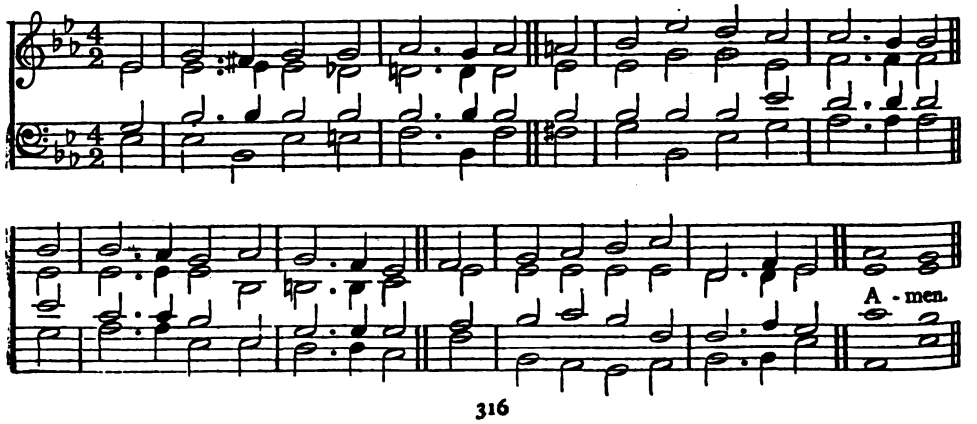
1 *p* THIS is the day of toil
Beneath earth's sultry noon;
This is the day of service true;
But the rest cometh soon.
f Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

2 *mf* Serve we our God in faith;
No work for Him is vain;
Blessèd and holy is the toil,
And infinite the gain.
f Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

3 *p* Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth life's brief day;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
f Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

4 *mf* Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.
f Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

5 *p* The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase;
cres We gird our loins and hasten on:
dim The end, the end is peace.
f Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us. Amen.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

388

"The Lord went before them . . . by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light."

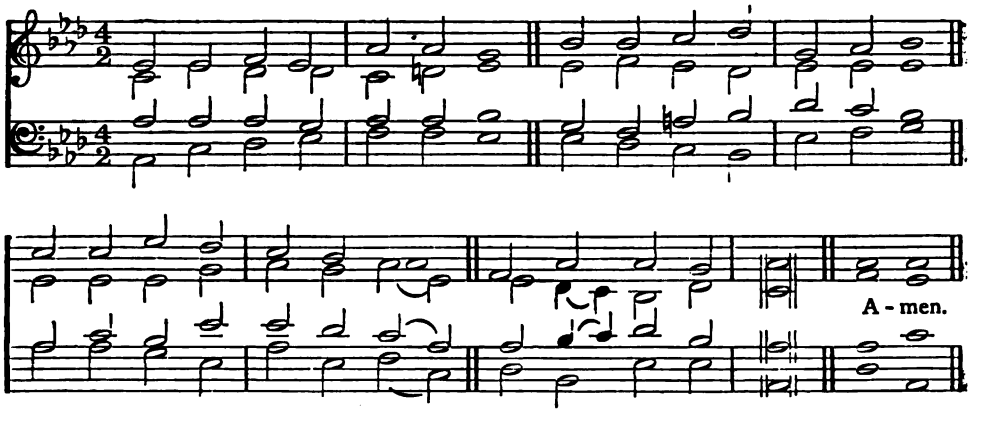
1 *mf* WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
p An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.

2 *mf* By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
cres By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 *f* There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

4 *mf* Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
cres Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray;

5 *p* And, oh, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
cres Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
f A burning and a shining light! Amen.

IRENE. 7,7,7,5. Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

389

"At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

1 *p* WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
pp Rest for evermore.

2 *p* When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
cres Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
p Peace for evermore.

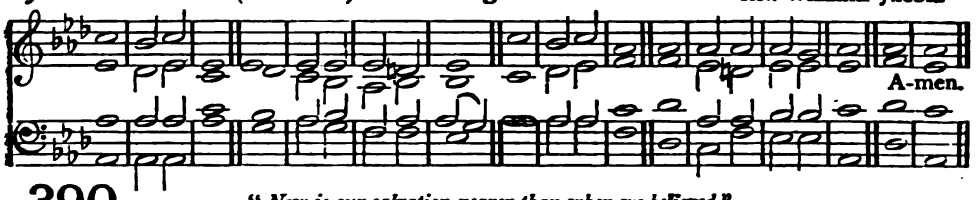
3 *mf* When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
cres Bid us hail the cheering ray,
f Light for evermore.

4 *p* When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cres Bring us where all tears are dried—
f Joy for evermore.

5 *p* When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cres Teach us in Thy love to learn
f Love for evermore.

6 *pp* When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cres Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,
f Life for evermore. Amen.

JACOBS' CHANT (*1st Tune*). Irregular. REV. WILLIAM JACOBS



390

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

1 *p* ONE sweetly | solemn | thought
Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er :
I'm nearer | home to- | day
Than | ever I've | been be- | fore ;

2 *mf* Nearer my | Father's | house
Where the | many | mansions | be ;
Nearer the | great white | throne ;
Near- | er the | jasper | sea ;

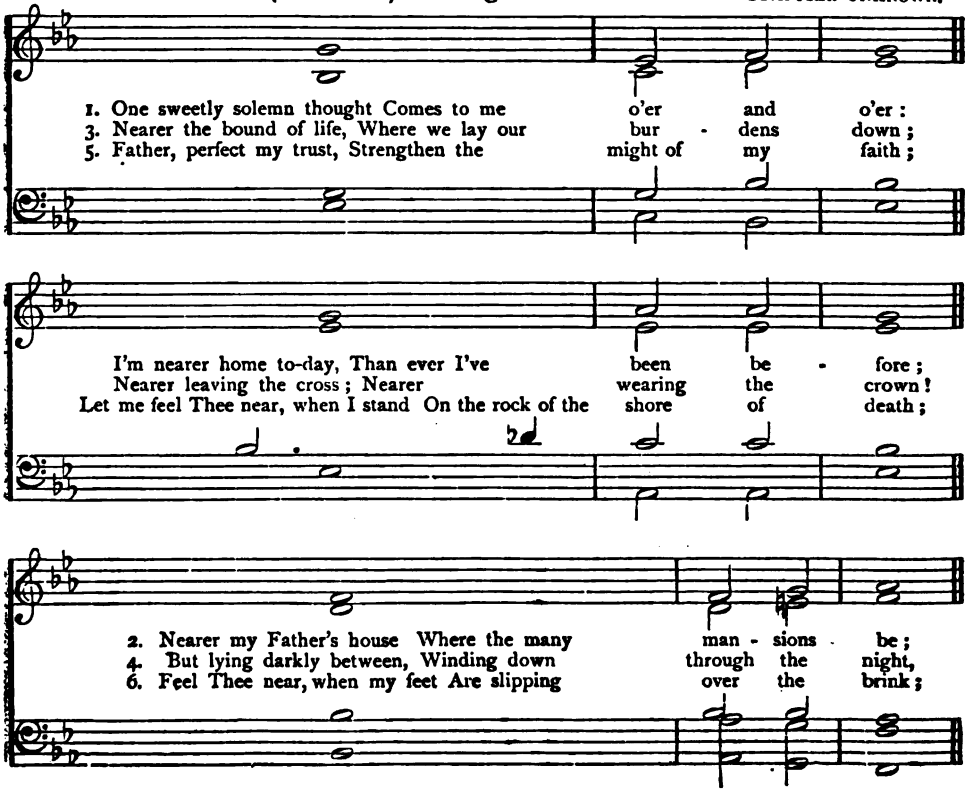
3 *p* Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down ;
Nearer | leaving the | cross ;
cres Nearer | wear- | ing the | crown !

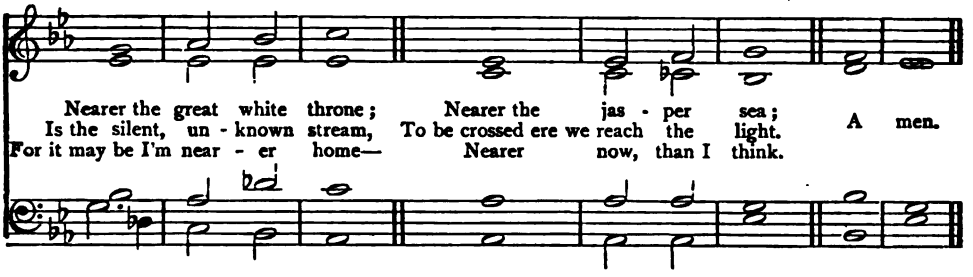
4 *p* But lying | darkly be- | tween,
Winding | down | through the | night
Is the silent, | unknown | stream,
To be crossed | ere we | reach the | light.

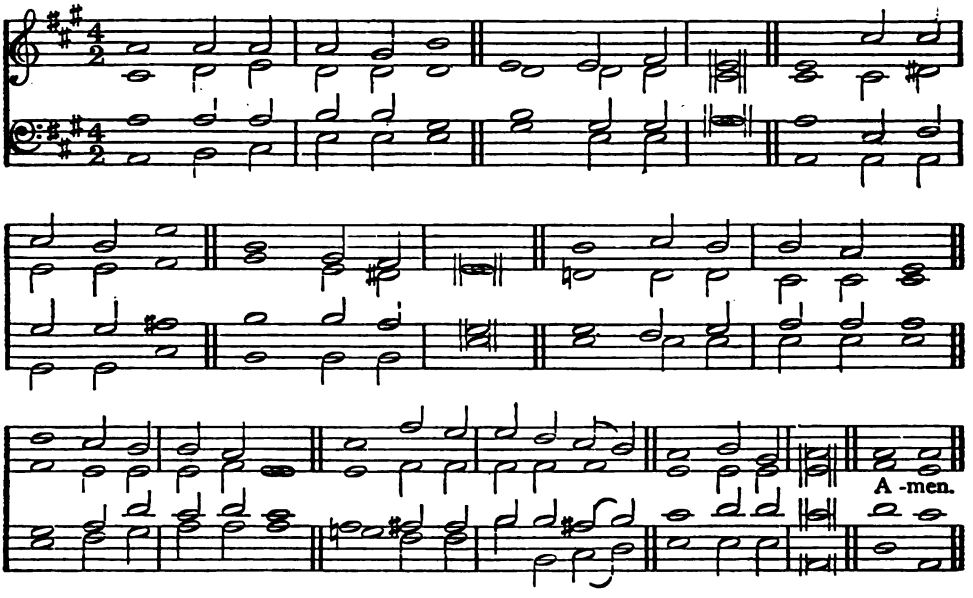
5 *mf* Father, | perfect my | trust ;
Strengthen the | might | of my | faith ;
Let me feel Thee | near, when I | stand
dim On the | rock of the | shore of | death ;

6 *p* Feel Thee | near, when my | feet
Are | slipping | over the | brink ;
dim For it may be I'm | nearer | home—
Nearer | now, | than I | think. Amen.

AMERICAN CHANT (*2nd Tune*). Irregular. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.


1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er :
3. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down ;
5. Father, perfect my trust, Strengthen the might of my faith ;
I'm nearer home to-day, Than ever I've been be - fore ;
Nearer leaving the cross ; Nearer wearing the crown !
Let me feel Thee near, when I stand On the rock of the shore of death ;
2. Nearer my Father's house Where the many man - sions be ;
4. But lying darkly between, Winding down through the night,
6. Feel Thee near, when my feet Are slipping over the brink ;


Nearer the great white throne;
Is the silent, un - known stream,
For it may be I'm near - er home—
Nearer the jas - per sea;
To be crossed ere we reach the light.
Nearer now, than I think.
A men.

ST. EDMUND. 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

391

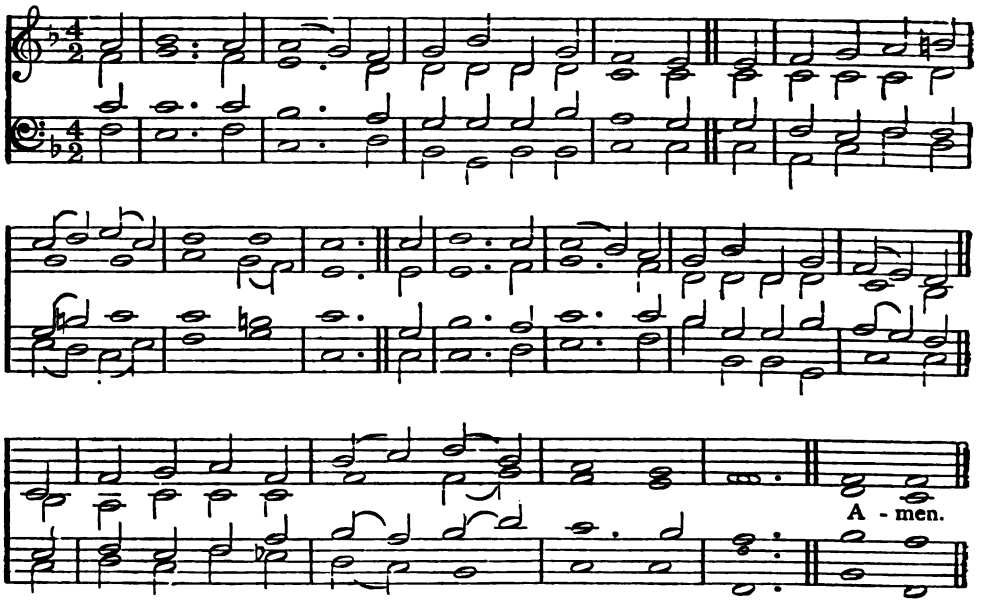
"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

1 *p* I'M but a stranger here,
cres Heaven is my home;
p Earth is a desert drear,
cres Heaven is my home;
p Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
cres Heaven is my fatherland,
f Heaven is my home.

2 *f* What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
mf Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
cres Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
f Heaven is my home.

3 *f* There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
mf There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
p And there I too shall rest;
f Heaven is my home.

4 *mf* Therefore I murmur not—
Heaven is my home—
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
cres And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
f Heaven is my home. **Amen.**

MARLBOROUGH. 11,10,11,10.

392

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"

1 *mf* OH, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for-ever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

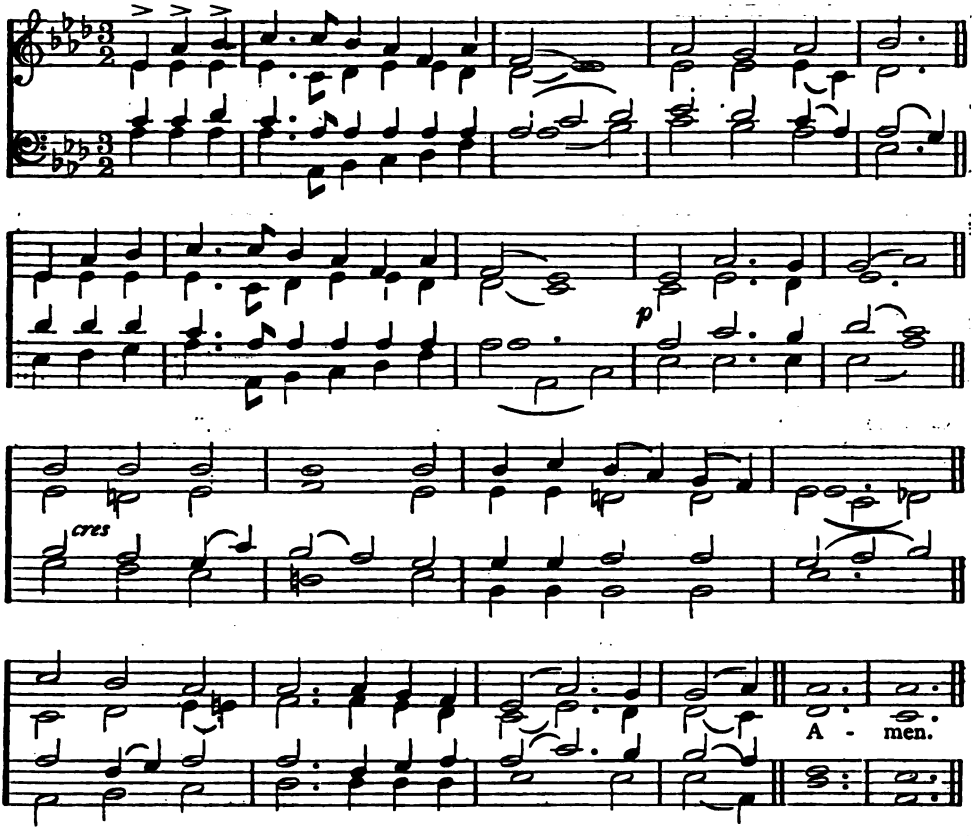
2 *p* A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
cres To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong.
p A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
cres Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

3 *p* A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
cres Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
f And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 *mf* A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
cres Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5 *mf* A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
cres And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
f To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 *mf* And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
cres With the bright promise of the glad "for-ever,"
dim Will light the shadows of the "little while." Amen.

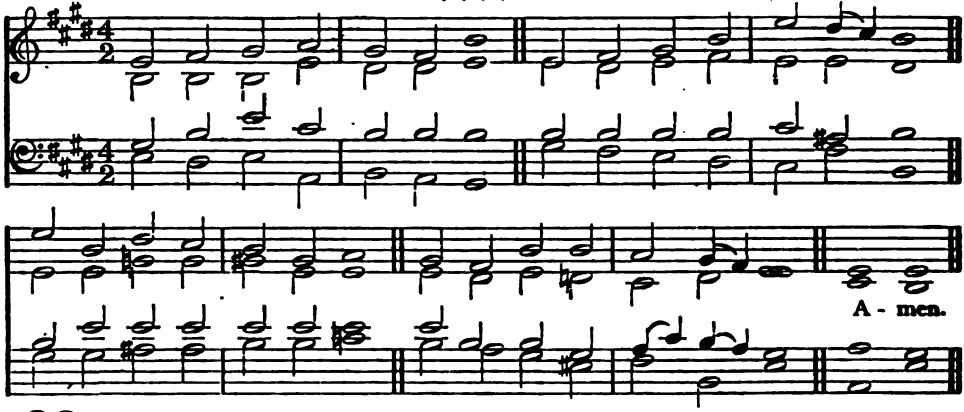
LUX BENIGNA. 10,4,10,4,10,10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

393

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness."

1 *mf* LEAD, kindly Light, (*p*) amid the encircling gloom,
cres Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
cres Lead Thou me on.
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: (*p*) one step enough for me.

2 *mf* I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*cres*) but now
Lead Thou me on.
mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*pp*) remember not past years.

3 *mf* So long Thy power hath blessed me, (*cres*) sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
f And with the morn those angel faces smile
dim Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.

LAUDATE PUERI. 7,7,7,7. FREDERICK G. EDWARDS.

394

(See also "Innocents," No. 212.)

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

1 *f* CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

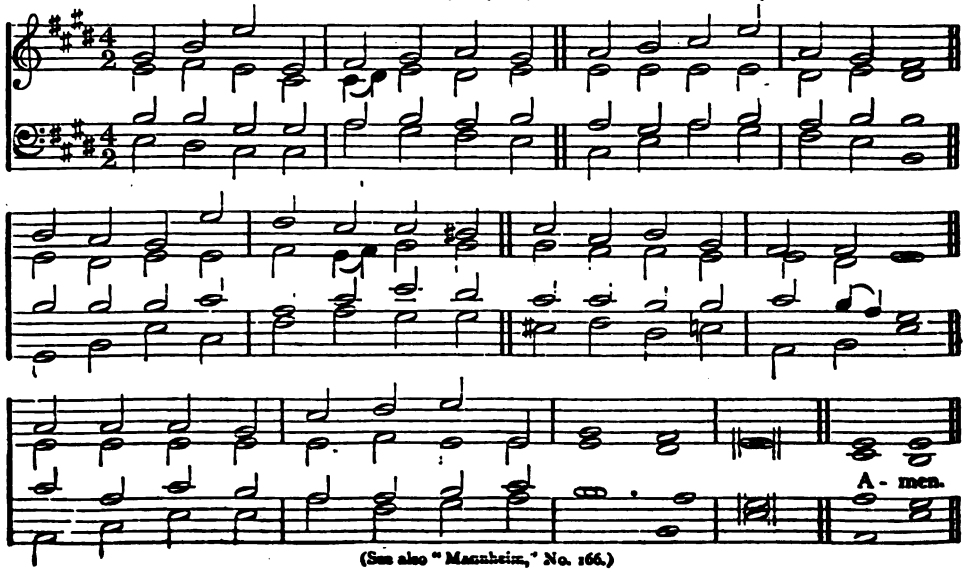
2 *mf* We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 *f* Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 *f* Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be;
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 *f* Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 *mf* Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
cres Only Thou our Leader be,
f And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

PILGRIMAGE. 8,7,8,7,4,7. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Magdeburg," No. 166.)

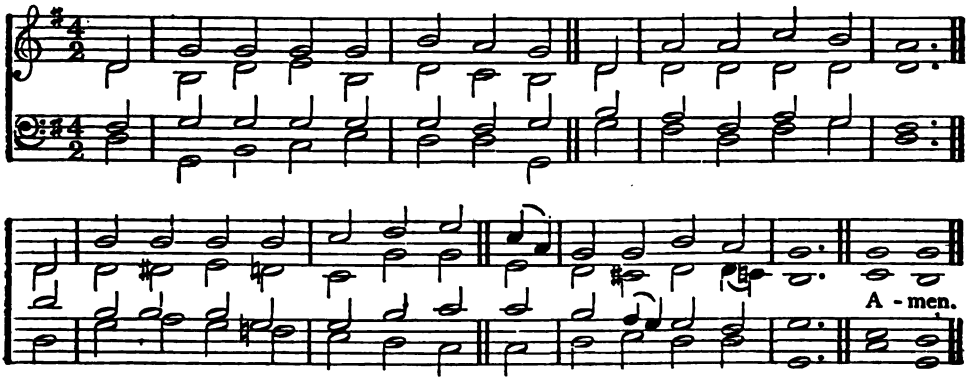
395 *"This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."*

1 *mf* GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
p I am weak, (*f*) but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
p Bread of heaven,
cres Feed me till I want no more.

2 *mf* Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
cres Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 *p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
cres Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
ff Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

XI.—DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

EMMANUEL. C.M. BEETHOVEN.

396 *"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."*

1 *p* TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

2 *mf* Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
p Death is the messenger of peace
cres And calls the soul to heaven.

3 *mf* As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
cres So His disciples rise, and reign
f With their triumphant Head.

4 *mf* The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
f And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

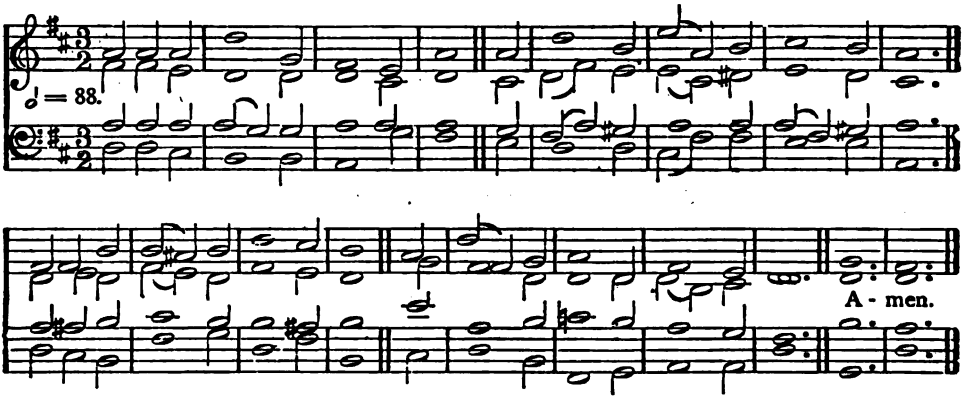
5 *mf* Then they who live shall changèd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

6 *f* The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

7 *mf* Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

8 *mf* A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
p Where death-divided friends at last
cres Shall meet to part no more. Amen.

REPOSE. L.M. F. R. STATHAM.



397

"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

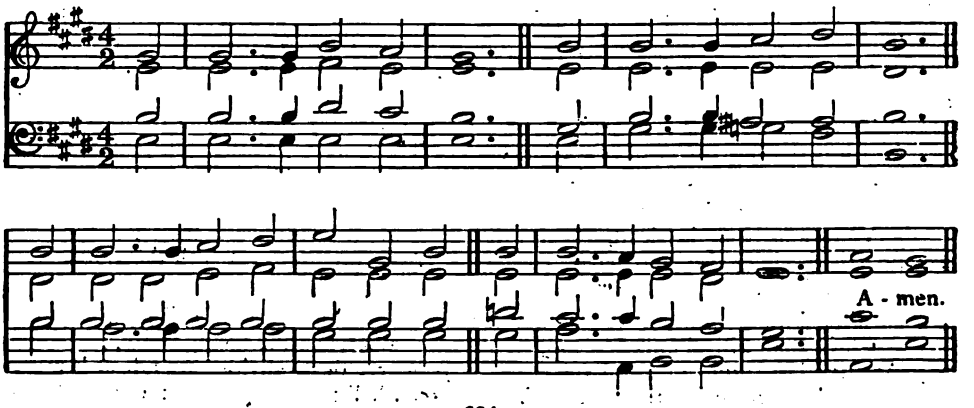
1 *p* ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 *p* Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
mf With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 *mf* Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 *p* Asleep in Jesus! (*cres*) oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
mf Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 *p* Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
mf But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep. Amen.

ALDERSGATE. S.M. Rev. G. P. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.

398

"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

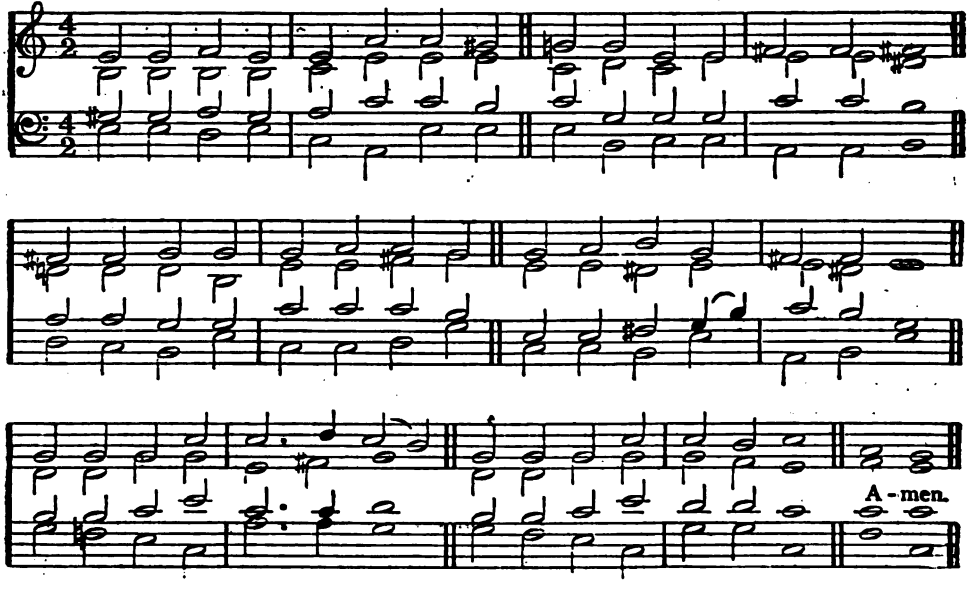
1 *p* IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
cres To be at home with God.

2 *p* It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
cres And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 *mf* It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 *mf* It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
cres And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 *f* Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

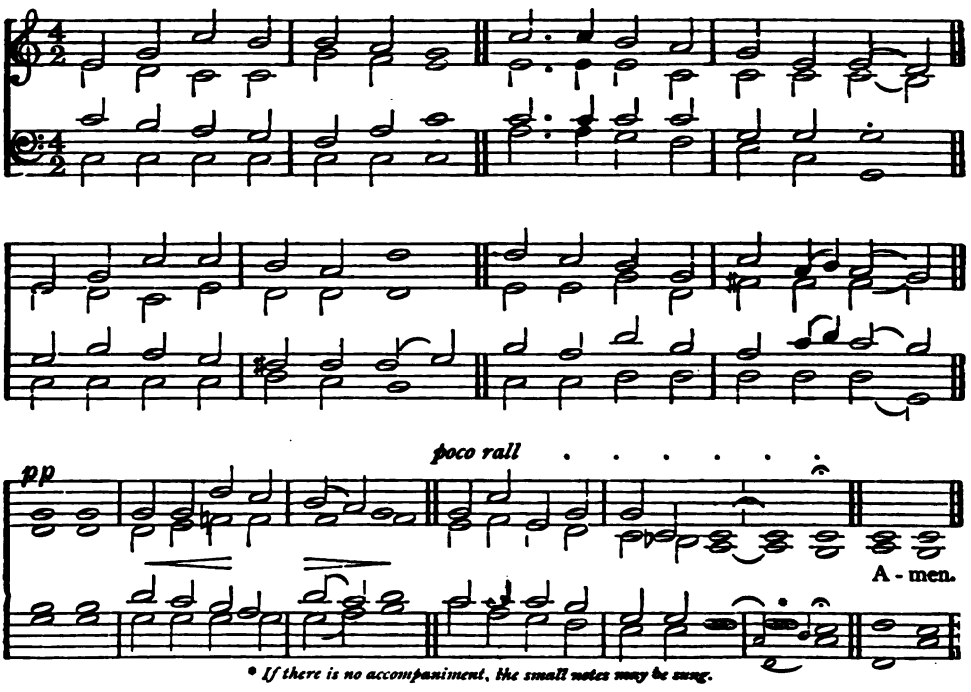
HEAVENLY REST. 8,7,8,7,7,7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

399

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

1 *p* HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
mf "Happy in the Lord who die;"
Happy they to whom 'tis given
From a world of grief to fly;
cres They indeed are truly blest;
dim From their labours then they rest.

2 *p* All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above.
cres Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by His grace.

3 *mf* 'Tis enough, enough for ever;
'Tis His people's bright reward;
They are blest indeed, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord:
p Oh, that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose! Amen.

REQUIESCAT. 7,7,7,7,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

* *If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung.*

400 "*Into Thy hand I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*"

1 *p* NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
cres Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

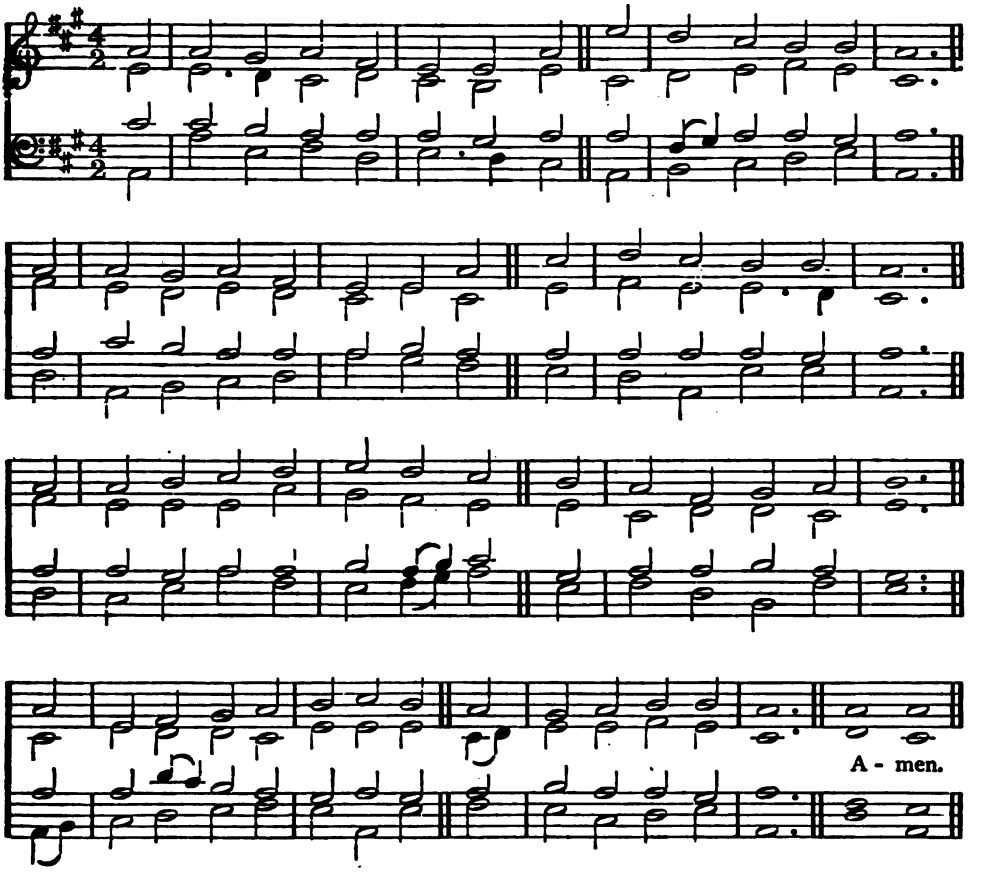
2 *mf* There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
p By a juster Judge than here:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 *mf* There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, (*p*) no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 *p* There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
cres All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise:
mf Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping

5 *mf* There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
p Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release:
cres Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 *p* "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
cres Till the resurrection-day:
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
pp Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

OLD 44TH. C.M. D. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

401

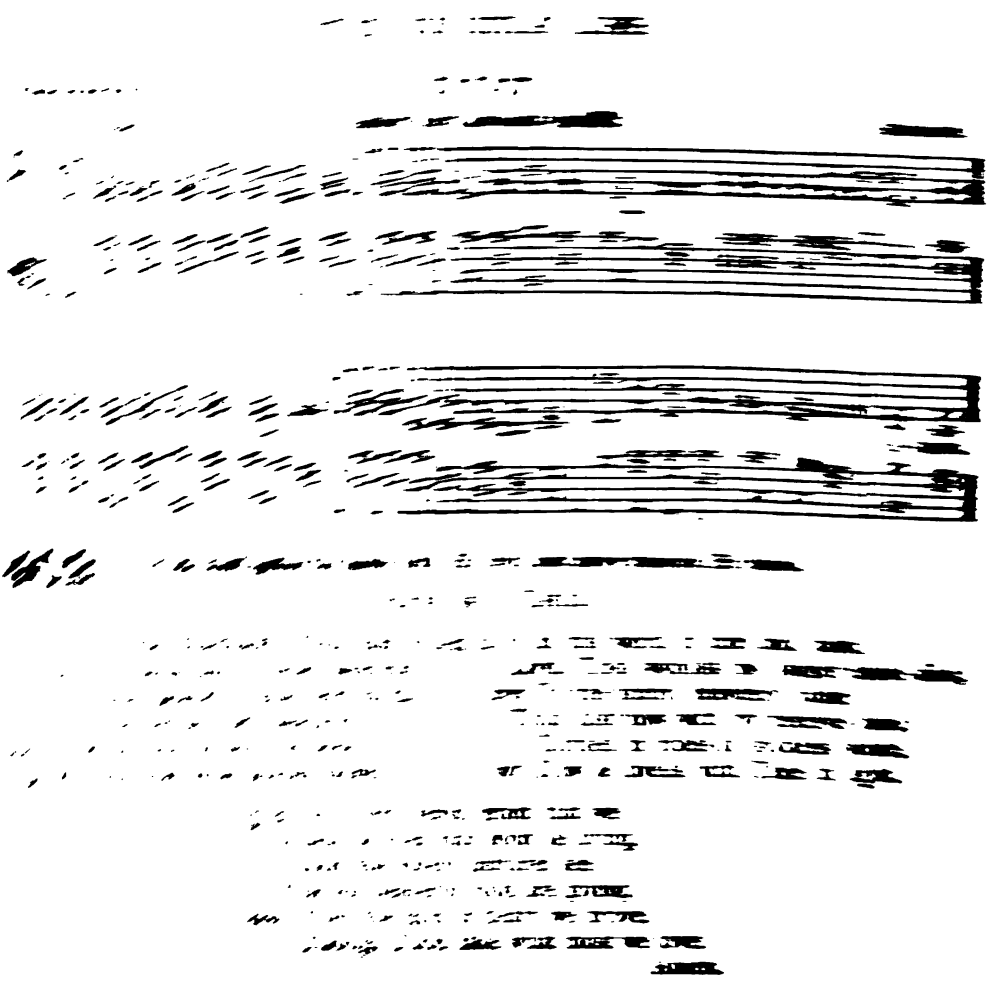
"Death is swallowed up in victory."

1 *mf* WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their
And dust to life awake, [charge
p Those bodies that corrupted fell
cres. Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
f Immortal in the skies.

2 *mf* Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled,
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
cres Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
f "O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy sting?

3 *p* "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt—
'Twas this that armed thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart;
cres But God, whose name be ever blessed,
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conquerors when we die,
f Through Christ our living Head."

4 *f* Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescribed by God
Yet more and more abound;
Assured that, though we labour now,
We labour not in vain; [Lord,
But, through the grace of heaven's great
Th' eternal crown shall gain. Amen.



403

"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold."

1 *p* MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
cres My Lord is life, He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
mf Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

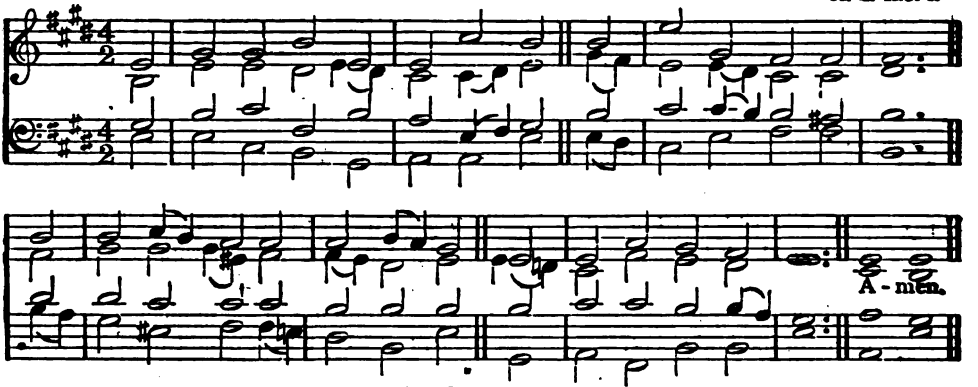
2 *p* My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
mf Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

3 *mf* My Lord His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
mf Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

4 *p* I said sometimes with tears,
"Ah me! I'm loath to die!"
cres Lord, silence Thou these fears;
My life's with Thee on high.
mf Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

5 *mf* Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below.
f Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see. Amen

X.—Heaven.

SOUTHWELL. C.M. H. S. IRONS.

(See also "Jerusalem," No. 80.)

404

"He hath prepared for them a city."

1 *mf* JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

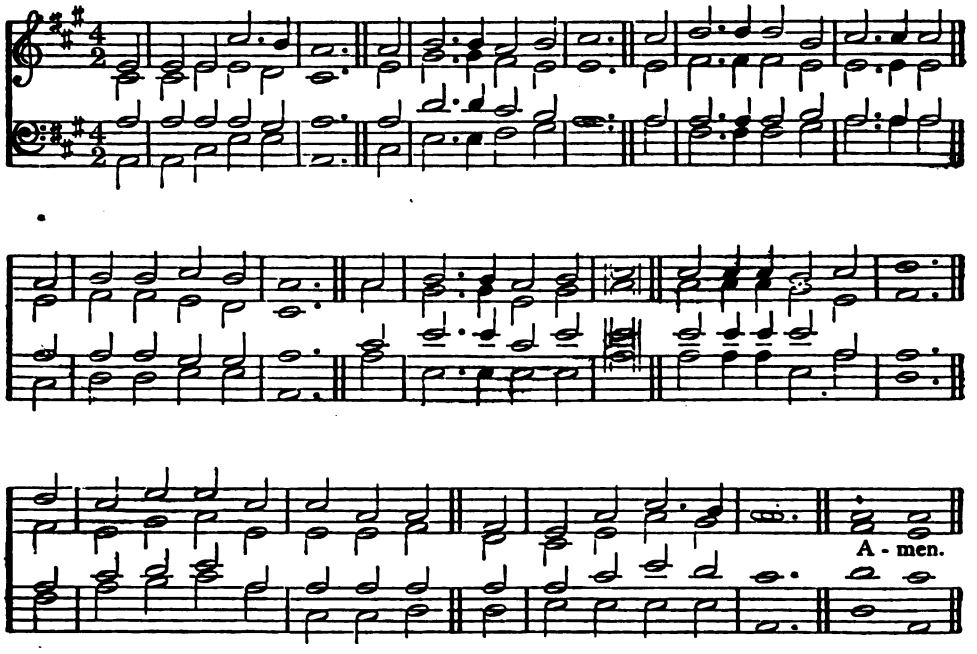
2 *mf* When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
cres Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 *mf* There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
cres I onward press to you.

4 *p* Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
cres I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
f And realms of endless day.

5 *mf* Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 *mf* Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
cres Then shall my labours have an end
f When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

NEARER HOME. S.M. D. J. WOODBURY.

405

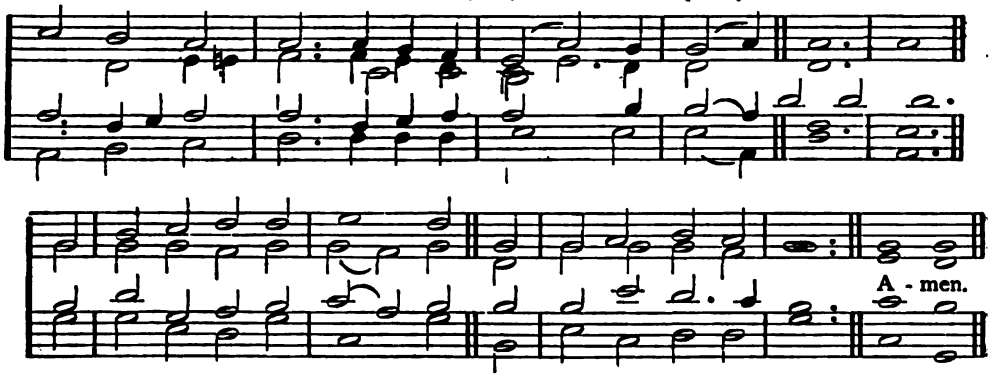
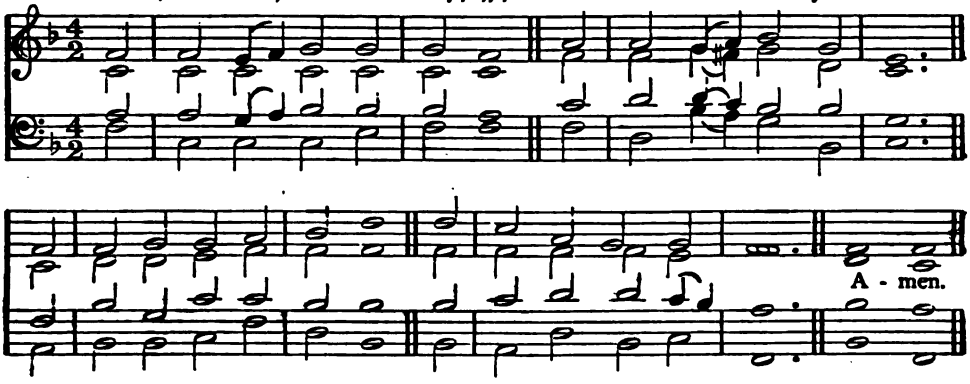
"So shall we ever be with the Lord.

1 *f* "FOR ever with the Lord!"
p Amen, so let it be:
cres Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality!
p Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cres Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 *mf* My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, (*cres*) how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
p Ah, then my spirit faints
cres To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 *f* "For ever with the Lord!"
p Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
cres Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
f Fight, and I must prevail.

4 *p* So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cres By death I shall escape from death
f And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
ff "For ever with the Lord!" Amen

ST. ALPHEGE (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

MORLAIX (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. J. H. KNECHT.

406

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

PART I.

1 *p* BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
cres The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 *mf* O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 *mf* There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4 *p* And now we fight the battle,
cres But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

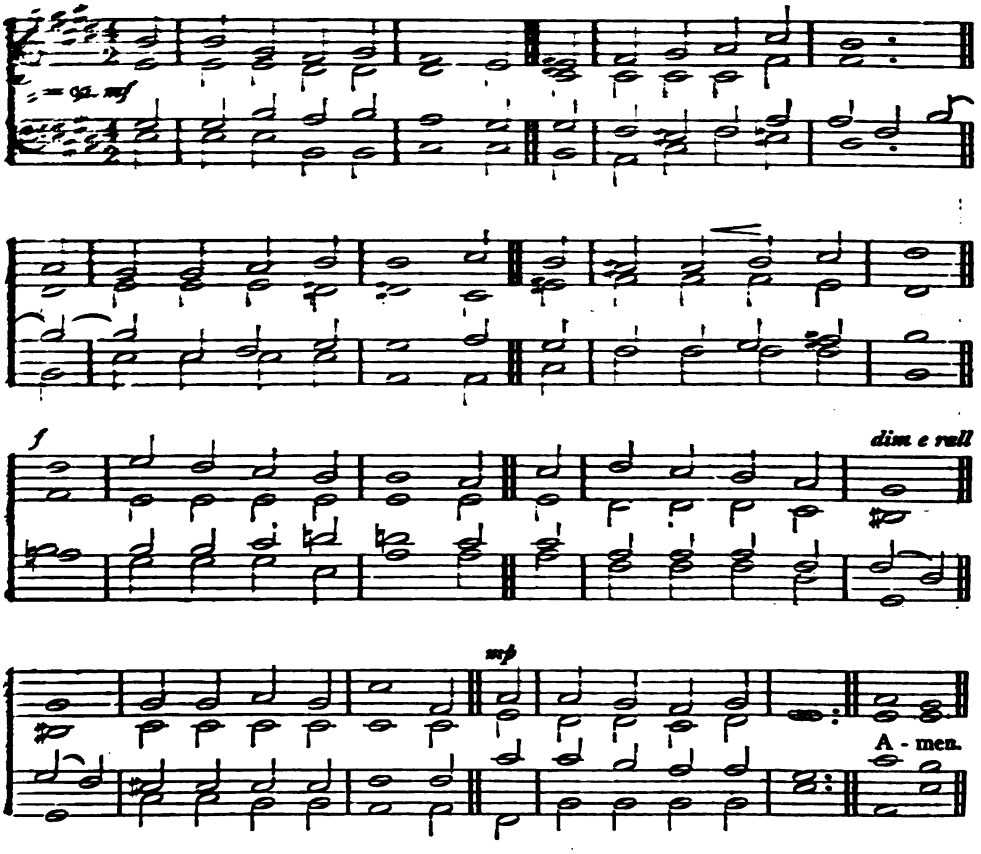
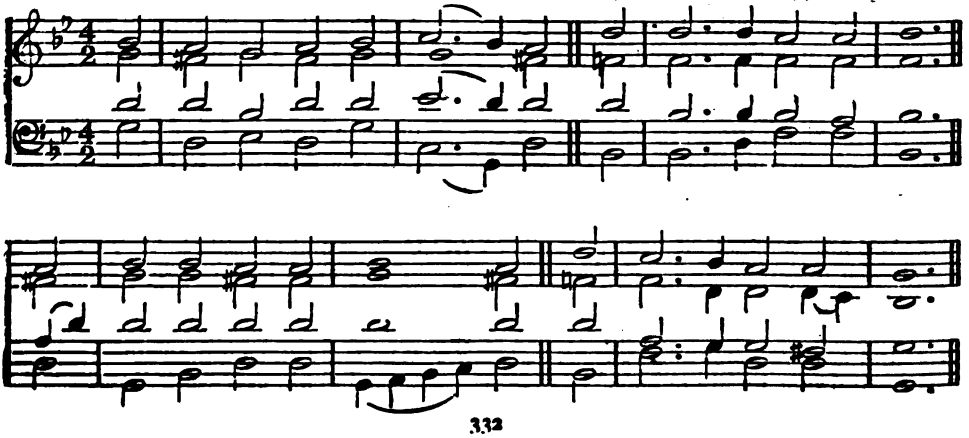
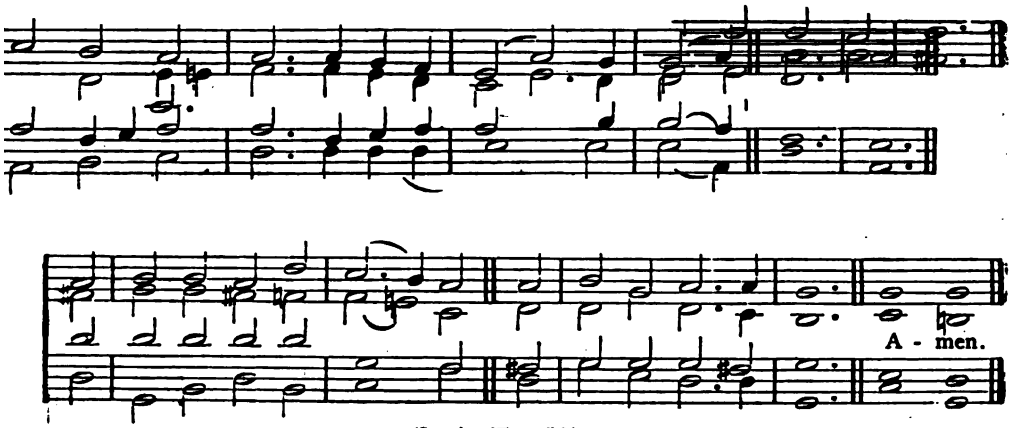
5 *p* And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;

6 *mf* But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

7 *f* Yes! God, our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

8 *p* O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
cres O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

9 *p* Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
cres Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

ST. ANSELM (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. J. BARNBY.

JENNER (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. Bishop JENNER.

(See also "Tours," No. 472.)

407 *"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."*

PART II.

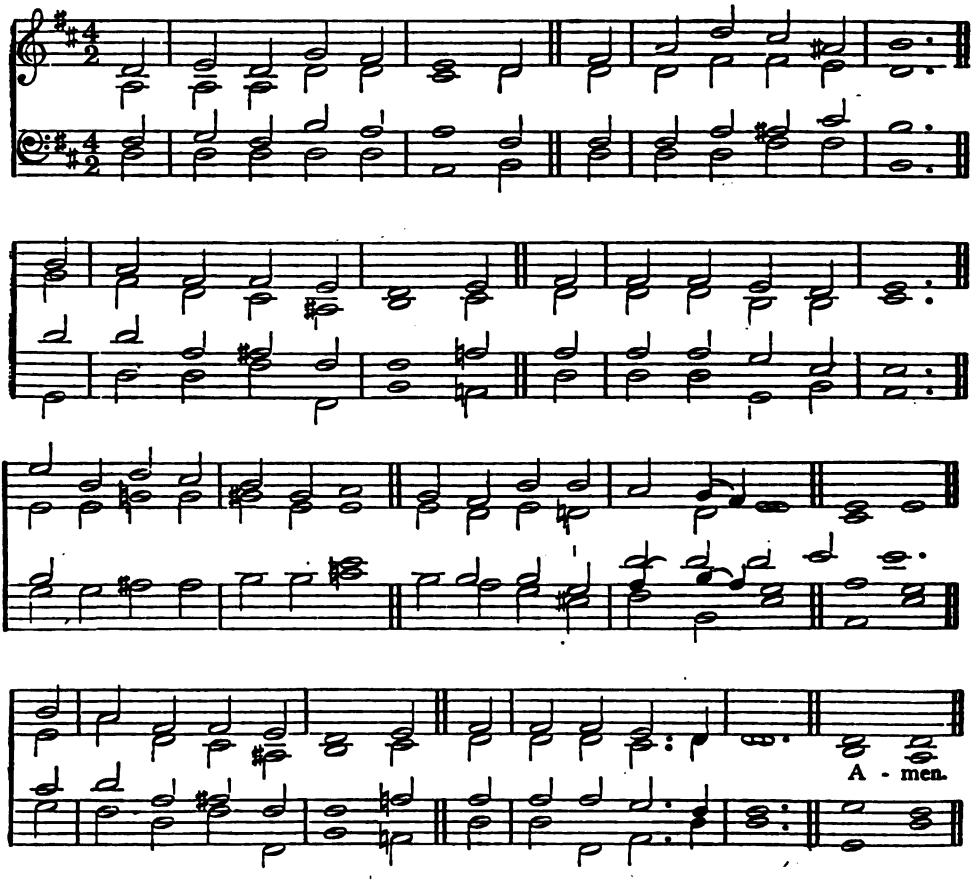
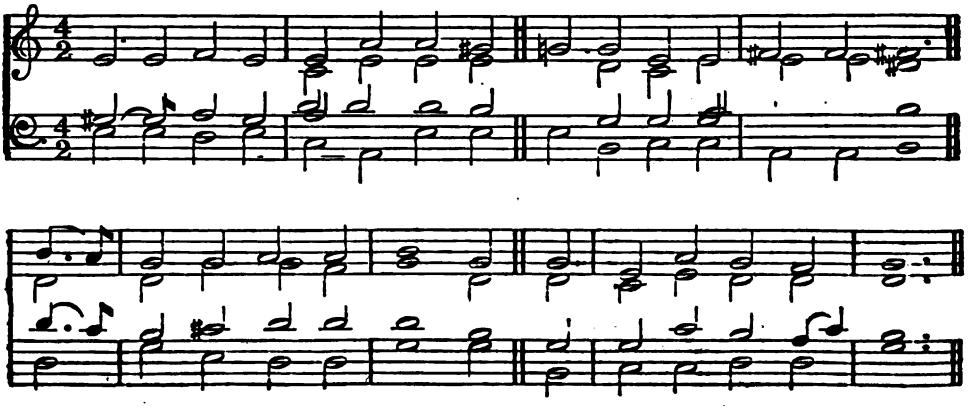
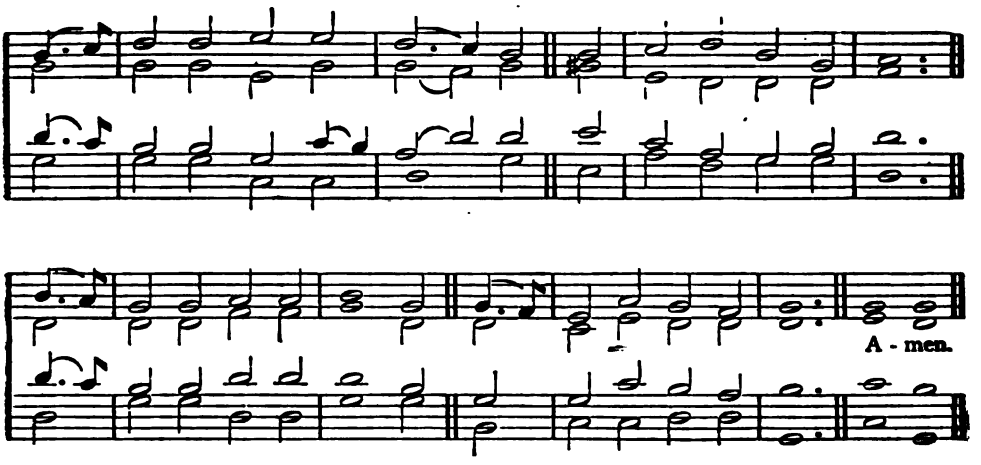
1 *mf* FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
p Thy happy name, they weep.
cres The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
dim And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 *mf* O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
f The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 *mf* Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
With jasper glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

4 *mf* Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
p Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
cres Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
f Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 *p* O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
cres O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

EWING (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. ALEXANDER EWING.

ENDSLEIGH (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6. D. S. SALVATORI.

408

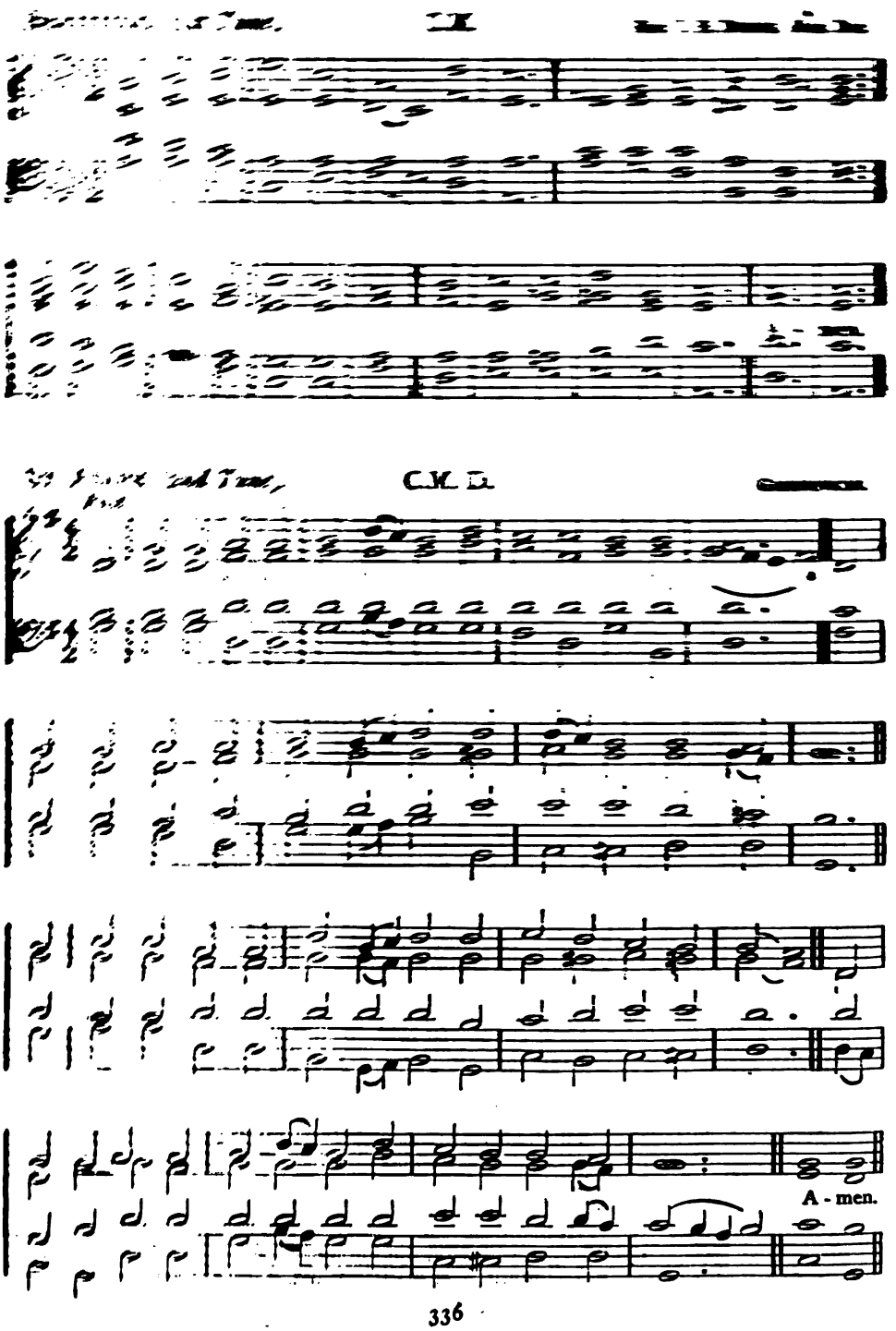
"And the city was pure gold."

PART III.

1 *mf* JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
dim Beneath thy contemplation
p Sink heart and voice oppressed:
cres I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
f What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

2 *f* They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 *mf* There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
f The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
mf And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 *p* O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
cres O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
p Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
mf Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest Amen.

A - men.

409

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?"

1 *mf* HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 *p* Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
cres And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 *f* Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

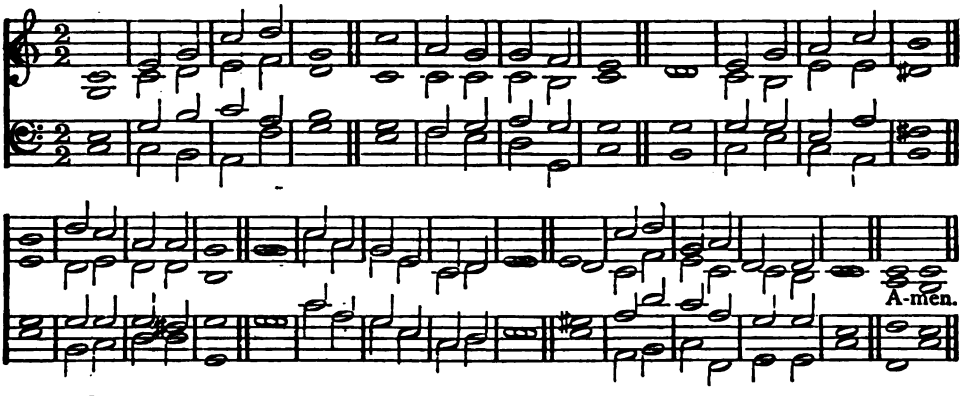
4 *f* His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 *p* Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
cres God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
f Diffuse eternal day.

6 *mf* The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 *mf* 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
dim And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

8 *f* To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore! Amen.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

410

"When shall I come and appear before God?"

1 *mf* JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
f Oh, happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

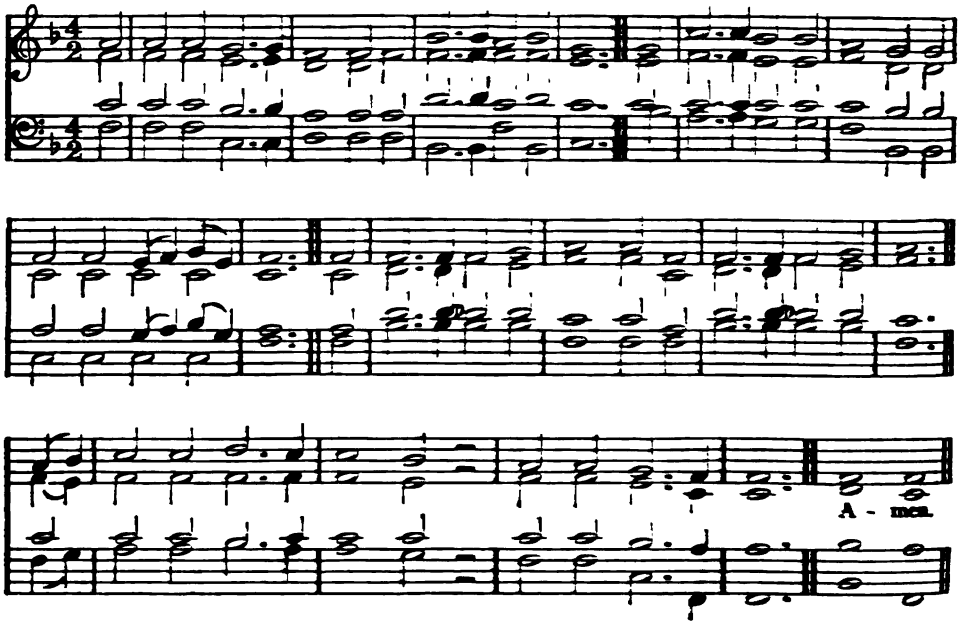
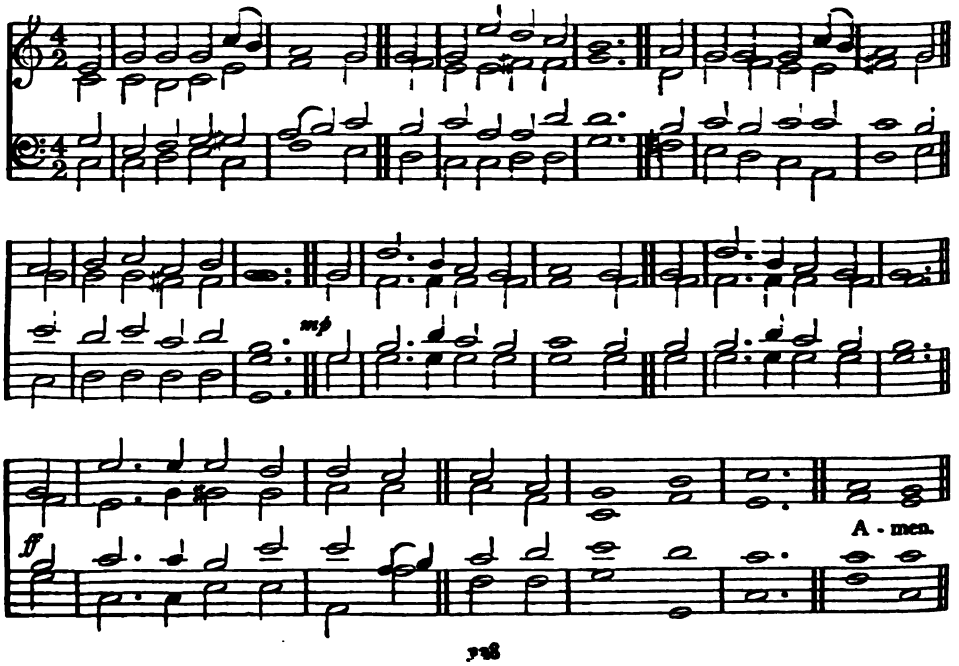
2 *mf* There dwells my Lord, my King,
p Judged here unfit to live;
cres There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
f Oh, happy place! &c.

3 *mf* The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
f Oh, happy place! &c.

4 *mf* The Lord's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
f Oh, happy place! &c.

5 *p* The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
cres Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
f Oh, happy place! &c.

6 *p* Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
cres Lord, thither guide my way:
f Oh, happy place! &c. Amen.

KUTHERFORD (1st *Tune*). 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,5. LAUDAMUS PSALTER.

IMMANUEL'S LAND (2nd *Tune*). 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,5. CHARLES VINCENT, Mus. Bac.

413

"His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face."

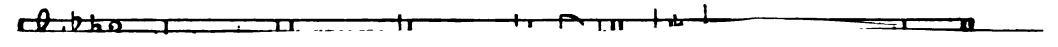
1 *mf* THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cres Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

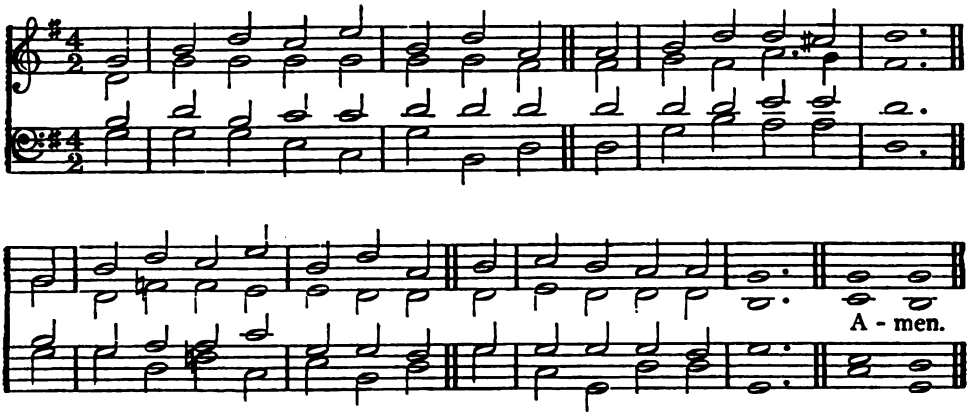
2 *p* There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
cres Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
f Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 *p* O joy, all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
cres To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
f And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 *mf* Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
dim The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
cres His own most gracious smile
f Shall welcome you above. Amen.

CANAAN. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



YORK. C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

412

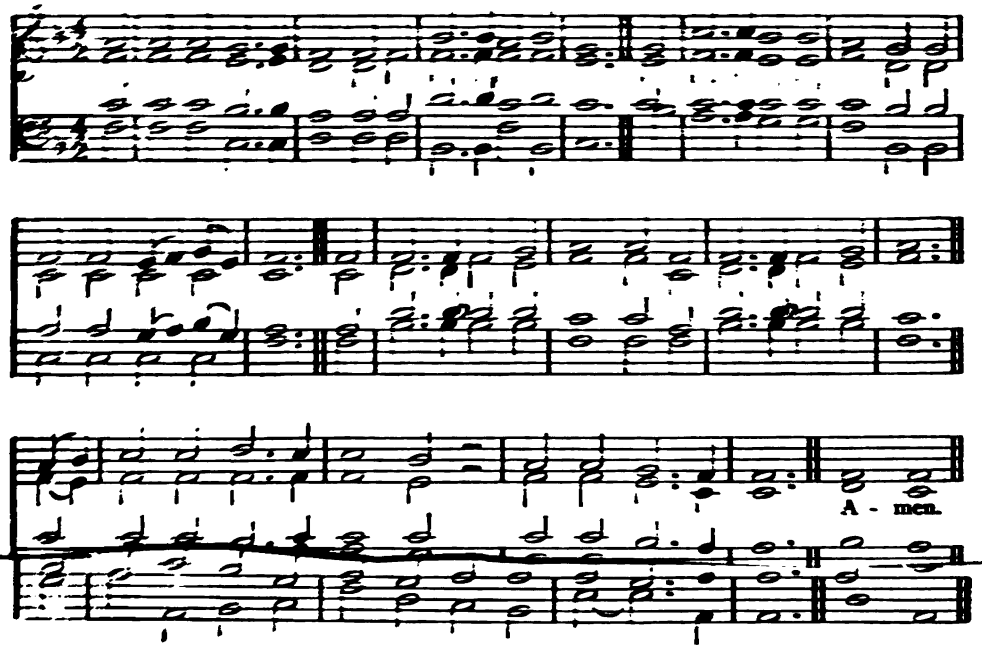
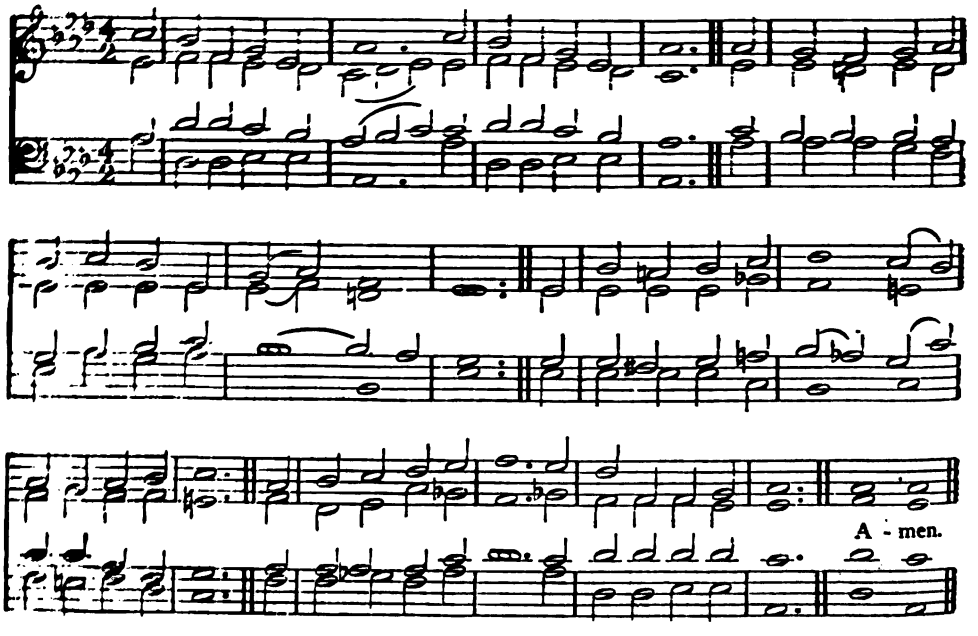
"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

1 *mf* FROM heaven the New Jerusalem comes
All worthy of her Lord:
See all things now at last renewed,
And Paradise restored!

2 *mf* The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode;
He dwells with men; His people, they,
And He, His people's God.

3 *p* His gracious hand shall wipe the tear
From every weeping eye; [fears,
And pains and groans, and griefs and
And death itself, shall die.

4 *cres* Oh, may we stand before the Lamb
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
f With blessings on our head! Amen.

BATTERSHAW (1st Tune). 7,6,7,6,7,5. LANCASHIRE PSALTER.

THE BLESSED HOME (2nd Tune). 6,6,6,6. D. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

413

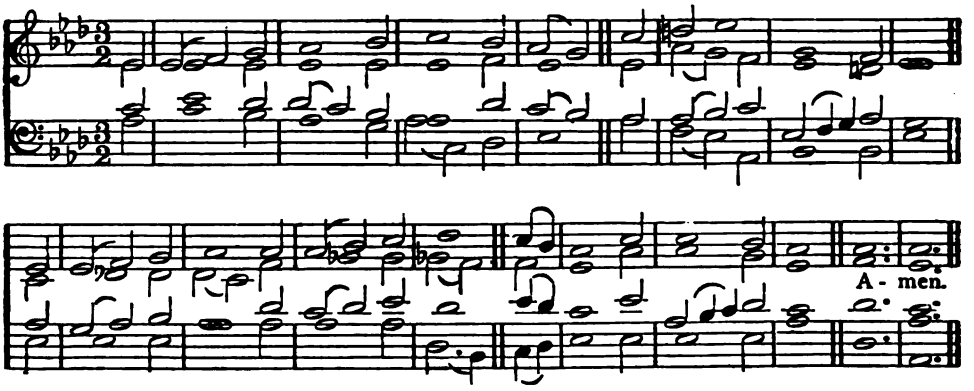
"His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face."

1 *mf* THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cres Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 *p* There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
cres Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
f Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 *p* O joy, all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
cres To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
f And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 *mf* Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
dim The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
cres His own most gracious smile
f Shall welcome you above. Amen.

CANAAN. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

(See also "Barton Agnes," No. 50.)

414

"The Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land."

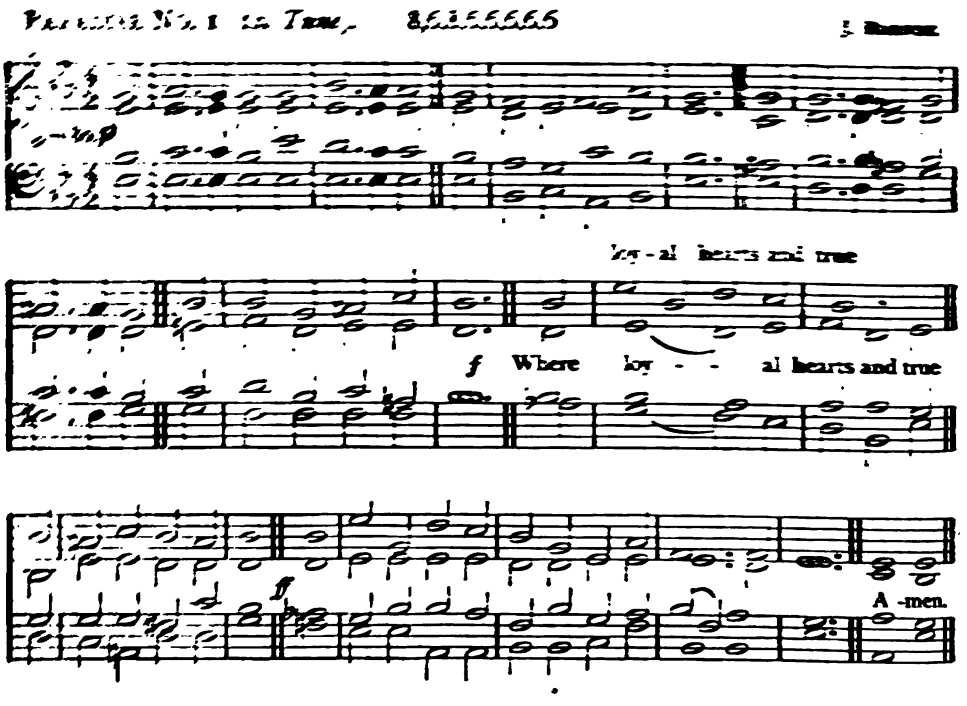
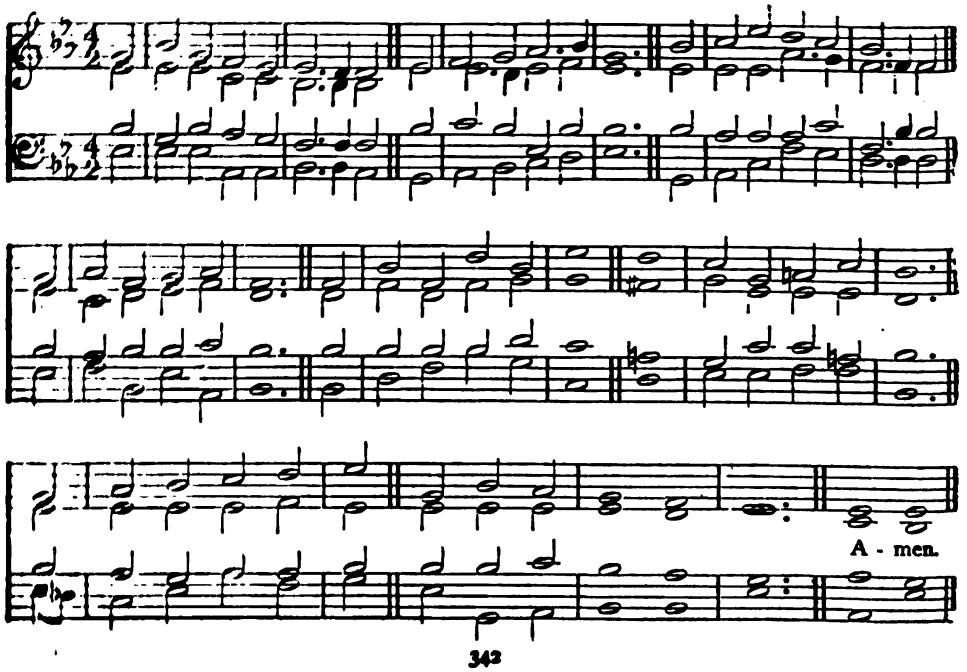
1 *f* THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 *f* There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 *mf* Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 *p* But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 *mf* Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
cres And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 *mf* Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
f Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.
Amen.

PARADISE NO. 2 (*2nd Tune*). 8,6,8,6,6,6,6,6. HENRY SMART.

415

"The paradise of God."

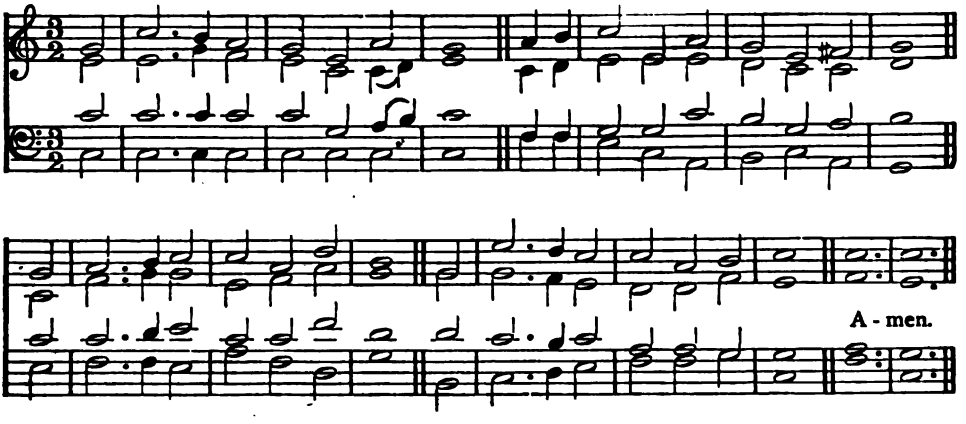
1 *p* O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
mf Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 *p* O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?
mf Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!
p 'Tis weary waiting here;
cres I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
mf Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 *mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!
p I want to sin no more,
cres I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
mf Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 *mf* Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
cres And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
f Where loyal hearts, &c.
Amen.

TABOR. 8,9,8,8. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

416

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

1 *mf* WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
f But what must it be to be there!

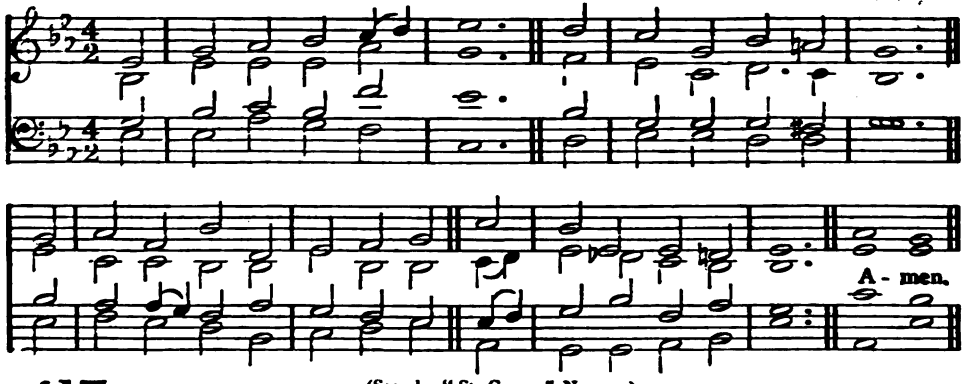
2 *mf* We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
f But what must it be to be there!

3 *p* We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
f But what must it be to be there!

4 *mf* We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
f But what must it be to be there!

5 *mf* We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above;
f But what must it be to be there!

6 *p* Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
cres And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

BEN RHYDDING. S.M. A. R. REINAGLE.

417 (See also "St. George," No. 373.)

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth."

1 *mf* THERE is no night in heaven:
p In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

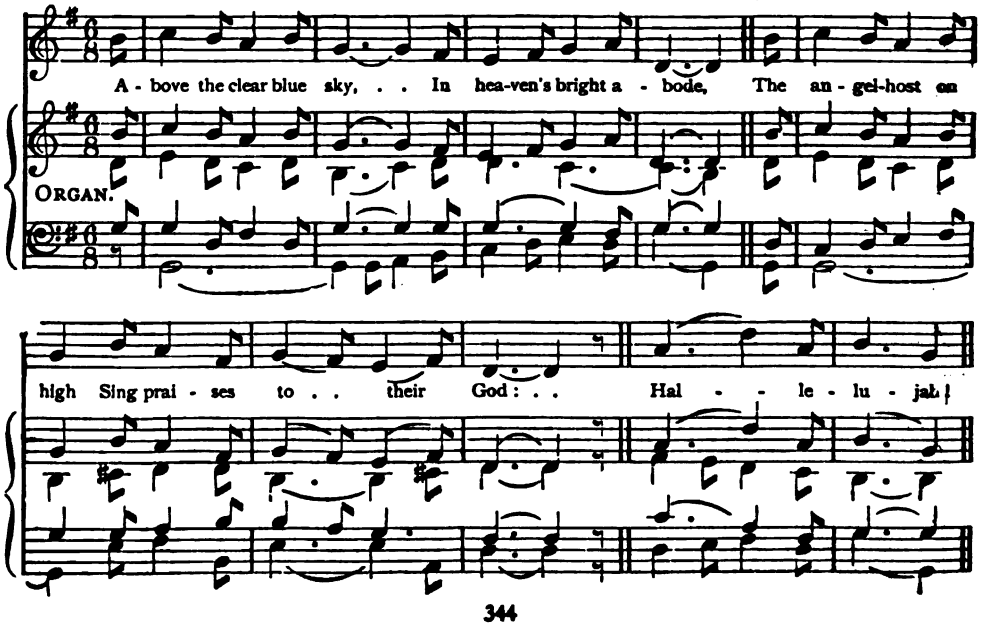
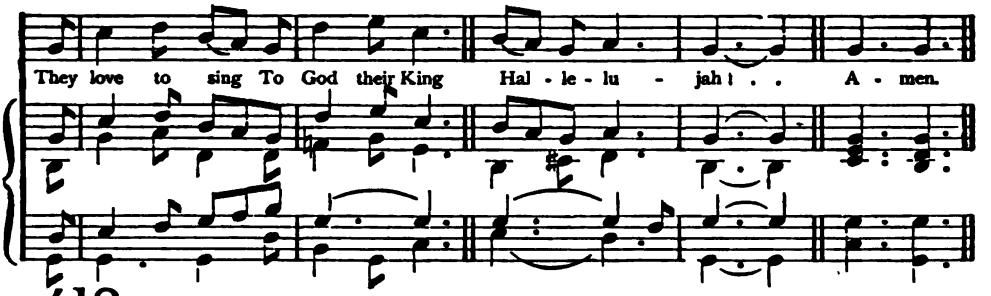
2 *mf* There is no grief in heaven:
p For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 *mf* There is no sin in heaven:
Behold that blessèd throng;
cres All-holy is their spotless robe!
All-holy is their song!

4 *mf* There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
cres Have won their immortality,
dim And they can die no more.

5 *mf* Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
And lead us safely on,
cres Till night and grief and sin and death
f Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.

XI.—The Young.

CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

418

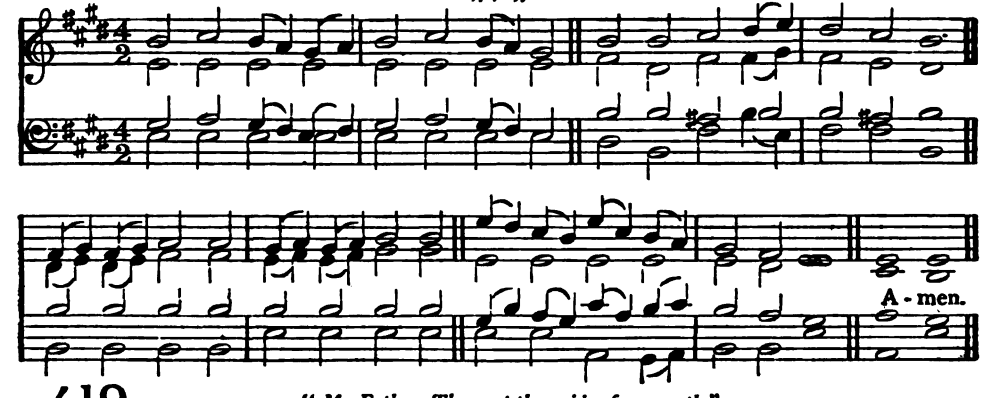
"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

1 *mf* ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel-host on high
Sing praises to their God :
f Hallelujah !
They love to sing
To God their King
"Hallelujah !"

2 *mf* But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise ;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise :
f Hallelujah !
We too will sing
To God our King
"Hallelujah !"

3 *mf* O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art
f Hallelujah !
Then shall we sing
To God our King
"Hallelujah !"

4 *mf* Oh, may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around :
cres And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
f Hallelujah !
All then shall sing
To God their King
"Hallelujah !" Amen.

SICILY. 8,7,8,7. ITALIAN MELODY.

419

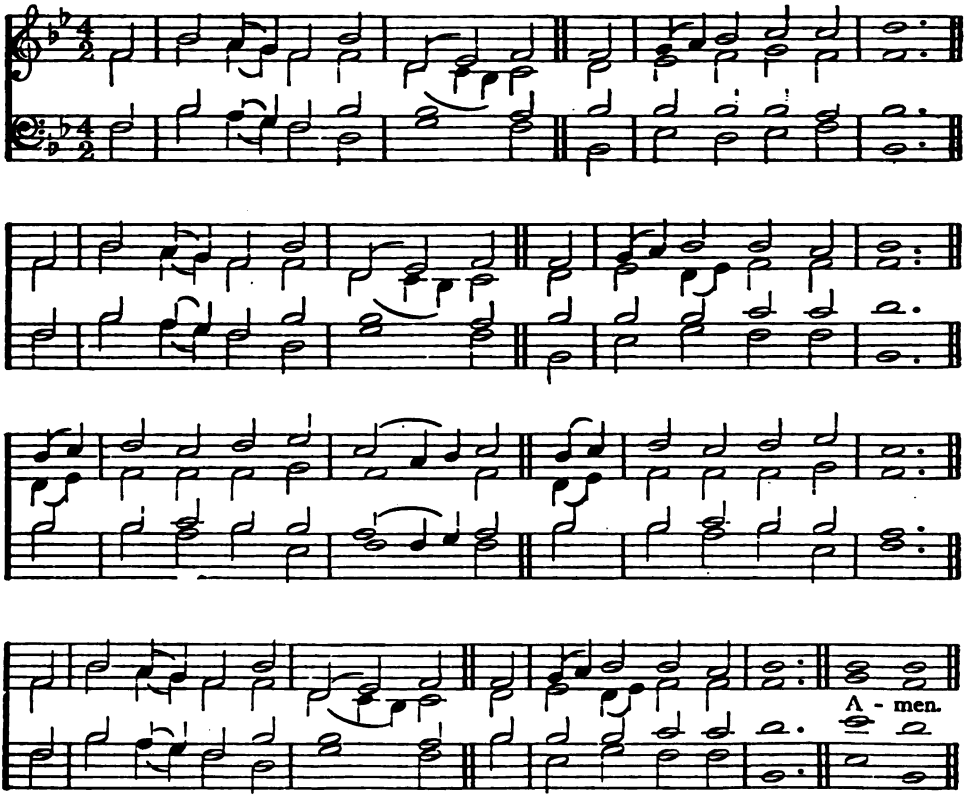
"My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth."

1 *mf* CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us;
p Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 *mf* Oh, may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 *mf* Hark ! it is the Saviour calling,
p "Little children, follow Me :"
cres Jesus, keep our feet from falling ;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 *p* Soon we part ; it may be never,
Never here to meet again ;
cres Oh, to meet in heaven for ever !
f Oh, the crown of life to gain ! Amen.

ELLACOMBE. 7,6,7,6. D. **GERMAN.**

420

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King!"

(*Congregation.*)

1 *f* COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
p He loved the little children
And called them to His side,
cres His loving arms embraced them,
p And for their sake He died.

(*Boys only.*)

2 *mf* O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee obedient,
p Like Thee from sin-stains free,
cres Like Thee in God's own temple,
p In lowly home like Thee.

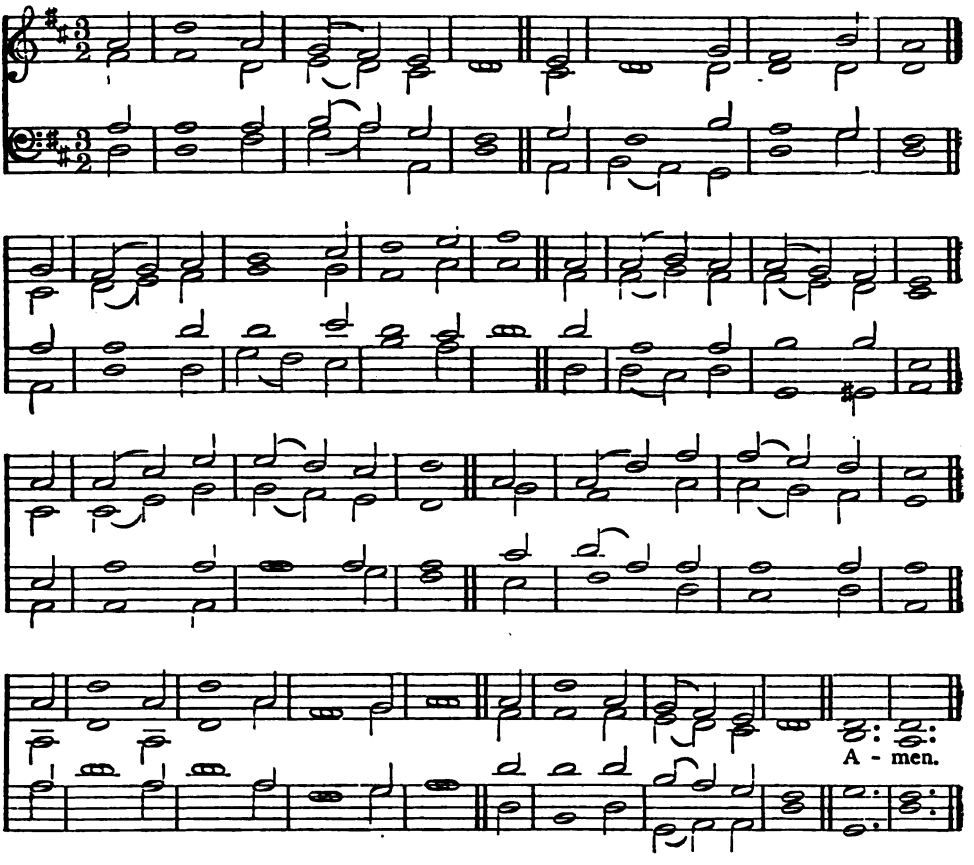
(*Girls only.*)

3 *p* O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
cres Oh, give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,—
dim The meek and quiet spirit,
Which shone in Thee so fair.

(*All.*)

4 *f* O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise:
Be Thou the Light and Pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.

PALMYRA. S.M. D. FELICE GIARDINI.

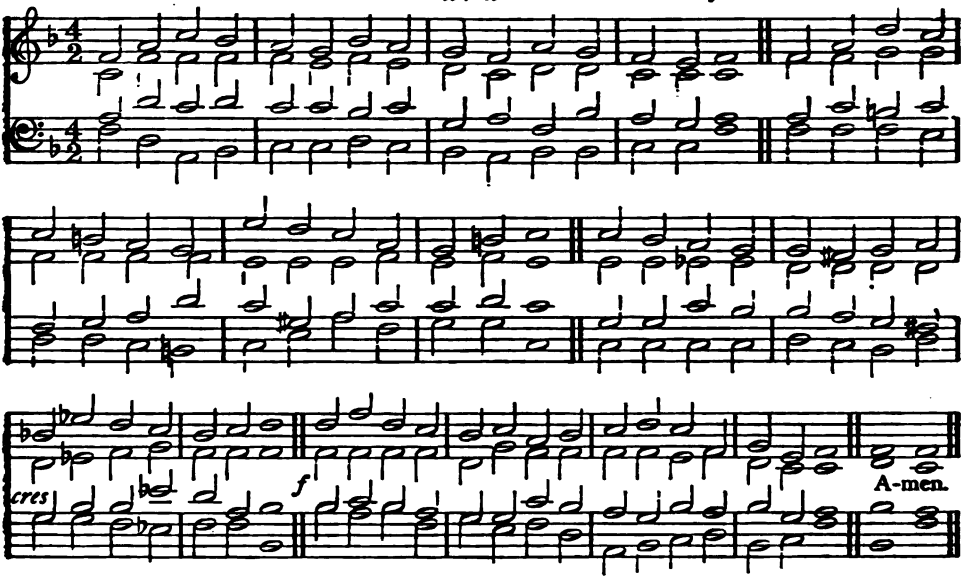


421 *"Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great."*

1 *mf* ABOVE yon clear blue sky,
p Beyond our feeble sight,
f The God of glory dwells on high
In everlasting light.
mf Around His glorious throne
The holy angels stand;
f In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

2 *mf* And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do,
p Their inmost thoughts to know;
mf And though He reigns above,
Where angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love
And lead us in His ways.

3 *mf* Oh, may we humbly seek
To do His holy will,
And try, with thankful hearts and meek,
To sing His praises still;
f And then, for Jesus' sake
p Who came for us to die,
cres Our happy spirits He will take
To praise Him in the sky. Amen.

IONA. 8,7,8,7. D. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

422

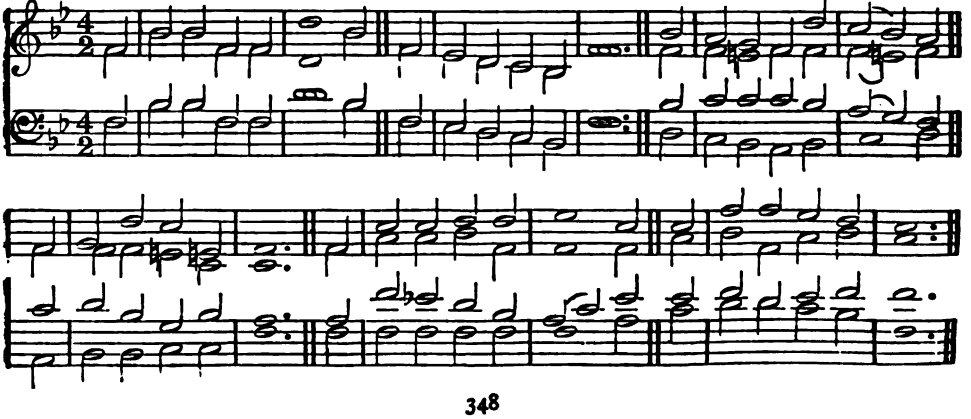
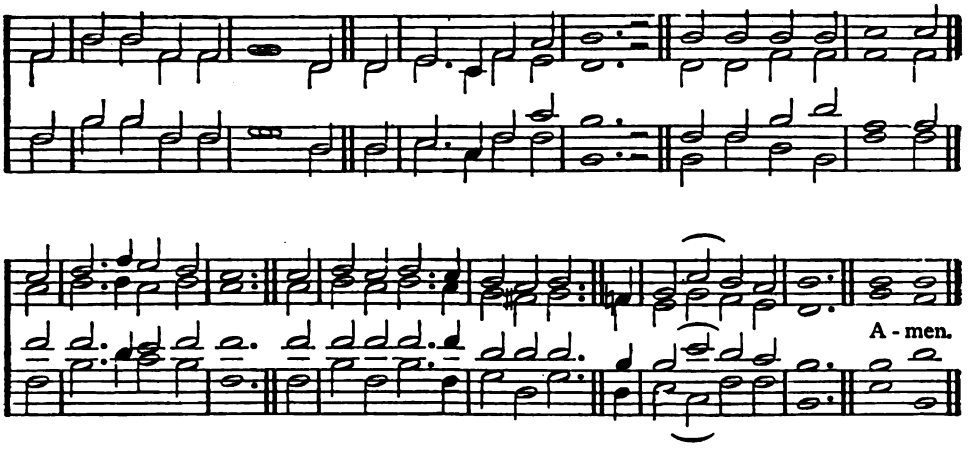
"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."

1 *mf* HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here:
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear;
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful and chaste and pure;
And, their faith, like David, proving,
f Steadfast unto death endure.

2 *p* Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
cres Bless and make them like to Thee;
p Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
cres Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 *mf* Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace and joy and love;
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
cres May they with Thy glory shine,
f And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. **Amen.**

7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6,6,6,8,4.

DRESDEN. *Wir pflügen und wir streuen.* J. A. E. SCHULTZE.



423 *"This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice, and be glad in it."*

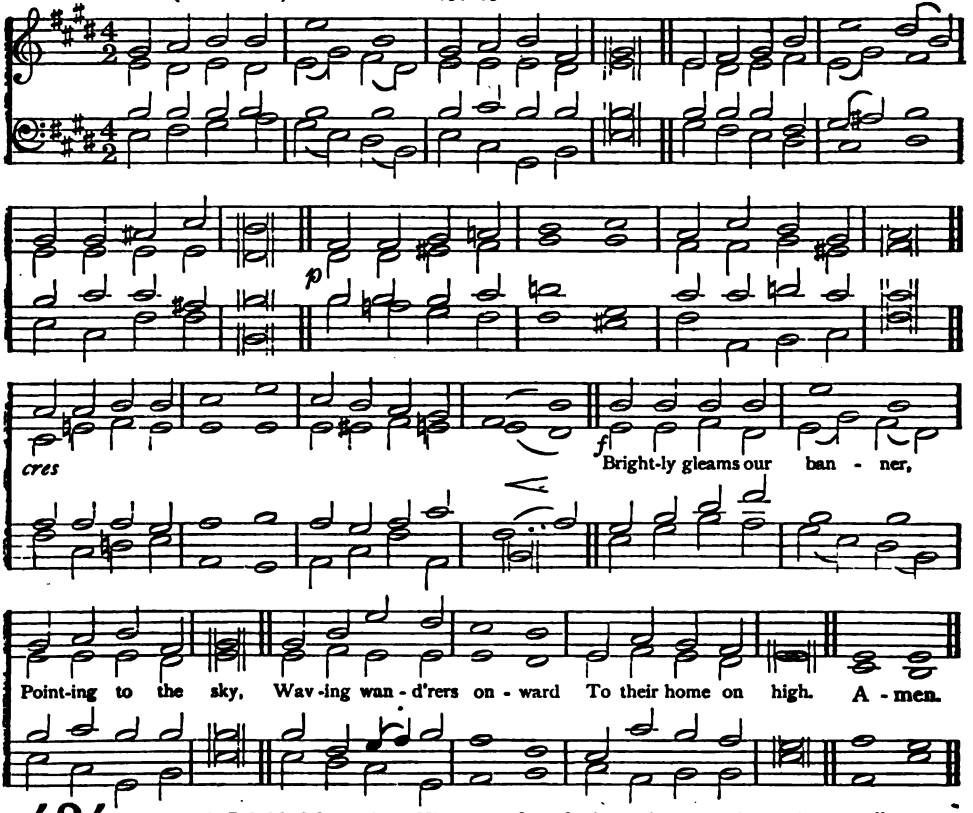
1 *mf* AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
p The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
f "Glory be to Jesus!"
Let all His children say;
"He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!"

2 *mf* Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
"Glory be to Jesus!" &c.

3 *mf* The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
p The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
cres These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
"Glory be to Jesus!" &c.

4 *mf* The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering
And sings the same sweet psalms,
"Glory be to Jesus!" &c.

5 *f* Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
cres Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King;
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.
ff "Glory be to Jesus!"
Let all creation say;
"He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!" Amen.

VEXILLUM (*1st Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. HENRY SMART.

424

"Behold, I have given Him . . . for a leader and commander to the people."

1 *f* BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high!
mf Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
f Still with hearts united,
Singing on our way.
ff Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

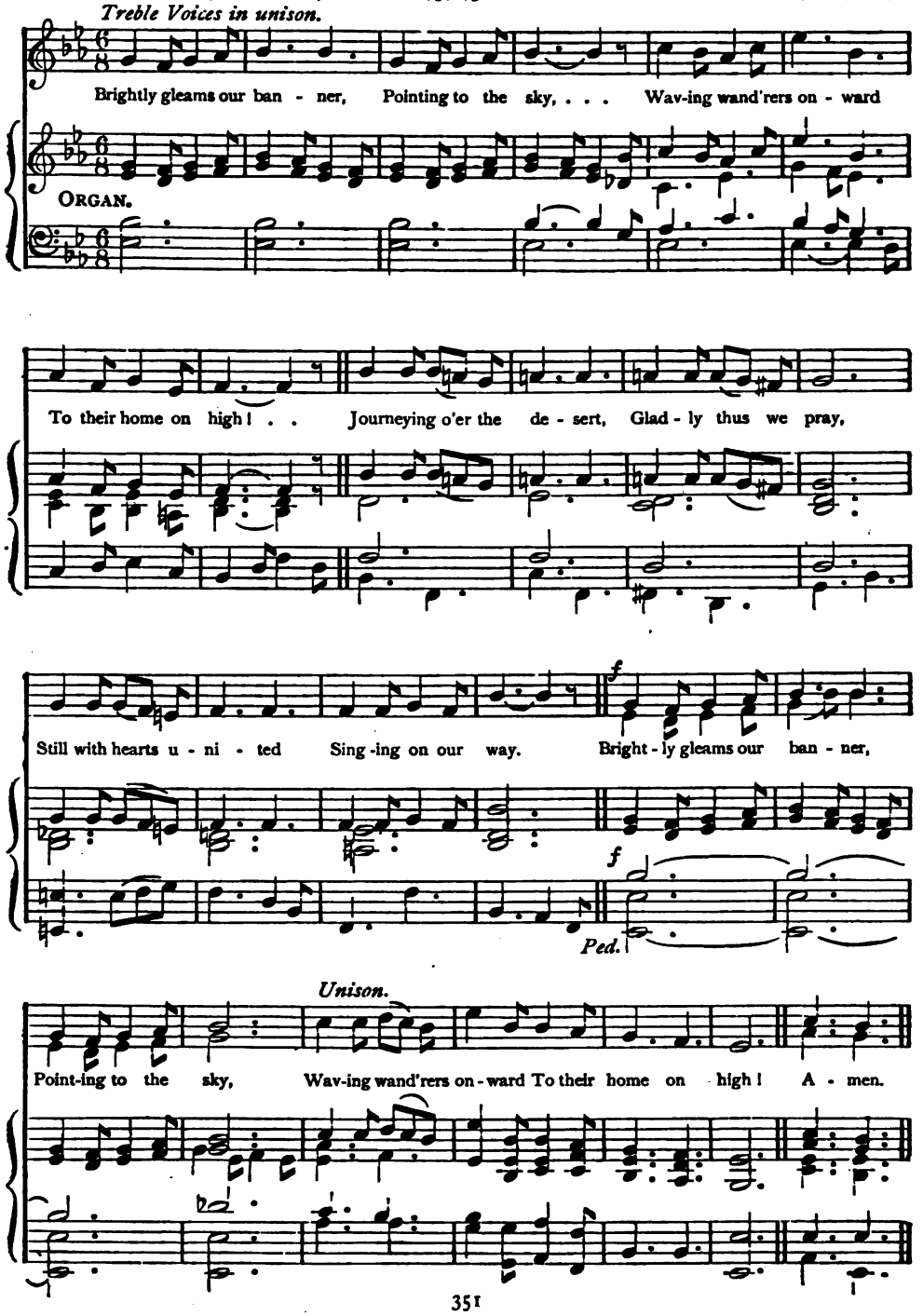
2 *mf* Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cres Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

3 *mf* Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
dim Pure, and meek, and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cres Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

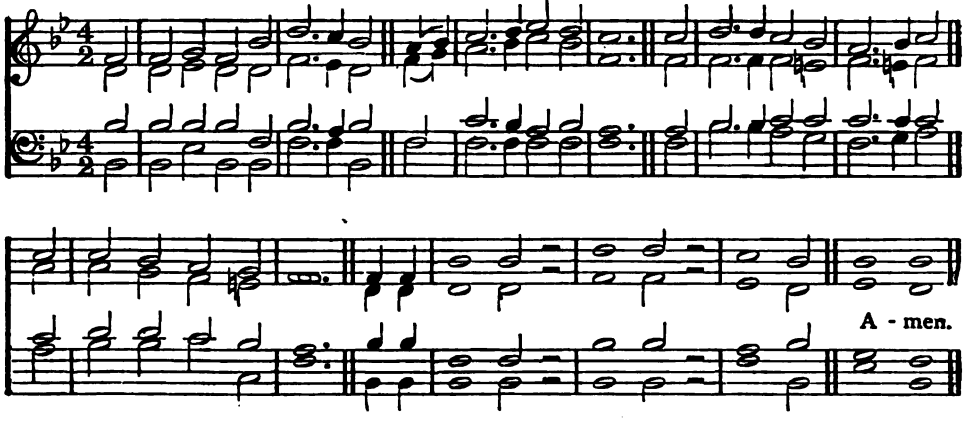
4 *mf* All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c

5 *f* Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cres Jesus in His beauty!
f Songs that never cease! [Amen.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

ST. THERESA (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Treble Voices in unison.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, . . . Wav-ing wand'rers on - ward
ORGAN.
To their home on high! . . Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
Still with hearts u - ni - ted Sing-ing on our way. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner,
f
f
Ped.
Unison.
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high! A - men.

CAMPDEN. 8,6,8,6,8. W. H. CALLCOTT.



425

"They are without fault before the throne of God."

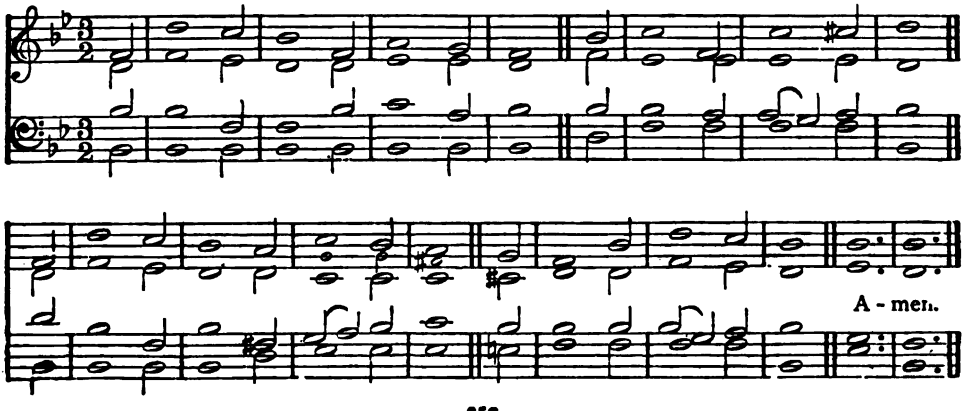
1 *mf* AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
p Children whose sins are all forgiven,
cres A holy, happy band,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

2 *mf* In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

3 *p* What brought them to that world above,
cres That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory"?

4 *p* Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
cres Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

5 *mf* On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face
And stand before the Lamb,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!" Amen.

HOLY CROSS. C.M. MENDELSSOHN

426

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

mf BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

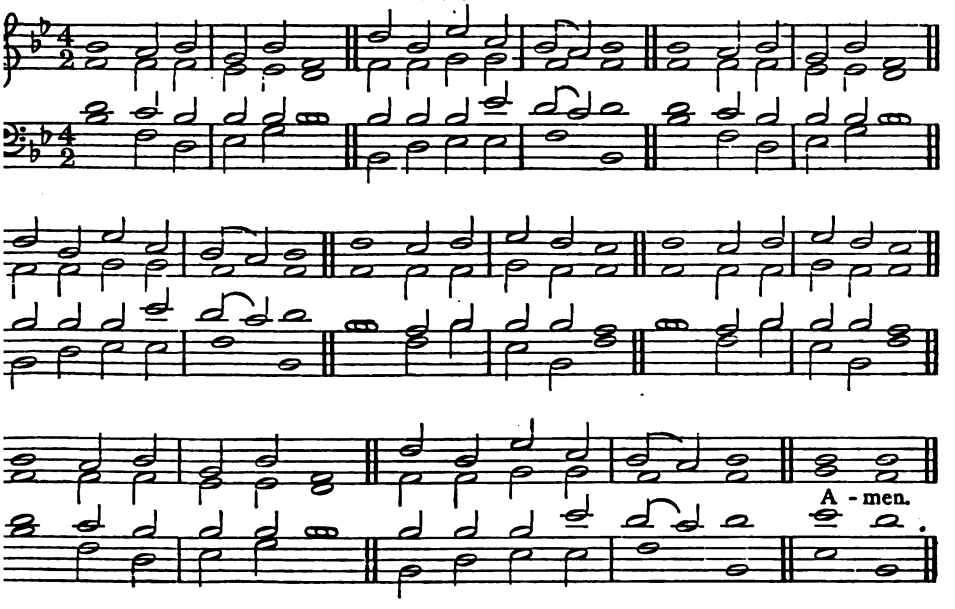
mf Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 *p* And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 *mf* O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 *p* Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
cres In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

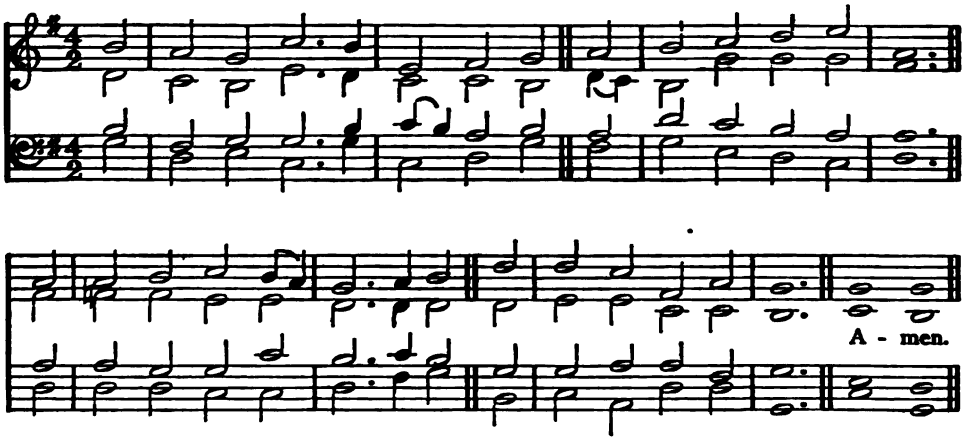
MADRID. 6,6,6,6. D. SPANISH MELODY.

427

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

1 *mf* COME, children, join to sing
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
cres Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
f Hallelujah! Amen!

2 *mf* Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
p To us He'll condescend;
cres His love shall never end:
f Hallelujah! Amen!

3 *f* Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
p Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!
cres On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
f "Hallelujah! Amen!"
Amen.

FAITH. **C.M.** Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

428

"Lo, I am with you alway."

1 *mf* DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be
To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me!

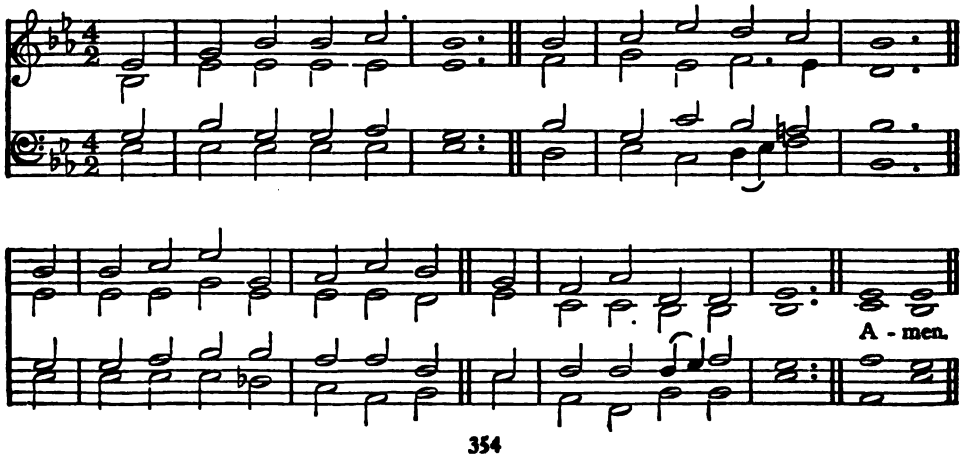
2 *p* Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 *p* I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother does
Her erring little child;

4 *cres* But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
p And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

5 *p* And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

6 *p* Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
cres But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not
But watchest patiently. Amen.

HOLYROOD. **S.M.** JAMES WATSON.

429

"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits."

1 *f* FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

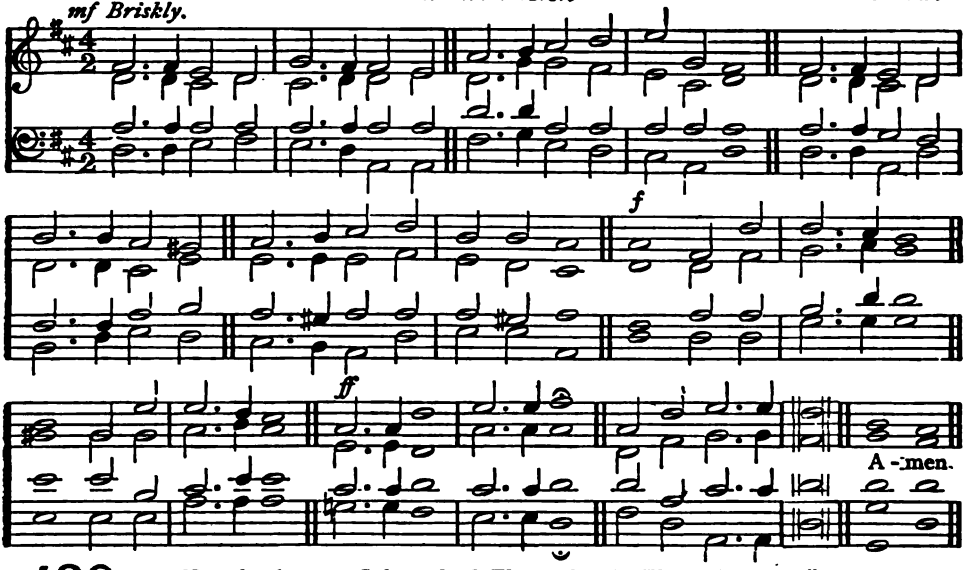
2 *f* To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 *mf* For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

4 *mf* Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
p And pray that, long as we shall live
We may Thy children be.

5 *mf* Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time
p And bless our evening hours.

6 *mf* In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy Church below
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

FATHER, FROM THY THRONE. 8,7,8,7,6,6,3,3,5. T. WILD.

430

"Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name."

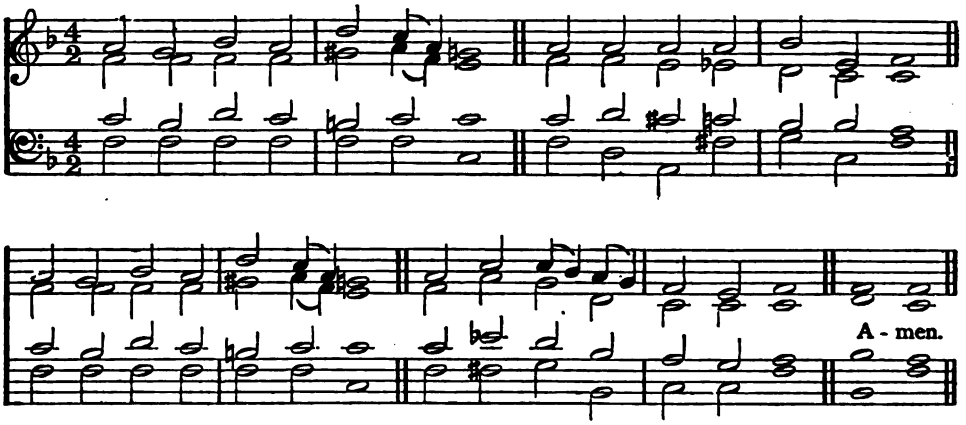
[FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.]

1 *mf* FATHER, from Thy throne of glory,
Listen to our praise, we pray;
p Thou hast spared us, in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another day.
f Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above;
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts
With Thy fear and love.

2 *mf* Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And Thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
f Praise, praise unto Thy name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the loud acclaim.

3 *mf* Wilt Thou, O almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day,
Ere the night's dark shade shall gather
And our praises die away?
f Come, Lord, and bless us now;
Thy grace and mercy show;
Evermore, evermore,
May Thy blessings flow.

4 *mf* May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, scholars, meet above,
cres Joining in that song for ever,
Of our risen Saviour's love.
f Then shall we sweetly sing
Praise to our Saviour King;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the strain we sing. Amen.

WEBER. 7,7,7,7. C. M. VON WEBER.

431

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."

1 *mf* GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
p Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

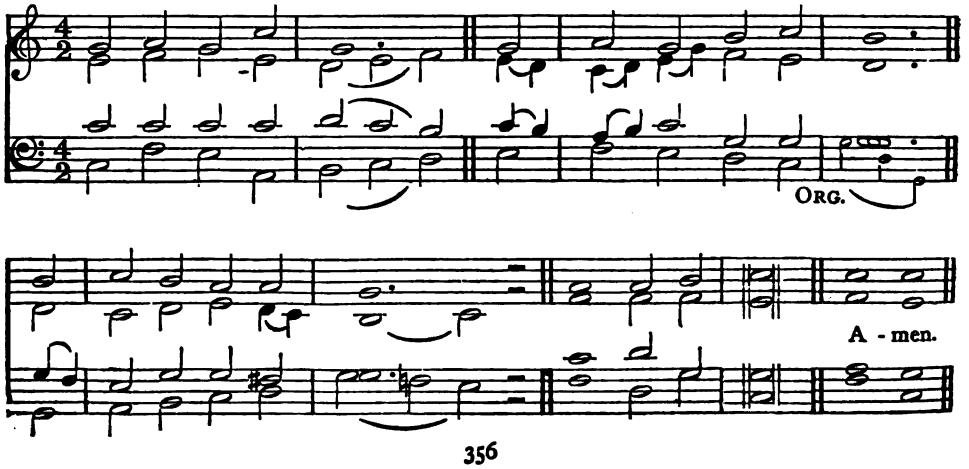
2 *mf* Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 *p* Lamb of God, I look to Thee:
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4 *mf* Fain I would be as Thou art:
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 *p* Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
cres Live Thyself within my heart.

6 *mf* I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
dim Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.

MAYFIELD. 5,6,6,4. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

432

"He careth for you."

1 *mf* GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 *mf* God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

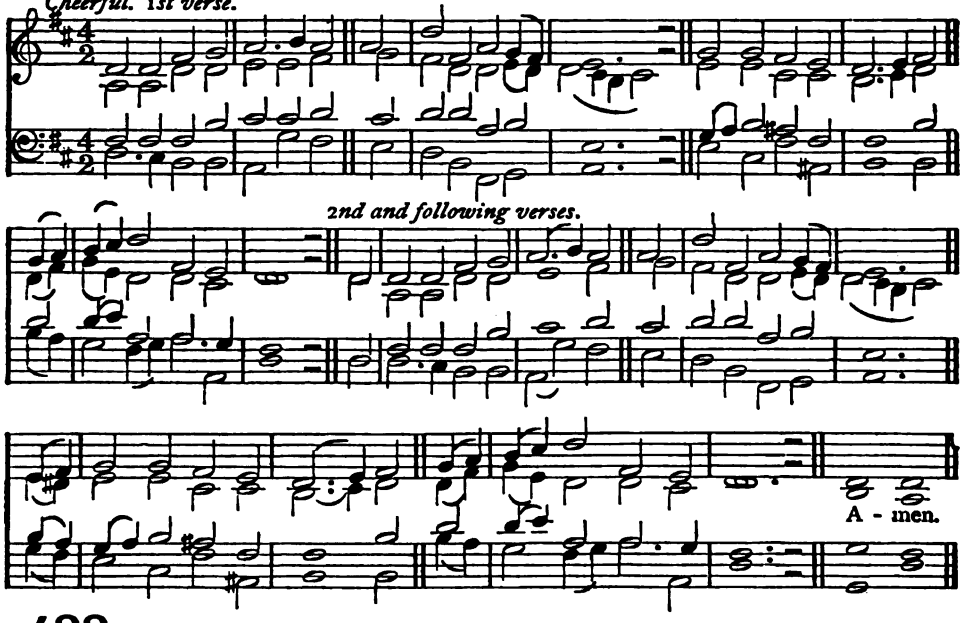
3 *mf* God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
p Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 *mf* God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

5 *mf* God, who sent His Son
p To die on Calvary,
mf He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

6 *mf* When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
cres I'll sing with that blest band,
rall "God cared for me." Amen.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT. 7,6,7,6. Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

Cheerful. 1st verse.

433

"God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good."

1 *mf* ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 *mf* Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

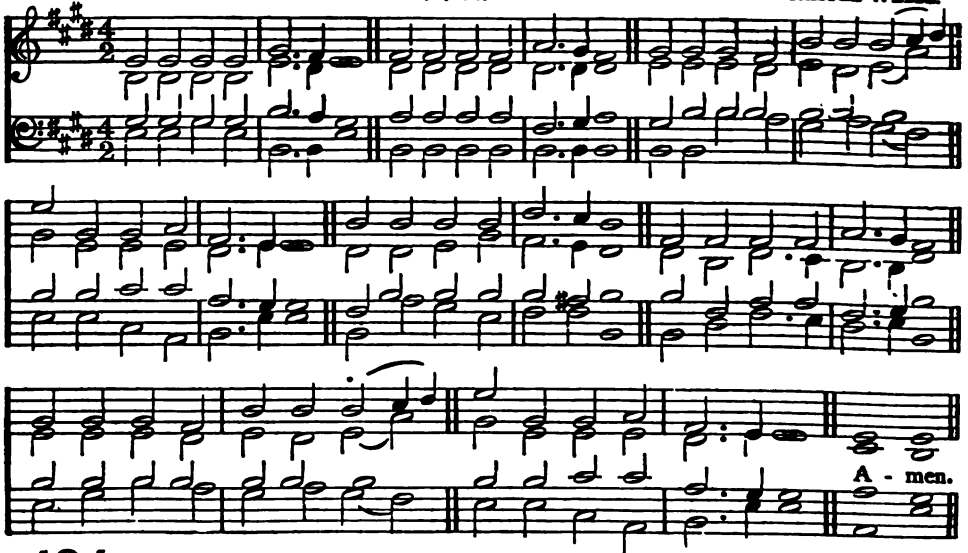
3 *mf* The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

4 *mf* The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

5 *mf* The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them everyone.

6 *mf* The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—

7 *mf* He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
f How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well. **Amen.**

BENEVENTO. 7,7,7,7. D. SAMUEL WEBBE.

434

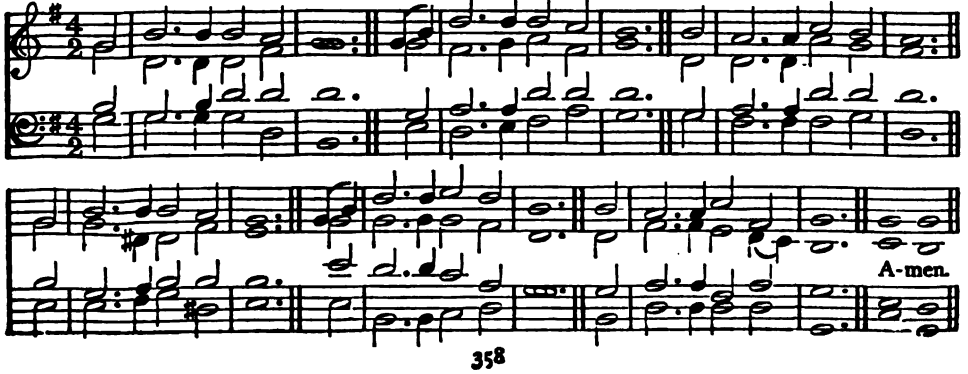
"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

1 *mf* GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
While our feeble voices sing
Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings at Thy hand.
p God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

mf God our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
p Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
cres Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
p God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

3 *mf* God the Saviour, Thee we bless
For Thy life of righteousness;
p For Thy cross and death of shame,
Infant voices bless Thy name:
cres Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing.
p God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

4 *mf* God the Spirit, Thee we praise
For Thy sanctifying grace;
p For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart;
cres For the word inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.
p God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.
Amen.

GOOD SHEPHERD. 6,6,6: 6,6,6. R. B. LOCKWOOD.

435

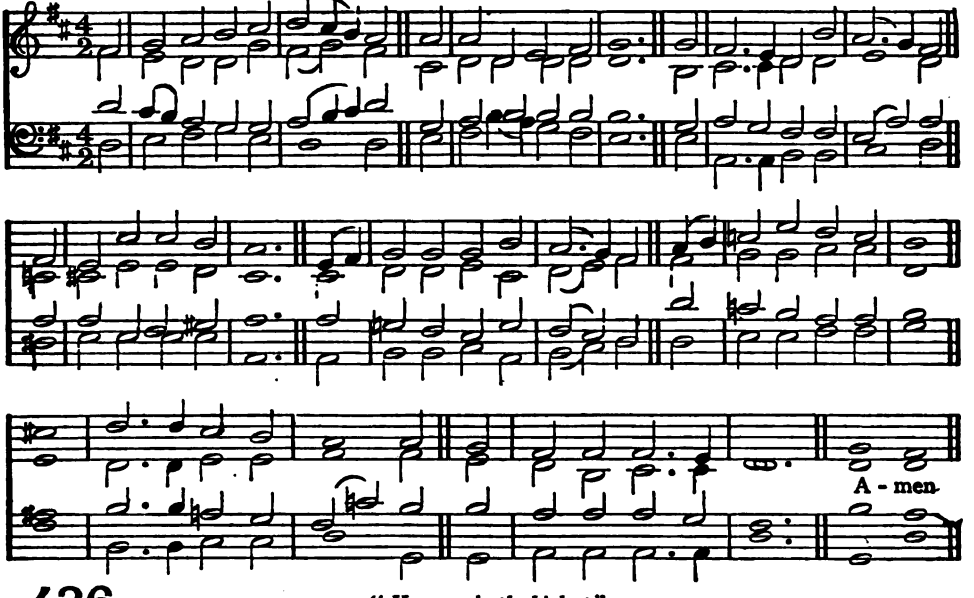
"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him."

1 *mf* GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock dost keep,
Leading by waters calm,
Do Thou my footsteps guide
To follow by Thy side,
Make me Thy little lamb.

2 *p* I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 *mf* But, when the road seems long,
Thy tender arm and strong
The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green
Where all the flowers are fair;

4 *p* Till—from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within—
cres Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love
To Thy sweet fold above,
dim A little snow-white lamb. Amen.

ISLEWORTH. 7,6,7,6. D. H. G. TREMPATH, Mus. Bac.

436

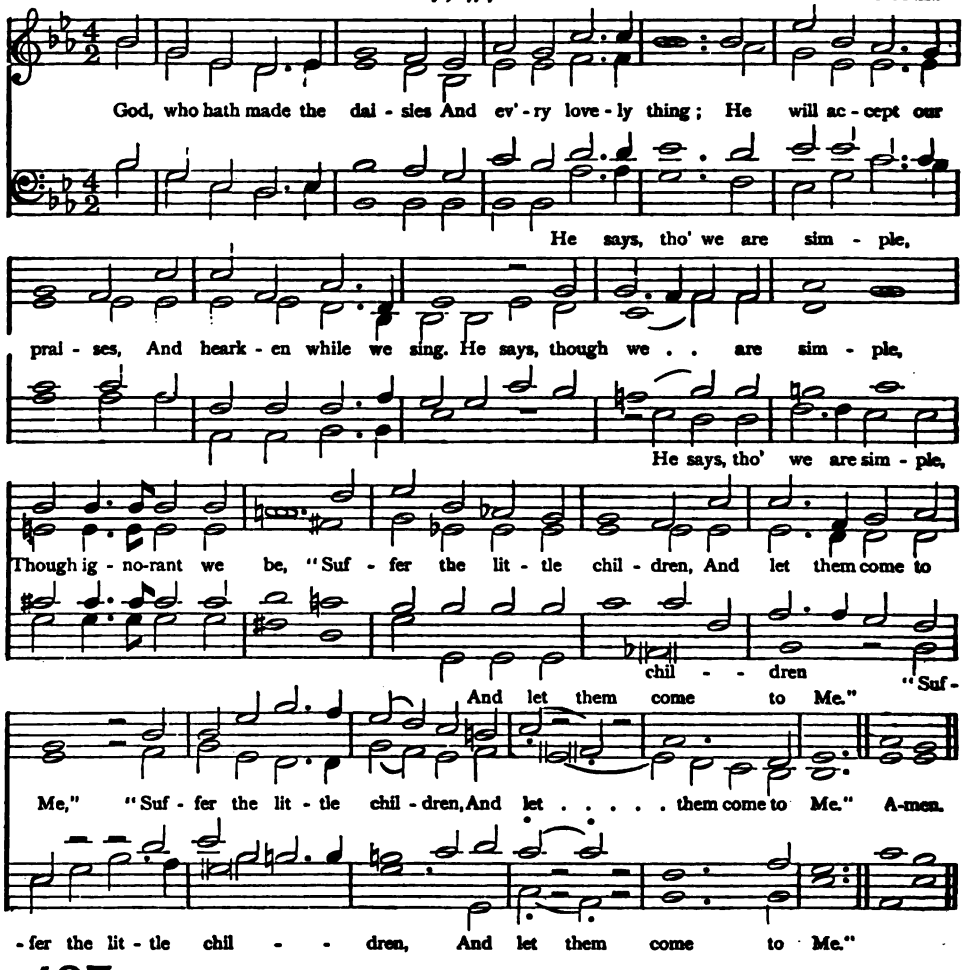
"Hosanna in the highest."

1 *mf* HOSANNA, loud hosanna
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 *mf* From Olivet they followed
'Midst an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
f "Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!"

3 *mf* Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
p The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 *f* "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
cres Oh, may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
ff Eternally rejoice! Amen.

LEIPSIC. 7,6,7,6. D. MENDELSSOHN.

God, who hath made the dai - sies And ev' - ry love - ly thing; He will ac - cept our
He says, tho' we are sim - ple,
pral - ses, And heark - en while we sing. He says, though we . . are sim - ple,
He says, tho' we are sim - ple,
Though ig - no-rant we be, "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to
chil - - dren
And let them come to Me."
"Suf -
Me," "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, And let . . . . . them come to Me." A-men.
- fer the lit - tle chil - - dren, And let them come to Me."

437

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

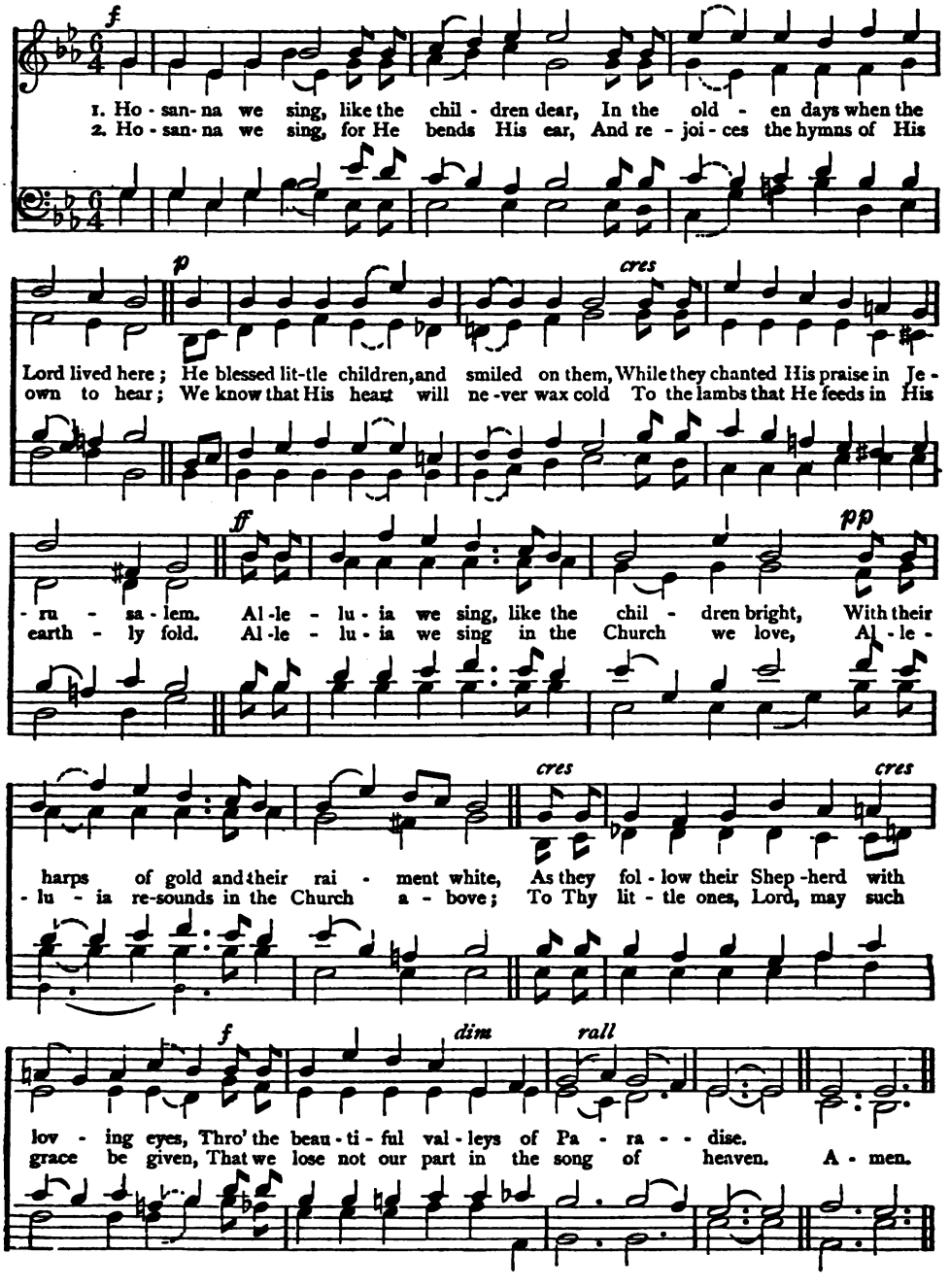
1 *mf* GOD, who hath made the daisies
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises
And hearken while we sing.
p He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
mf "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

2 *mf* Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
p And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
mf "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

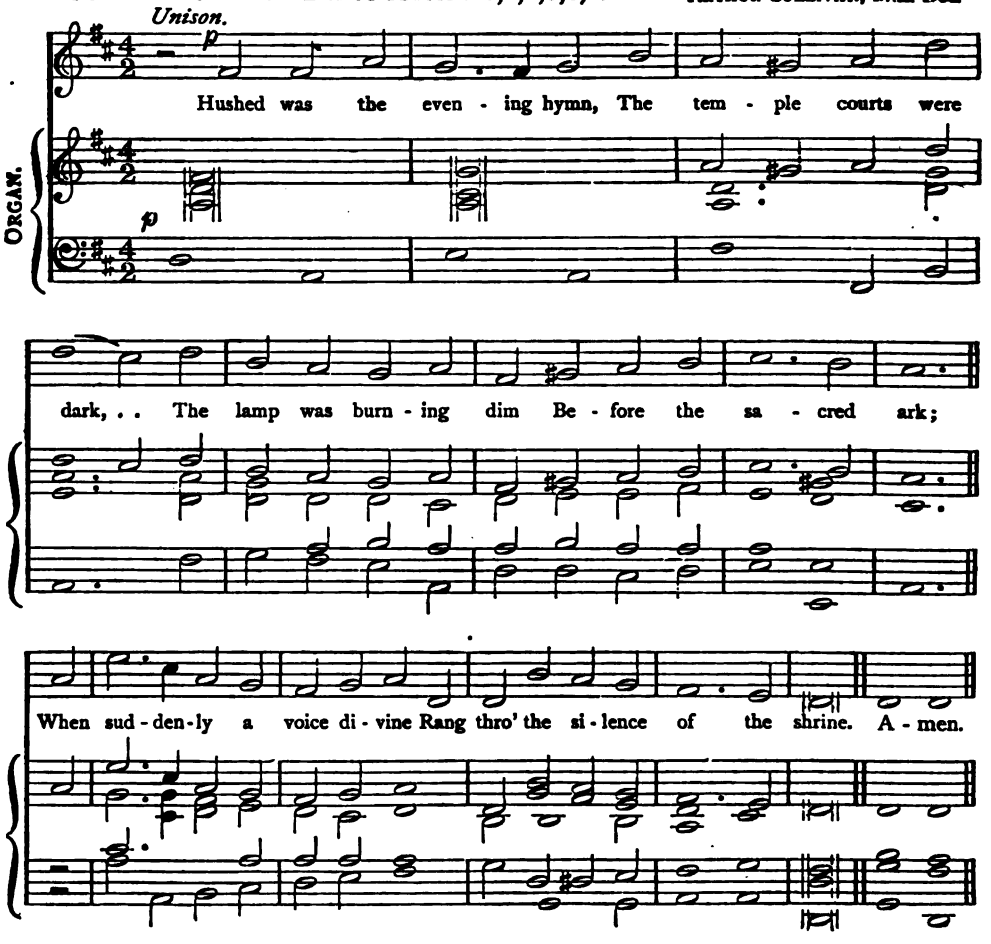
3 *mf* He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
p He sees the heart's low breathings,
And says—well pleased to see—
mf "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

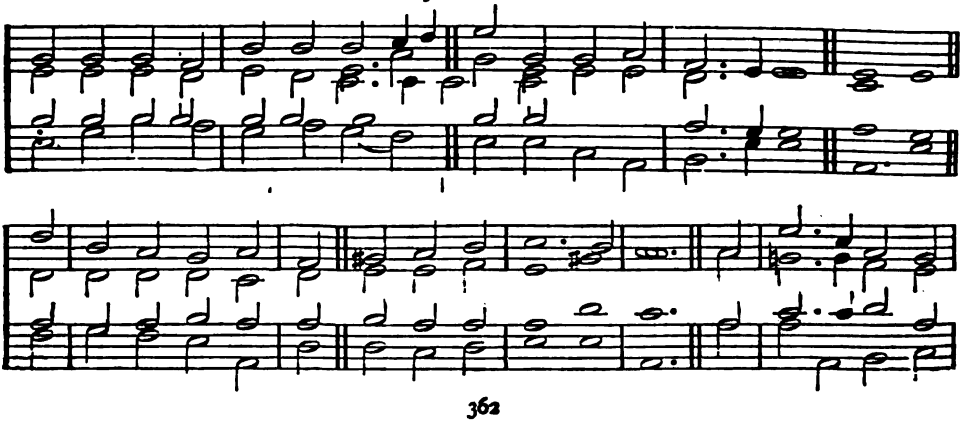
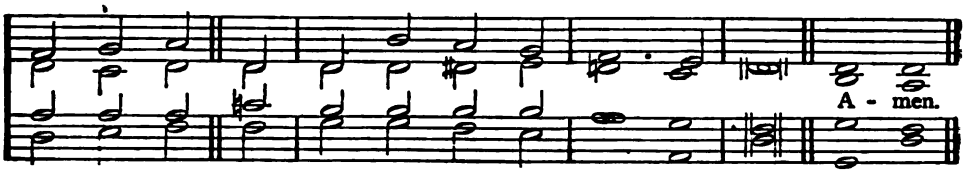
4 *mf* Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him—
We'll make our voices ring;
cres For, in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me." Amen

HOSANNA WE SING. Irregular. Rev. J B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

438 *"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna."*

f
1. Ho - san- na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the
2. Ho - san- na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joi - ces the hymns of His
p
cres
Lord lived here; He blessed lit-tle children, and smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je -
own to hear; We know that His heart will ne -ver wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His
ff
pp
- ru - sa - lem. Al -le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their
earth - ly fold. Al -le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -
cres
cres
harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shep -herd with
- lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove; To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such
f
dim
rall
lov - ing eyes, Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Pa - ra - - dise.
grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - men.

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Unison.
p
Hushed was the even - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were
ORGAN.
p
dark, . . The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark;
When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

Another Version in Vocal Harmony.

439

"Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."

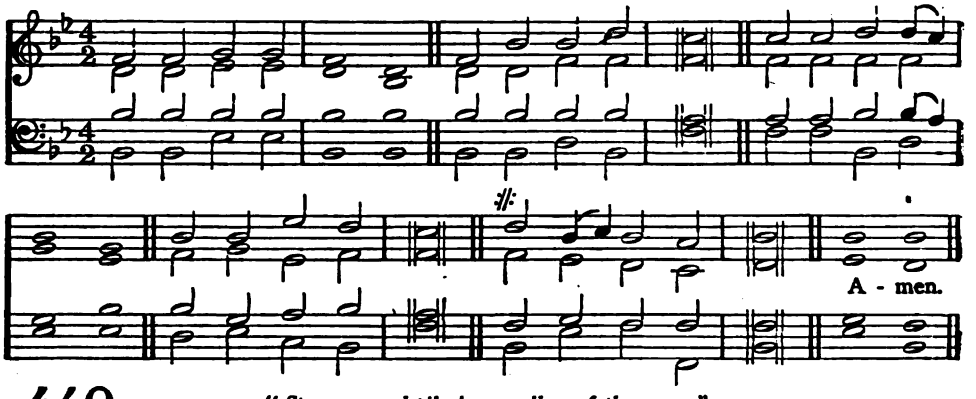
1 *p* HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
cres When suddenly a voice divine
dim Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 *p* The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
cres The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 *mf* Oh, give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word,
cres Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 *mf* Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
p A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
cres By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 *mf* Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

INFANT PRAISES. 6,5,6,5. F. SILCHER.

440

"Strangers and pilgrims as all our fathers were."

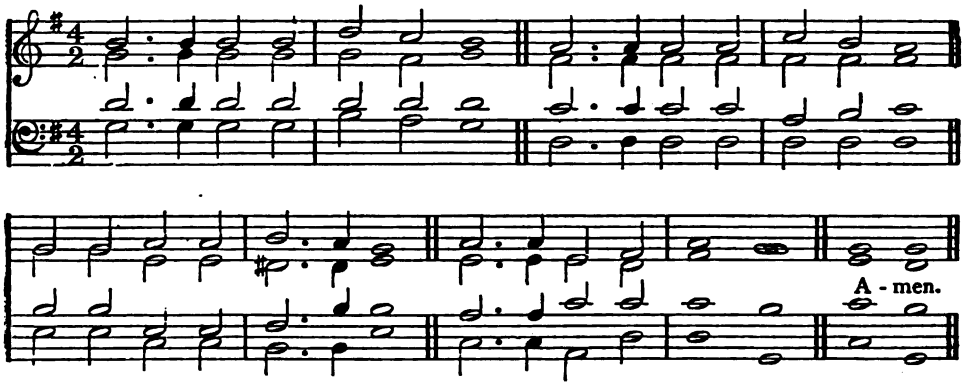
1 *p* I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 *mf* Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 *p* But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes
And with Christ be seen.

4 *mf* Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 *mf* I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
cres But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near Amen.

EVELYN. 7,7,7,6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

441

"Bow down Thine ear, O Lord; hear me."

1 *mf* JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 *mf* Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 *mf* Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 *mf* Little deeds of love may shine.
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

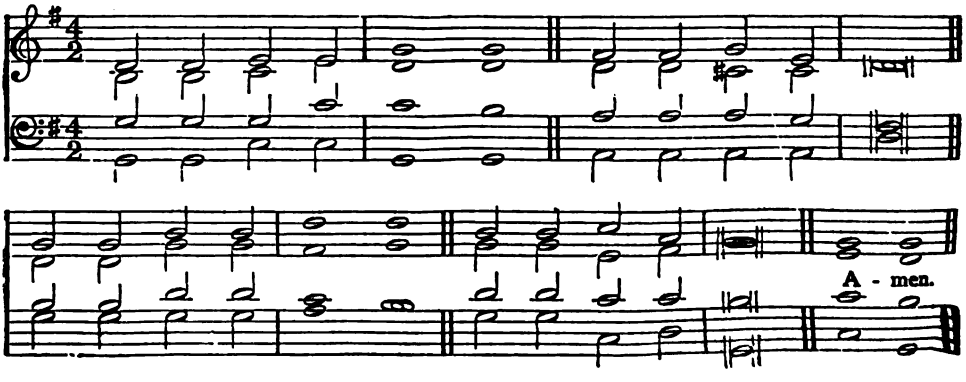
5 *p* Fold us to Thy loving breast,
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 *mf* Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 *mf* May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 *p* Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
pp Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 *mf* Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
cres Hear us, holy Jesus. Amen.

NORTH COATES. 6,5,6,5. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

442

"Let the King hear us when we call."

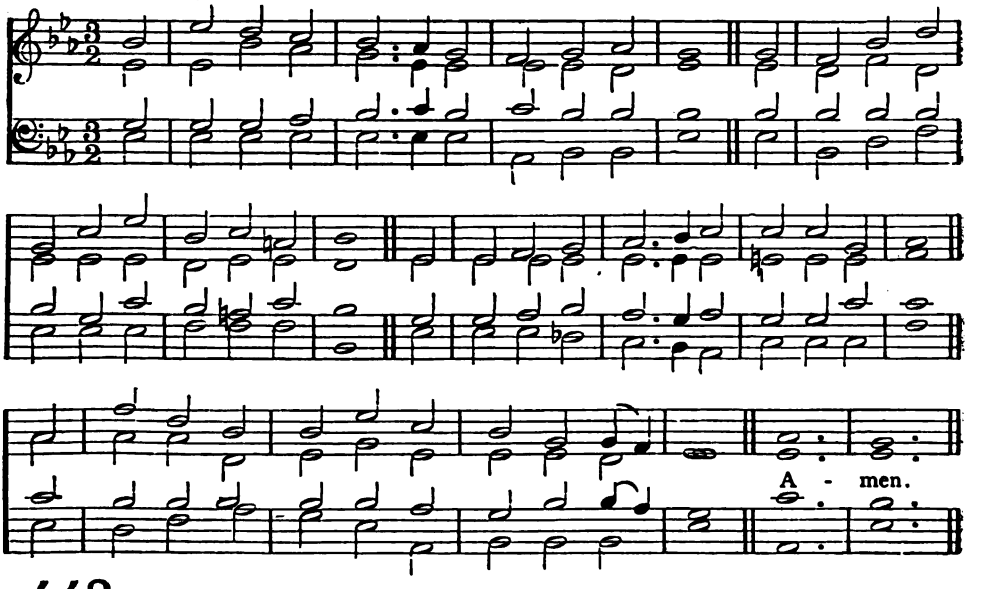
1 *mf* JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 *f* Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
mf Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 *p* We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
cres In the heavenly way.

4 *p* Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
cres Help us now to love Thee;
p Take our sins away.

5 *mf* Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
f "Saviour, Lord, we come." Amen.

BEETHOVEN. 11,11,11,11. BEETHOVEN.

443

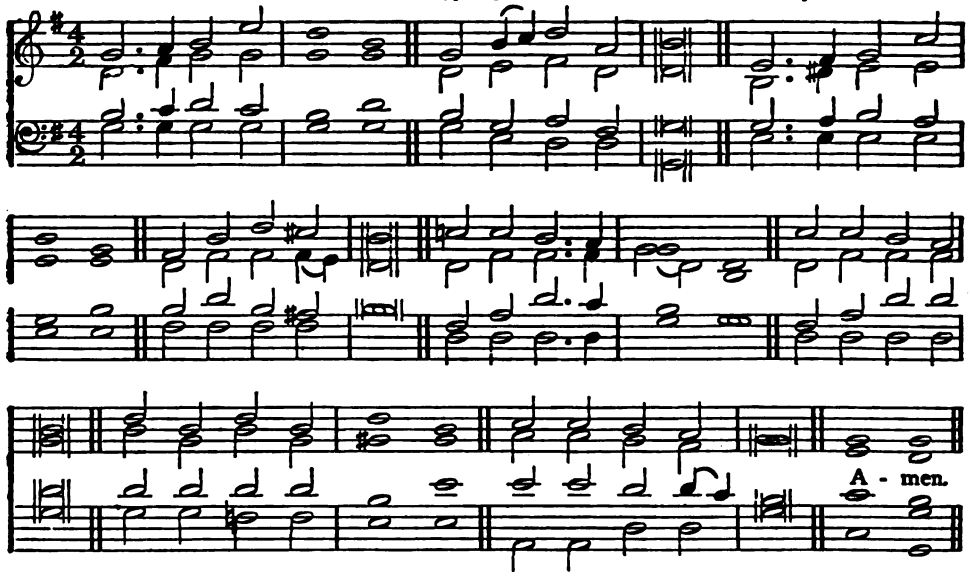
"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

1 *mf* HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
dim His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me.

2 *mf* How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
cres And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 *mf* How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4 *mf* Oh, give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessèd who walk in His ways:
In life and in death He will still be your Friend,
cres For, whom Jesus loves, He will love to the end. Amen.

MOUNTMELLICK. 6,5,6,5. D. T. R. G. Jozé, Mus. Doc.

444

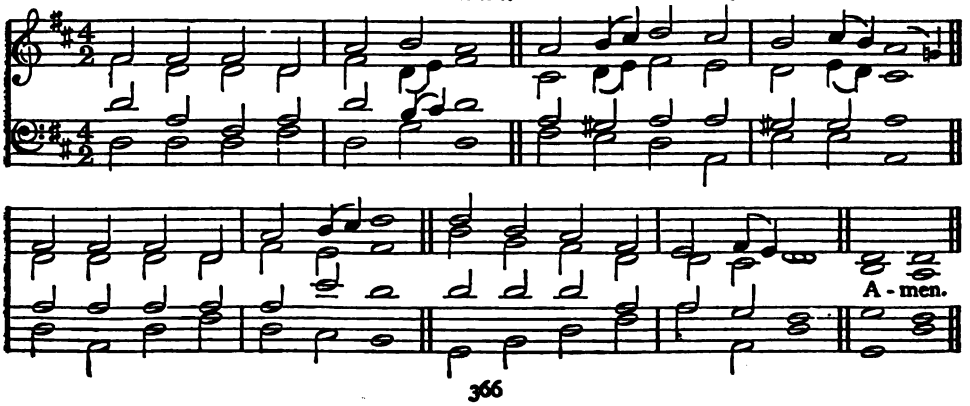
"Come unto Me."

1 *mf* IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
p When my heart is sad.
mf If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
dim He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2 *mf* If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly:
p He my sins did bear.
mf If I come to Jesus, &c.

3 *mf* If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
dim He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
mf If I come to Jesus, &c.

4 *mf* There, with happy children
Robed in snowy white,
f I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
mf If I come to Jesus, &c.
Amen.

FERRIER. 7,7,7,7. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

445

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning."

[MORNING.]

1 *p* JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child:
cres Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night;

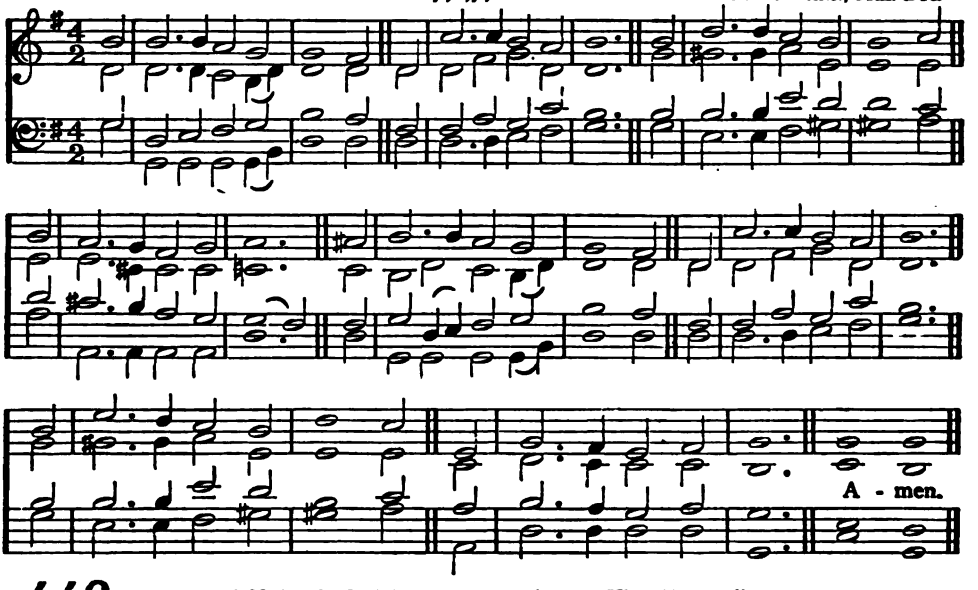
2 *mf* Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 *mf* Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 *mf* Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
dim And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 *p* Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6 *mf* Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
cres And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.
Amen.

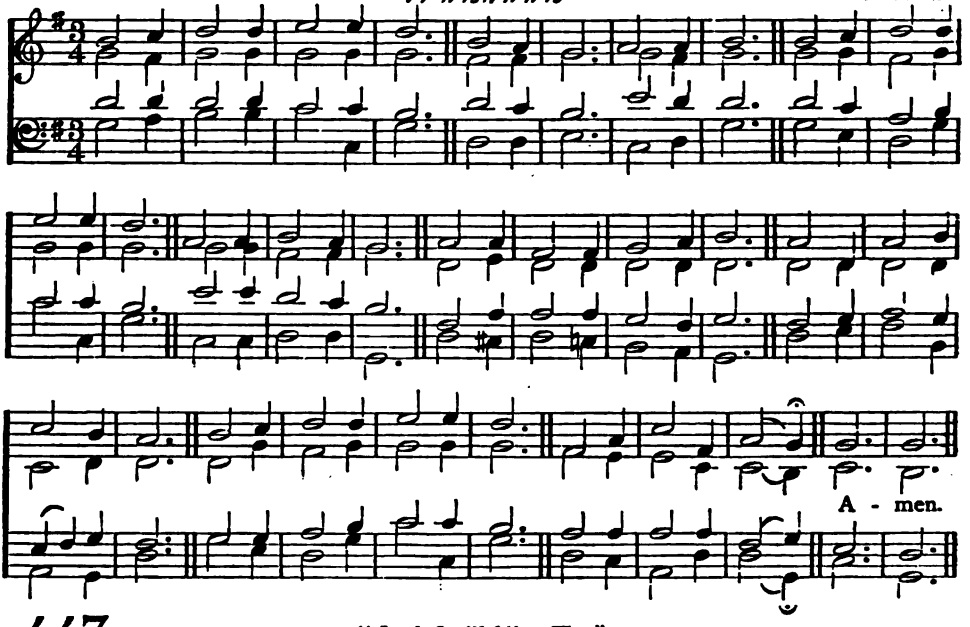
ANGEL'S STORY. 7,6,7,6. D. A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.

446

"Christ also hath loved us and hath given Himself for us."

1 *mf* I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
p I am both weak and sinful;
cres But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 *mf* I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 *mf* To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
p And, though I cannot see Him,
cres I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
f Because He loves me so. Amen.

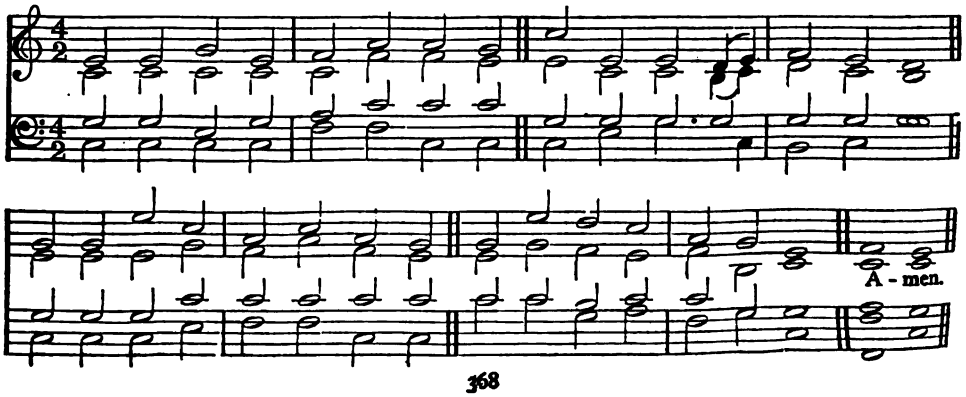
HESWELL. 7,6,7,5,7,7,7,5. A. YOUNG.

447

"Lord, I will follow Thee."

1 *p* I WOULD be Thy little lamb,
Saviour dear, Saviour dear;
Wilt Thou take me as I am?
Hast Thou room for me?
mf Wilt Thou lead me all the day
In the straight and narrow way?
Shall I never, never stray,
Blessèd One, from Thee?

2 *mf* When I breathe my simple prayer,
Thou art near, very near;
When I ask Thy tender care,
Thou wilt look on me;
p Softly in my heart, I know,
'Tis Thy voice that murmurs low,
"Come, I'll wash thee white as snow;
Child, I died for thee."

3 *mf* Didst Thou lay Thy glory by,
Saviour mine, Saviour mine?
p Didst Thou suffer, bleed, and die,
For a child like me?
cres Gladly I will come to-day;
From Thy love I cannot stay;
All along the heavenly way
mf I will follow Thee. Amen.

MOUNT VERNON. 8,7,8,7. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

448

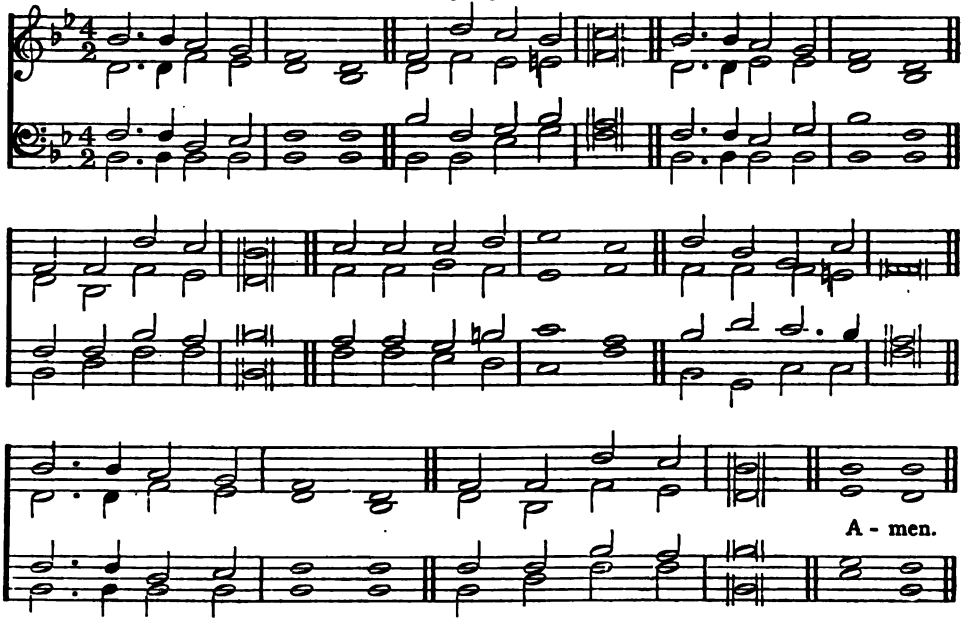
"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."

[EVENING.]

1 *p* JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 *mf* All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me;

3 *p* Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
cres Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
Amen.

PASTOR BONUS. 6,5,6,5. D. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

449

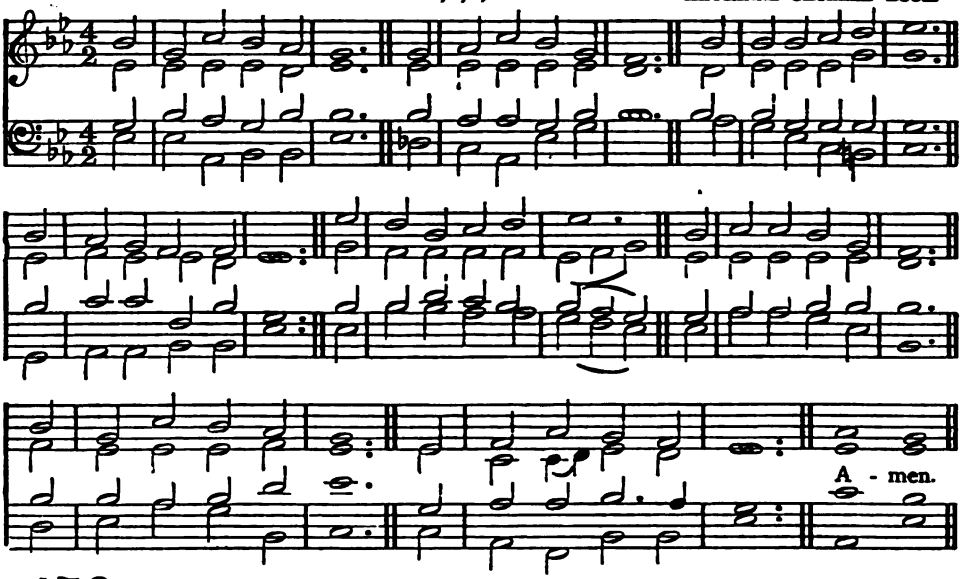
"I am the good Shepherd."

1 *p* JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
mf Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

2 *mf* Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
p Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone;
cres None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 *p* Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
mf Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have My Spirit,
These," saith He, "are Mine."

4 *mf* Jesus is our Shepherd:
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy
He doth us endow.
cres Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him
f Never more to part. Amen

BROADLANDS. 6,6,6,6. D. LAUSANNE CHORALE BOOK.

450

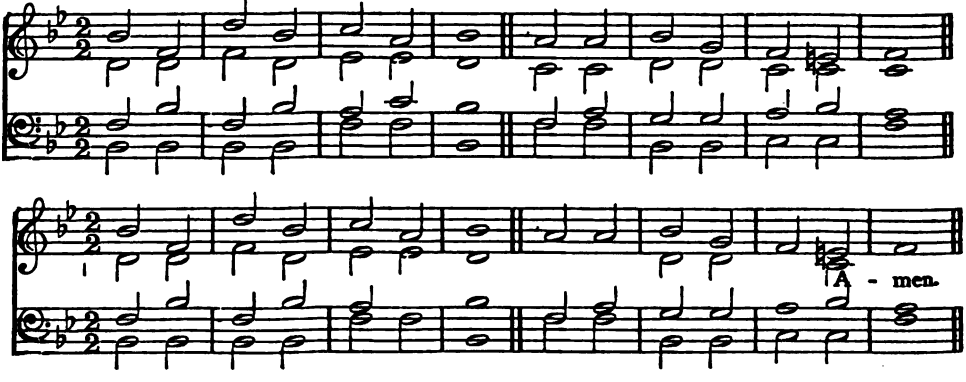
"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."

[LORD'S DAY.]

1 *mf* JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat
On this Thy holy day.
p Thou tender heavenly Friend,
cres To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend
On this Thy holy day.

2 *p* We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow
On this Thy holy day.
cres Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

3 *mf* We listen to Thy word
On this Thy holy day:
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part;
And, to each youthful heart,
Thy saving grace impart
On this Thy holy day. Amen.

LITTLE ONES. 7,7,7,5. W. H. CALCOTT.

451

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me."

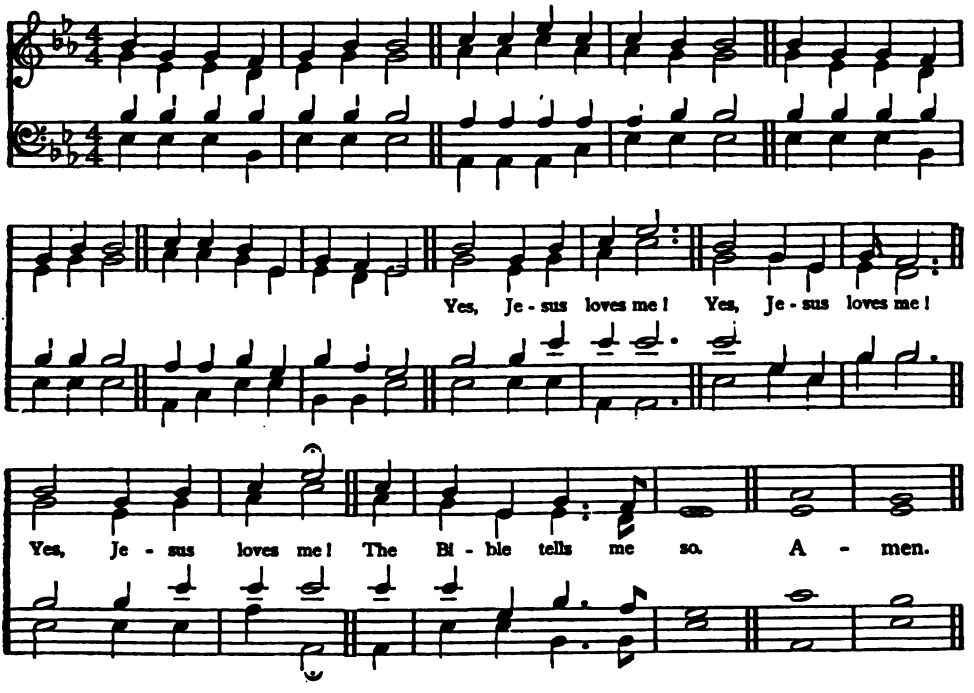
1 *p* JESUS, when He left the sky
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 *mf* Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

3 *mf* Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 *p* 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
cres Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

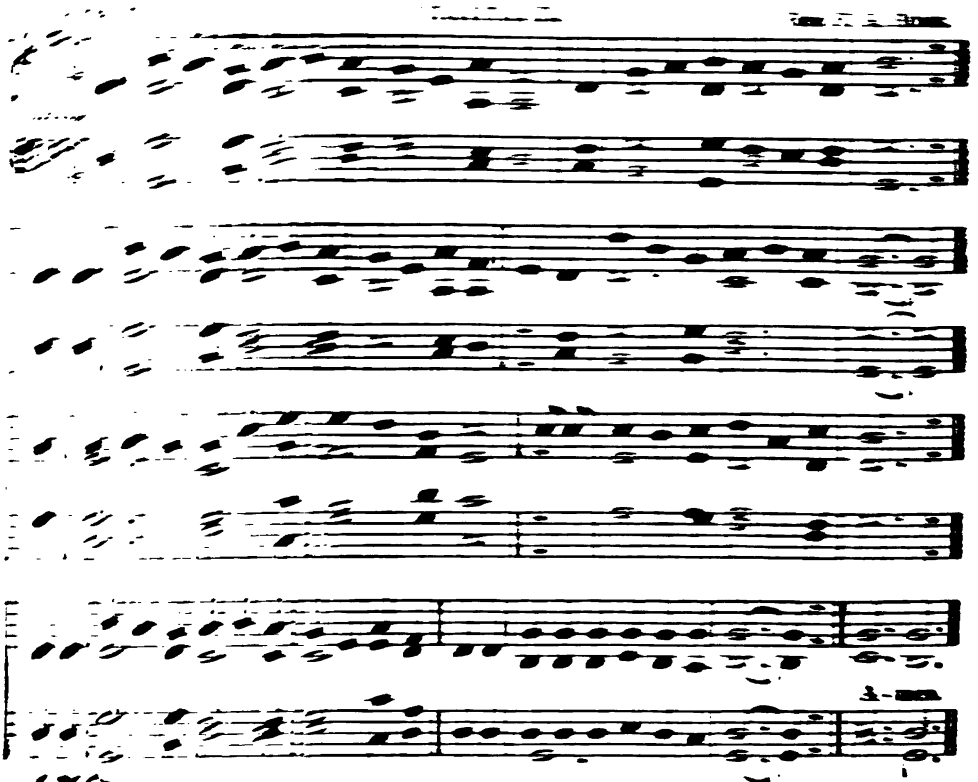
5 *mf* Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too—
Little ones like me. Amen.

JESUS LOVES ME. 7,7,7,7,5,6. W. B. BRADBURY.

452

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

1 *mf* JESUS loves me! this I know.
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
p They are weak, (*f*) but He is strong.
f Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

2 *p* Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
cres Let His little child come in.

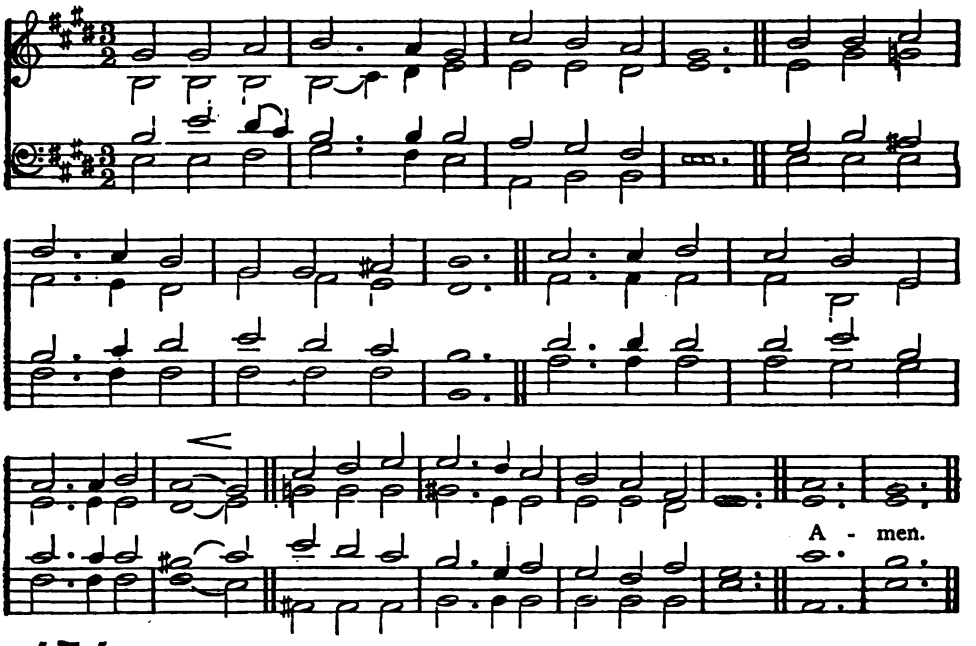
3 *mf* Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
p If I love Him, when I die
cres He will take me home on high. Amen.

453

"They sought many children's love."

1 *mf* I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
p "Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 *mf* Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
cres And many dear children are gathering there,
f For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

4 *p* But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cres I would like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
mf I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

THORNE. 10,10,10,10. E. H. THORNE.

454

"I go to prepare a place for you."

[FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.]

1 *mf* JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says "Come!
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home."

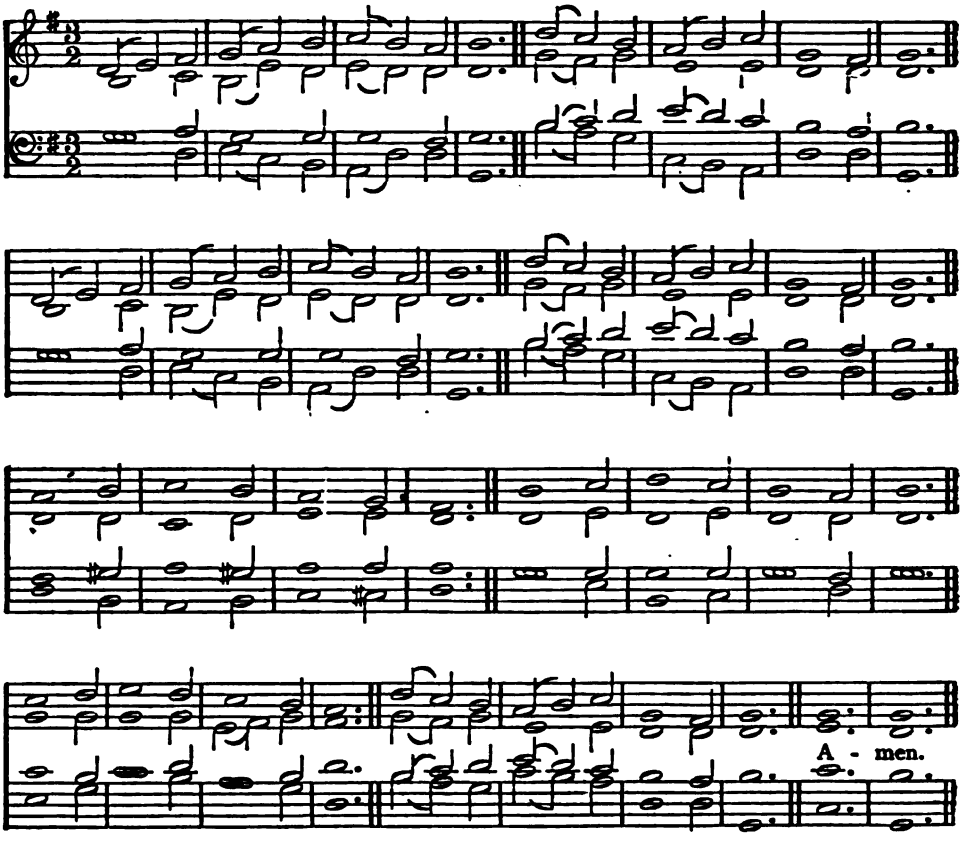
2 *p* Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
cres Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
f Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

3 *p* Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
f Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home!

4 *mf* Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
p Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
cres Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
p Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

5 *p* Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
cres Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
mf "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home!"

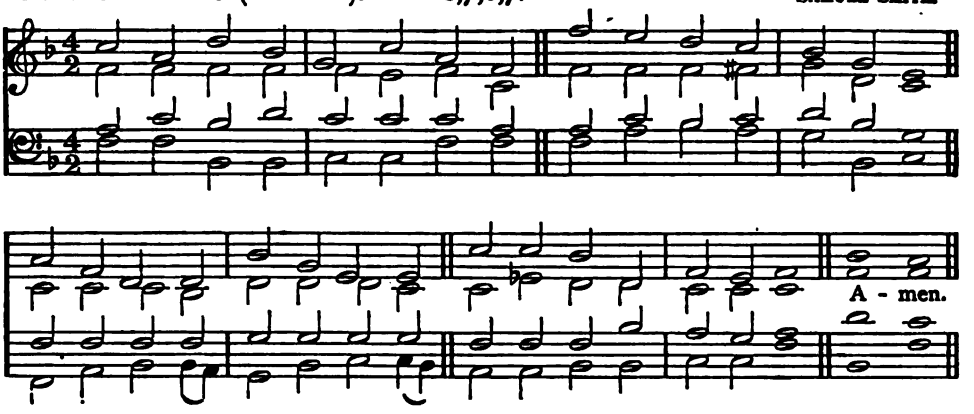
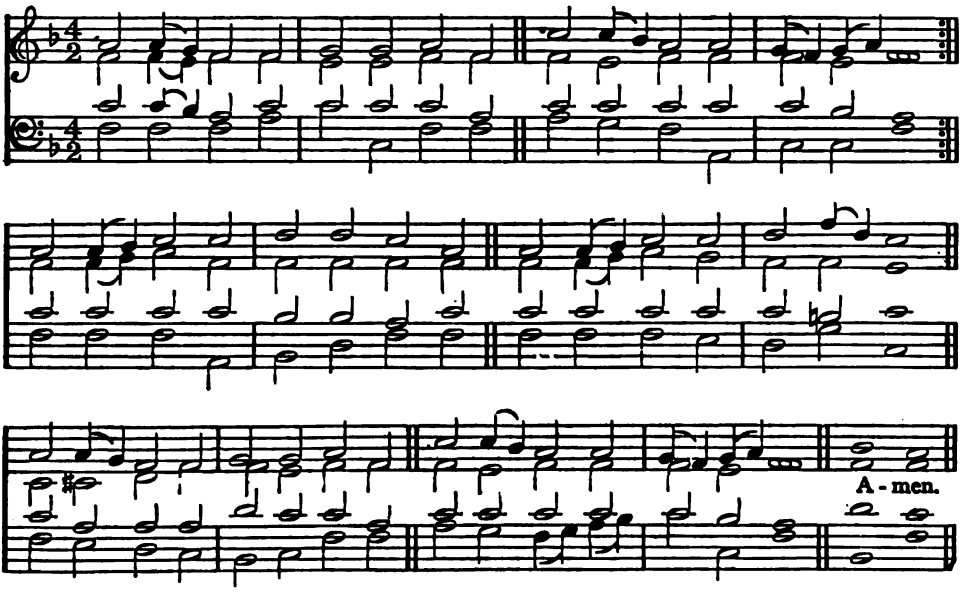
6 *cres* Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear;
Harps of the blessèd, your strains we can hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:
f Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come! Amen.

MAIDSTONE. 7,7,7,7. D. W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Doc

455 *"They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."*

1 *mf* LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win;
cres Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
f Let the little travellers in!

2 *p* Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
cres Now have reached the heavenly sea?
They had ever kept in view?
mf "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main;"

3 *mf* "All our earthly journey past,
p Every tear and pain gone by,
cres We're together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome, "Come," awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
cres Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
f Let the little travellers in! Amen.

NEWTON FERNS (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7. SAMUEL SMITH.

ROUSSEAU (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

456

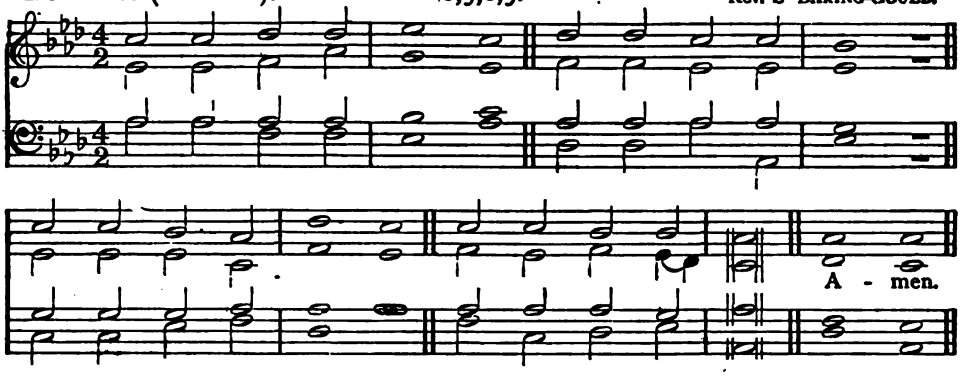
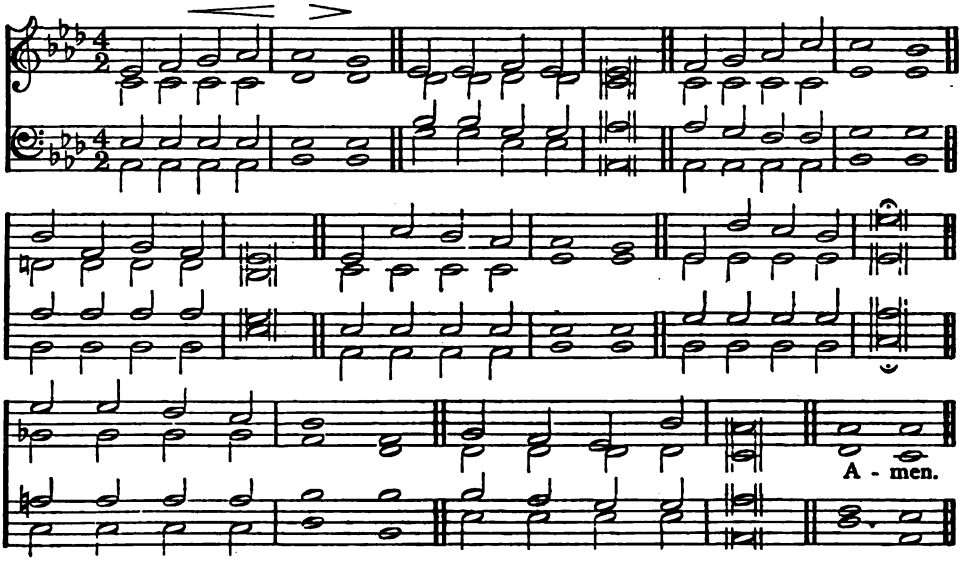
"Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever."

1 *mf* LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee:
p Thou art great and high and holy;
Oh, how solemn we should be!

2 *mf* Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 *mf* For we know the Lord of Glory
Always sees what children do,
dim And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 *cres* Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
f There to sing a nobler song. Amen.

EUDOXIA (*1st Tune*). 6,5,6,5. Rev. S BARING-GOULD.

LYNDHURST (*2nd Tune*). 6,5,6,5. D. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

457 *"Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."*

[EVENING.]

1 *mf* NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 *dim* Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 *p* Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

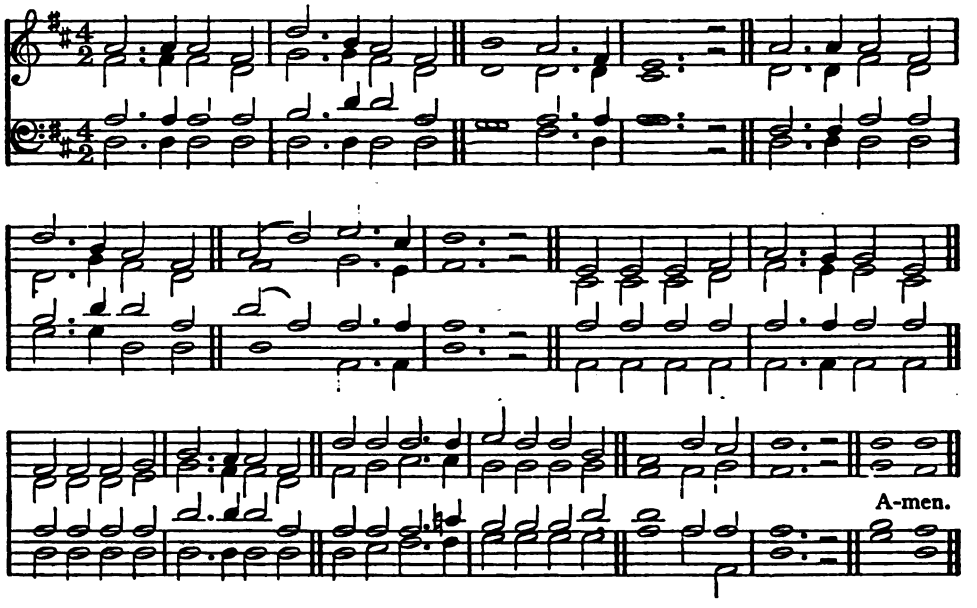
4 *mf* Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 *p* Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 *p* Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 *cres* When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 *f* Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run! Amen.

OH, HOW HE LOVES. 8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4. HUBERT P. MAIN.

458

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

1 *mf* ONE is kind above all others;
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
f Oh, how He loves!

p Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
One day kind, the next day leave thee,
cres But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee;
f Oh, how He loves!

2 *mf* 'Tis eternal life to know Him;
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him;
f Oh, how He loves!

p With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
cres To His fold He safely brought us;
f Oh, how He loves!

3 *p* Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Give thyself entirely to Him;
f Oh, how He loves!

mf Is it sin that pains or grieves thee,
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
cres Jesus can from all release thee;
f Oh, how He loves!

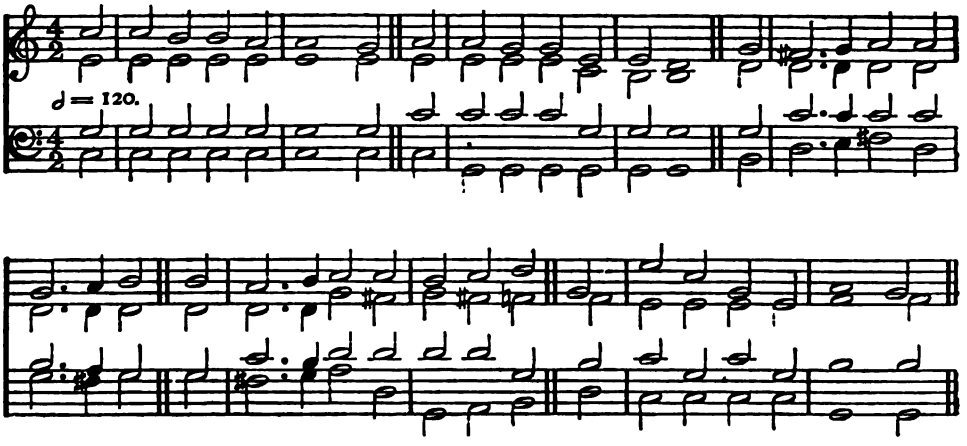
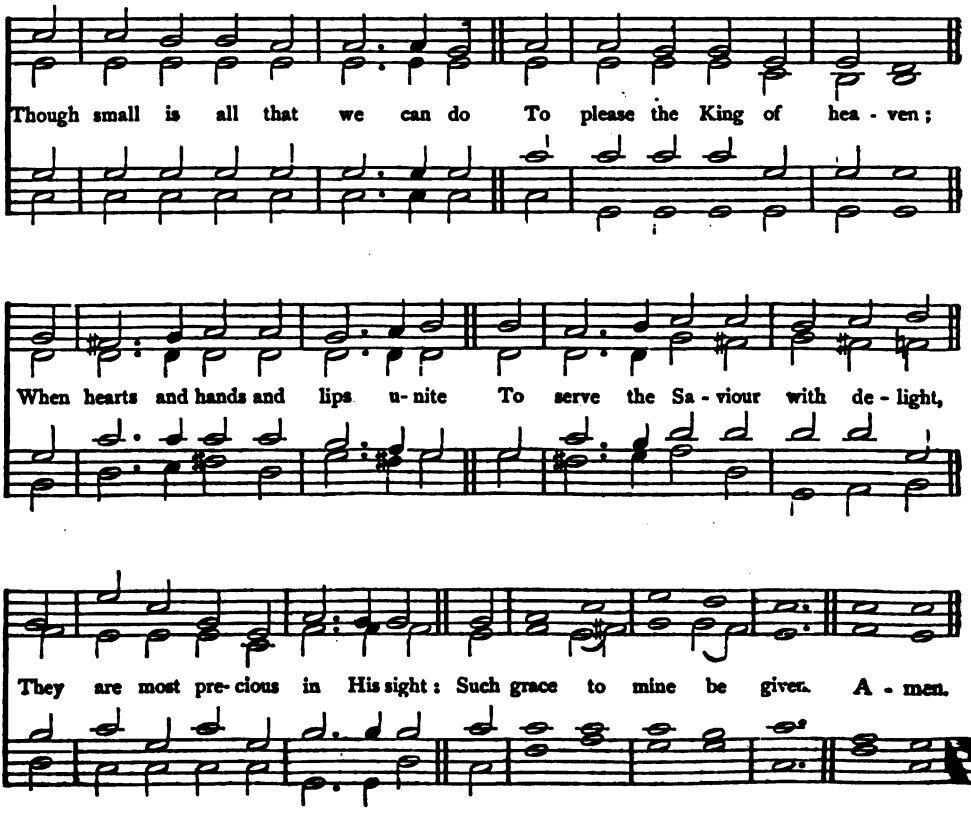
4 *mf* He's thy Friend, He died to save thee;
Oh, how He loves!
All through life He will not leave thee;
f Oh, how He loves!

p Think no more of friendships hollow,
cres Take His easy yoke and follow,
dim Jesus carries all our sorrow;
f Oh, how He loves.

5 *p* All thy sins shall be forgiven;
Oh, how He loves!
mf Backward all thy foes be driven;
f Oh, how He loves!

cres Every blessing He'll provide thee;
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee;
f Safe to glory He will guide thee;
ff Oh, how He loves! Amen.

GRACE. **Irregular.** From CHILDREN'S HYMNAL.

Verses 1 to 4.

Last Verse.

Though small is all that we can do To please the King of hea - ven;
When hearts and hands and lips u- nite To serve the Sa - viour with de - light,
They are most pre- cious in His sight: Such grace to mine be given. A - men.

459

"I must be about my Father's business."

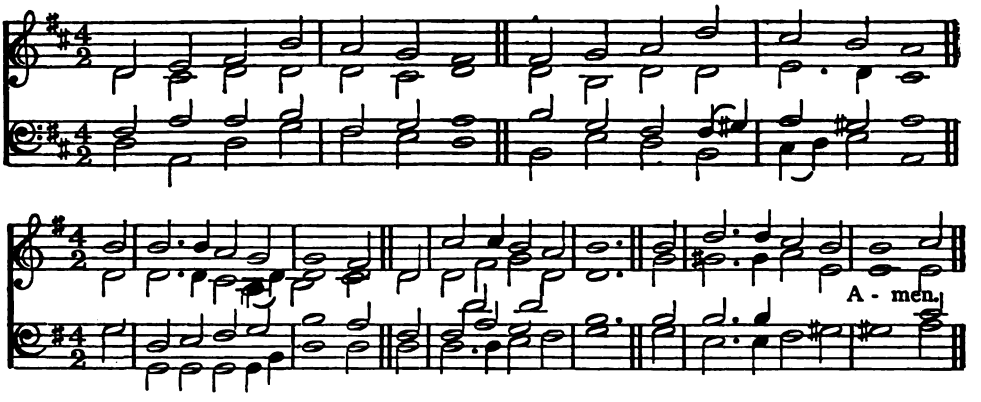
1 *mf* OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
cres The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
p Such grace to mine be given!

2 *mf* Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
cres The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
p Such grace to mine be given!

3 *mf* Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
cres The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
p Such grace to mine be given!

4 *mf* Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
cres Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:
p Such grace to mine be given!

5 *mf* Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight:
p Such grace to mine be given! Amen.

PATMOS. 7,7,7,7. F. R. HAVERGAL.

460

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."

[EVENING.]

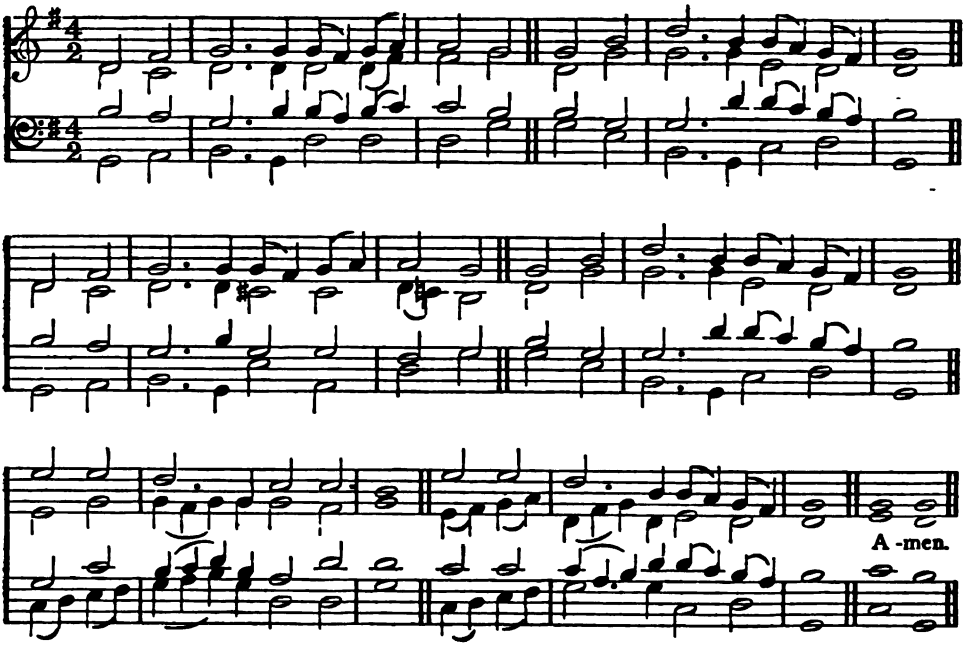
1 *mf* NOW the daylight goes away;
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

2 *p* Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 *mf* Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
cres Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above!

4 *mf* Now my evening praise I give:
p Thou didst die that I might live;
cres All my blessings come from Thee;
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

5 *mf* Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before! Amen.

IRBY. 8,7,8,7,7,7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

461

"The child Jesus."

1 *mf* ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
p Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed:
mf Mary was that mother mild,
p Jesus Christ her little child.

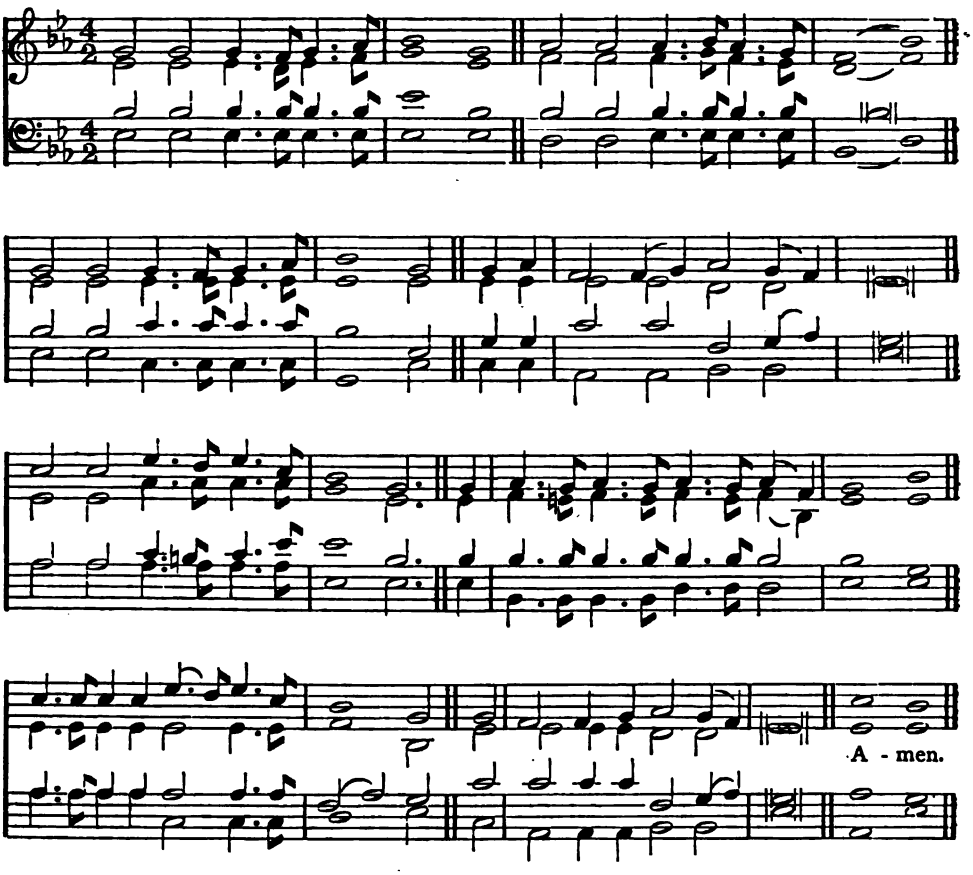
2 *p* He came down to earth from heaven
cres Who is God and Lord of all,
p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 *mf* And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 *mf* For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles, like us, He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
cres And He shareth in our gladness

5 *mf* And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
p For that Child so dear and gentle
f Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 *mf* Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; (*f*) but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

BOSTON. 8,7,8,7,8,10,9,7. Rev ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

462

"He showed me a pure river of water of life."

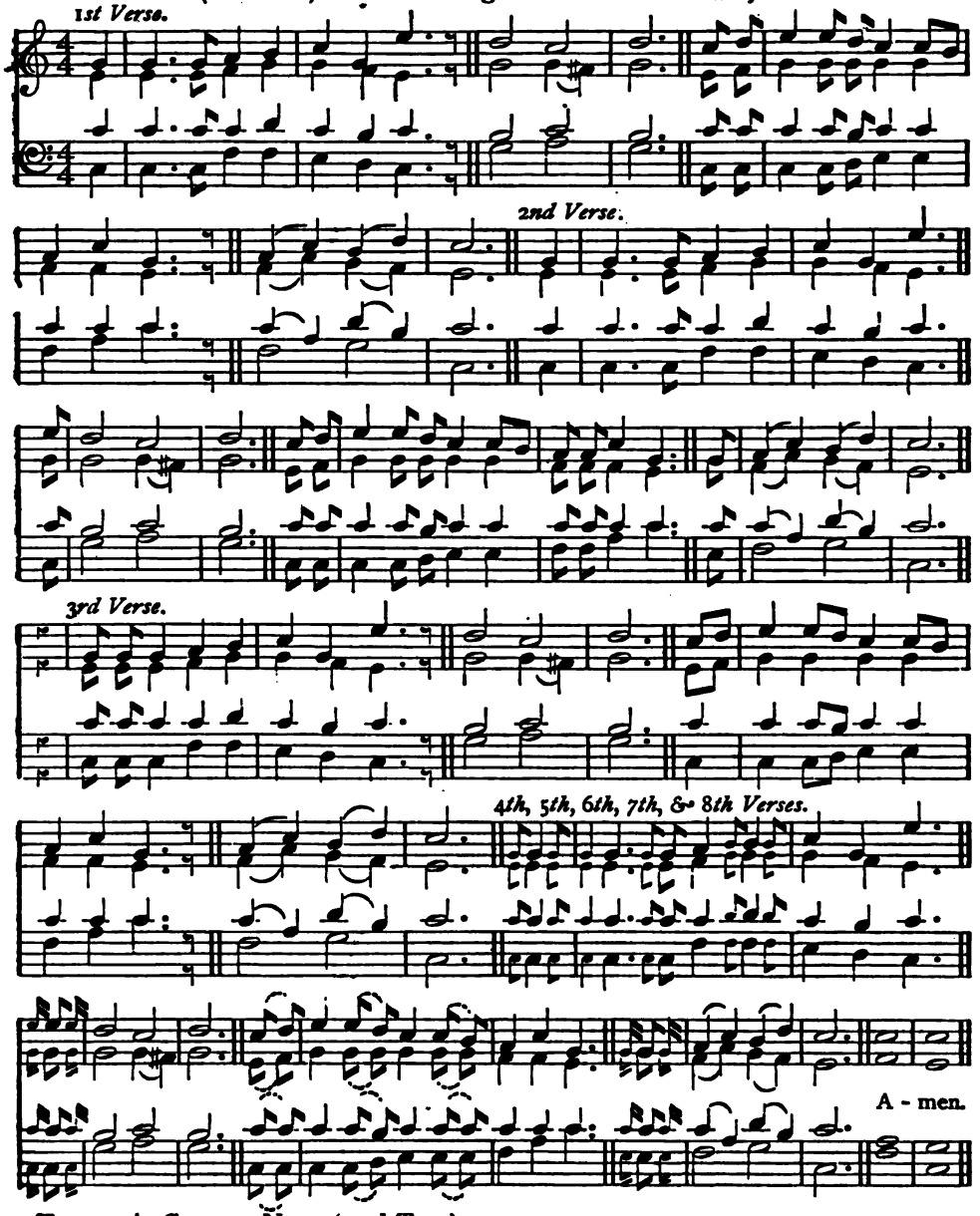
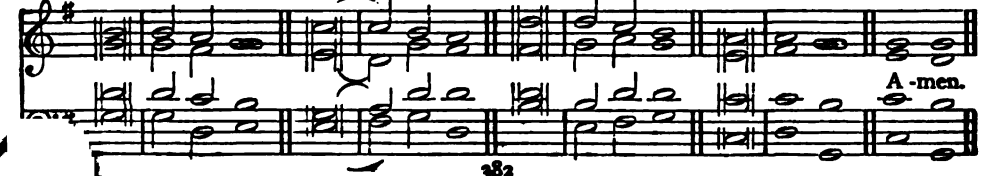
1 *mf* SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
cres Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 *mf* On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 *p* Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 *mf* At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 *p* Soon we 'll reach the shining river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c. Amen.

BETHLEHEM (*1st Tune*). Irregular. Rev. J. CONDER NATTRASS.

TROYTE'S CHANT, NO. 2 (*2nd Tune*). A. H. D. TROYTE.

463 *"Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."*

1 *mf* THERE came a little Child to earth | Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth, | High and low.

2 *p* Out on the night, so calm and still, Their | song was heard;
cres For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was | Christ the Lord.

3 *mf* Far away in a goodly land, | Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand, | Robed in white,

4 *mf* In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their | tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
p On | that still night.

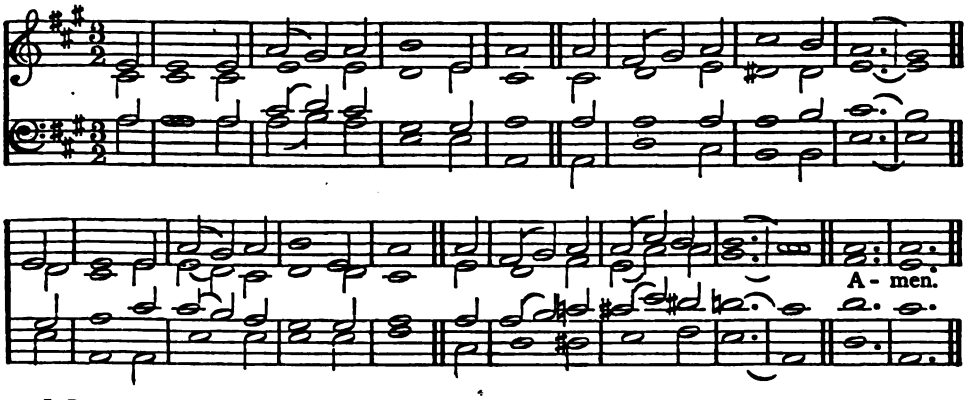
5 *mf* They sing how the Lord of that world A | child was born,
And that they might a crown of glory wear
p Wore a | crown of thorn;

6 *p* And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came | forth to die,
cres That the children of earth might for ever reign
With | Him on high.

7 *f* He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that | goodly land;
And He leads to where fountain of waters flow
That | chosen band;

8 *cres* And for evermore, in their robes most fair
And | undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was | once a child. Amen.

SABBATA. C.M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



464 *"The Lord is my Shepherd."*

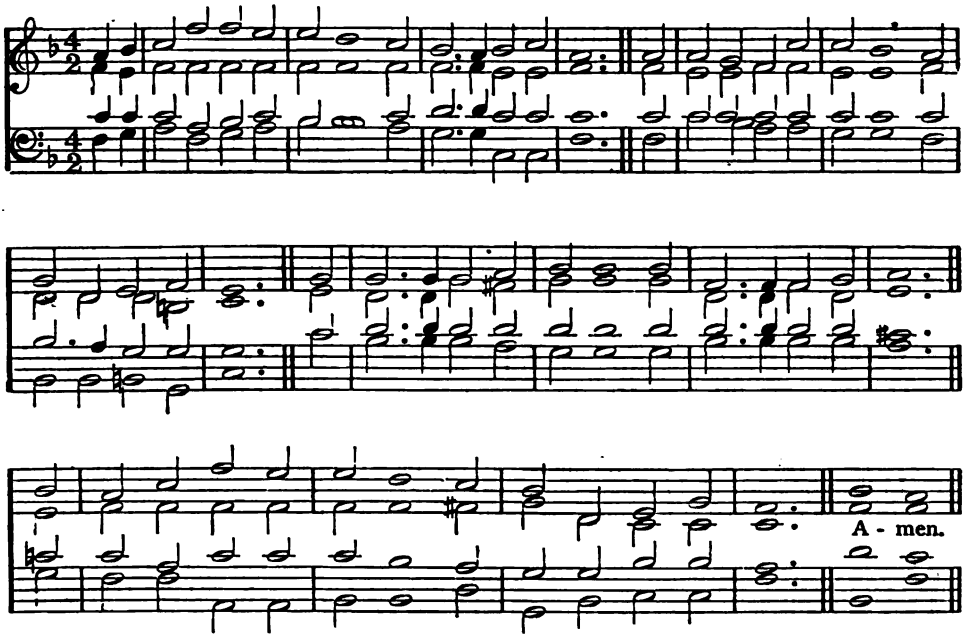
1 *mf* SEE! the good Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
p Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 *mf* He leads them to the gentle stream
Where living water flows,
And guides them to the verdant fields
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 *p* When, wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
cres Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To seek us when astray.

4 *p* The weakest lambs amidst the flock
His tender mercy share,
And, folded in the Saviour's arms,
Are free from every snare.

5 *cres* Thus may we safely onward go
Beneath our Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
f 'Till we shall enter there. Amen.

EDEN GROVE. 8,6,7,6,7,6,7,6. SAMUEL SMITH.

465

"Of such is the kingdom of God."

1 *mf* THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love will never die:
p Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
f This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 *mf* There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to the Father cry:
p A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free,
cres Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

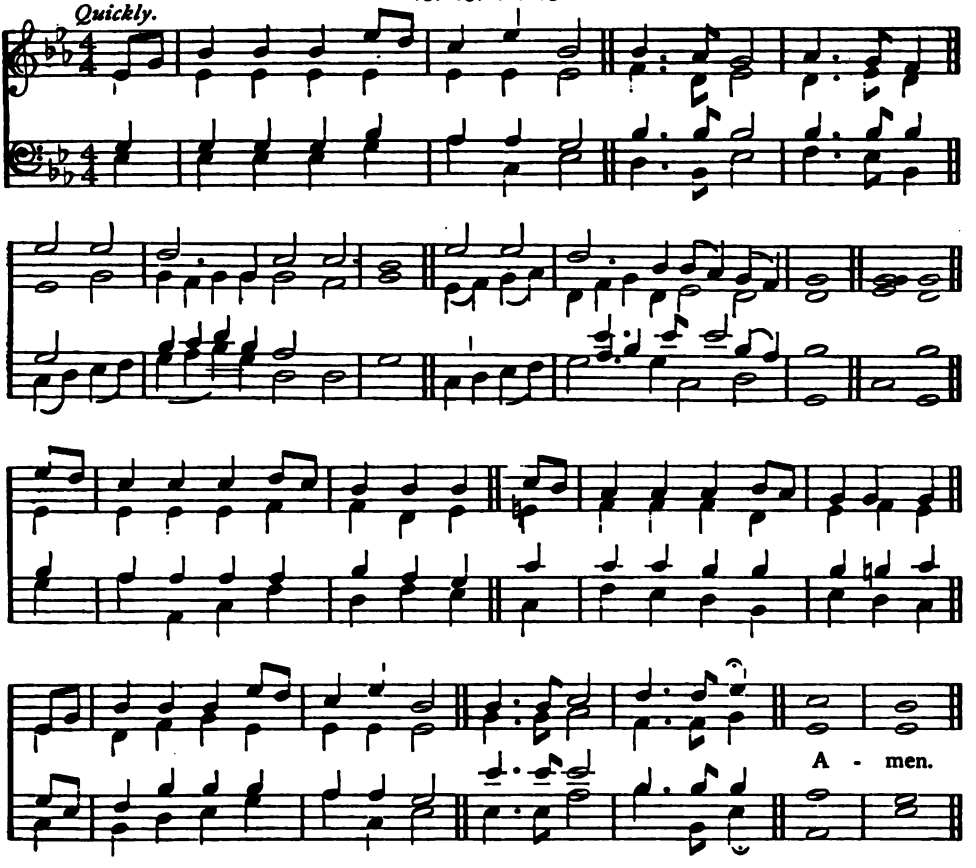
3 *mf* There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
cres Where Jesus reigns in glory;
f A home of peace and joy;
mf No home on earth is like it
Or can with it compare,
f For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 *f* There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
mf And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
f A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
mf On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.

5 *f* There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
mf A song which even angels
Can never, never sing:
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

6 *f* There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A harp of sweetest music;
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone:
p Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

OH, SO BRIGHT. 8,3,8,3,8,8,8,3. COMPOSER UNKNOWN

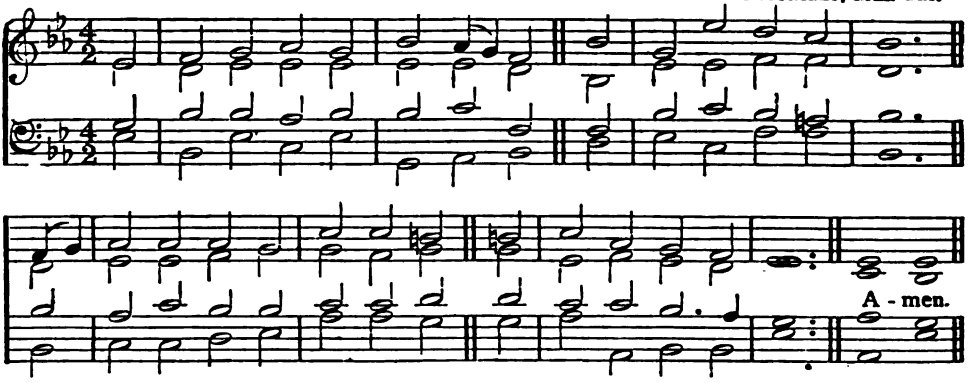
Quickly.

466

"The Lamb is the light of it."

1 *mf* THERE is a better world, they say,
f Oh, so bright!
p Where sin and woe are done away,
f Oh, so bright!
cres And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair:
f Oh, so bright!

2 *p* No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
f Happy land!
p No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
f Happy land!
mf They drink the living streams of grace
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place.
f Happy land!

3 *p* Though we are sinners, every one,
f Jesus died!
p And though our crown of peace is gone,
f Jesus died!
mf We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
cres And in that land of bliss may reign.
f Jesus died! Amen.

HORSLEY. C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

467

"There they crucified Him."

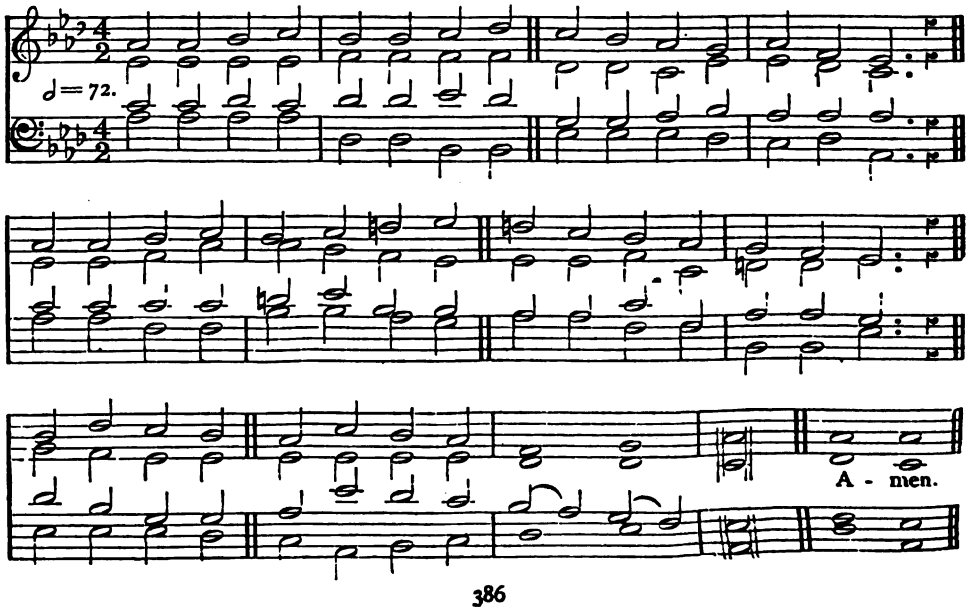
1 *p* THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 *p* We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 *cres* He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 *mf* There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 *cres* Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His work to do. Amen.

HEBER. 8,7,8,7,4,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

468

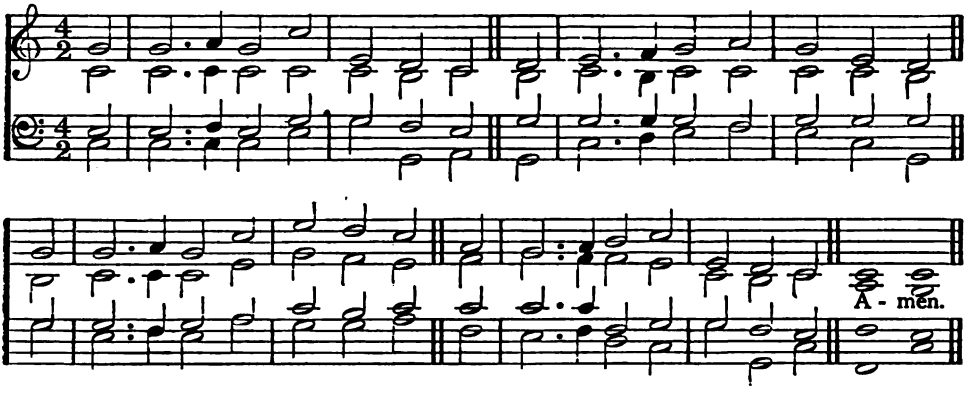
"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd."

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care:
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
p Blessèd Jesus!
cres Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 *mf* We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
p Blessèd Jesus!
cres Hear young children when they pray.

3 *p* Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
cres Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
p Blessèd Jesus!
cres Let us early turn to Thee.

4 *mf* Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
p Blessèd Jesus!
f Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Amen.

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING.

469

"Even a child is known by his doings."

1 *mf* WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

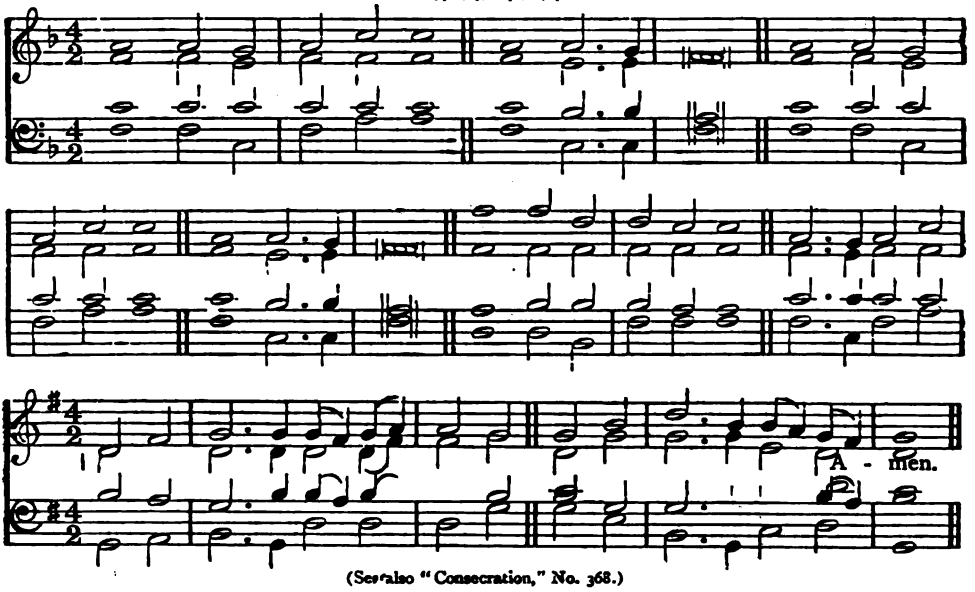
2 *p* Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake;
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 *cres* When, deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
f When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 *p* Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
cres And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 *p* With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
cres Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 *mf* There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
cres That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

HAPPY LAND. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4. INDIAN AIR.

(See also "Consecration," No. 368.)

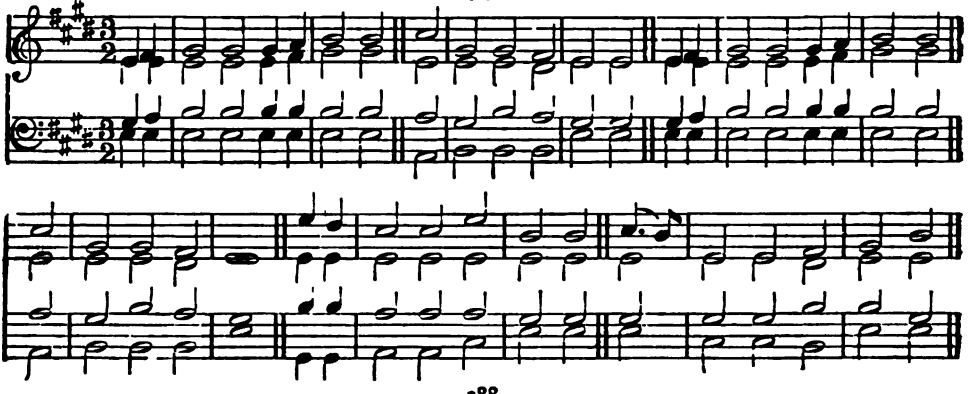
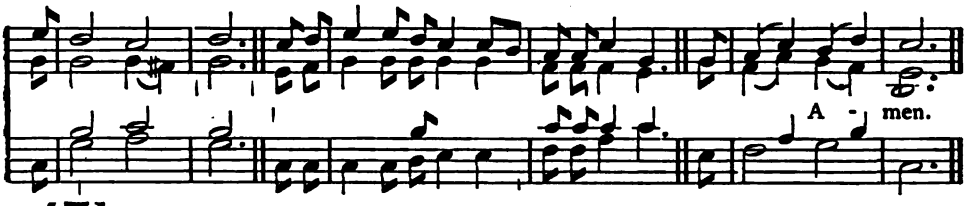
470

"Come with us, and we will do thee good."

1 *mf* THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
f Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 *mf* Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
f O!, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

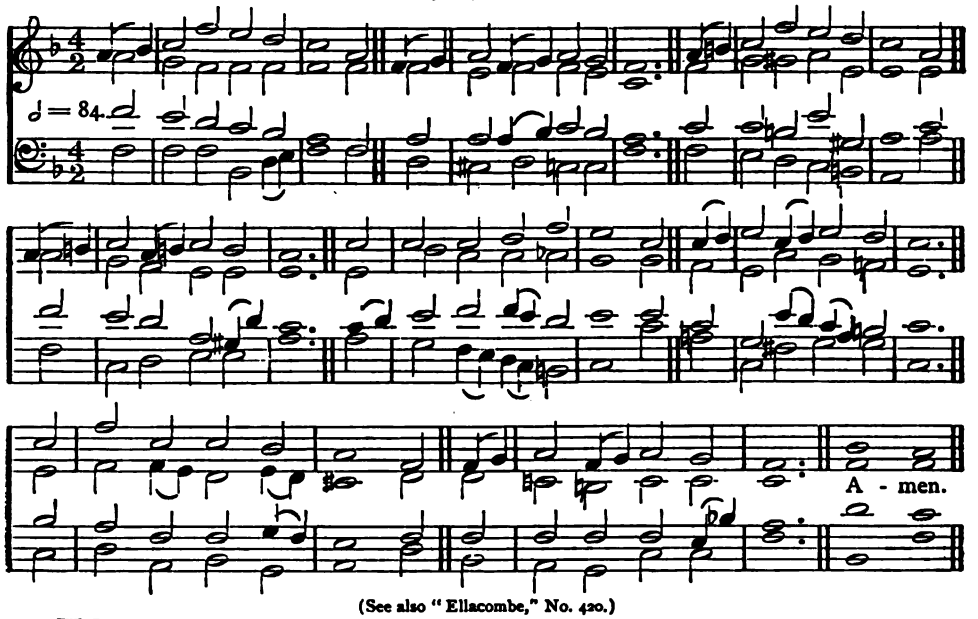
3 *mf* Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
f On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
ff Reign, reign for aye! Amen.

CHRIST'S CROWN. 8,6,8,5,7,6,7,5. G. F. ROOT.

471 *"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."*

1 *mf* WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
f Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 *mf* He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 *p* Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. Amen.

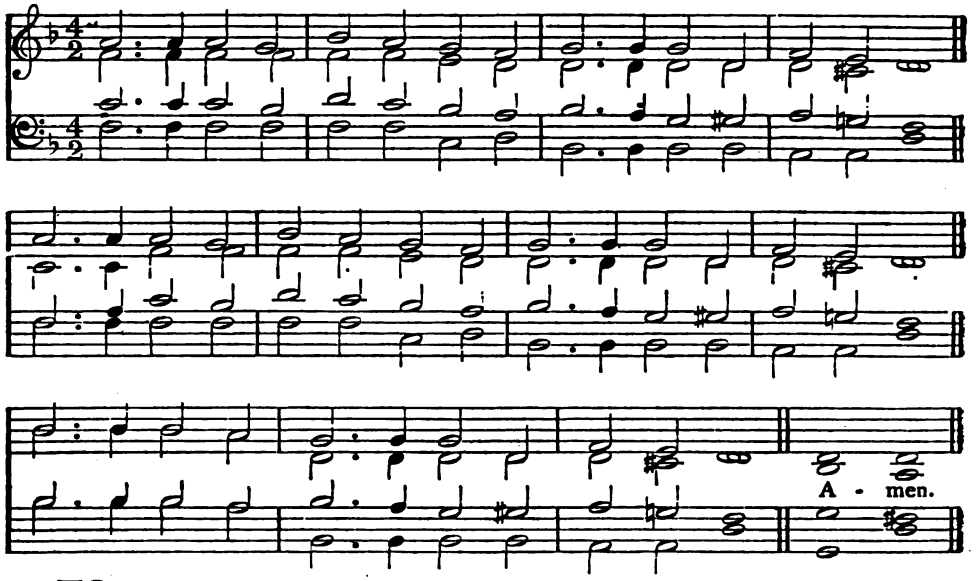
TOURS. 7,6,7,6. D. BERTHOLD TOURS.

(See also "Ellacombe," No. 420.)

472 *"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*

1 *mf* WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
"Hosanna" to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him
And smiled to hear their song.

2 *p* And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill
cres We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 *mf* For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
dim But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
mf No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's. Amen.

ST. DENYS. 8,7,8,7,4,7. Adapted from a Gregorian Chant.

473

"Is it well with the child? . . . It is well."

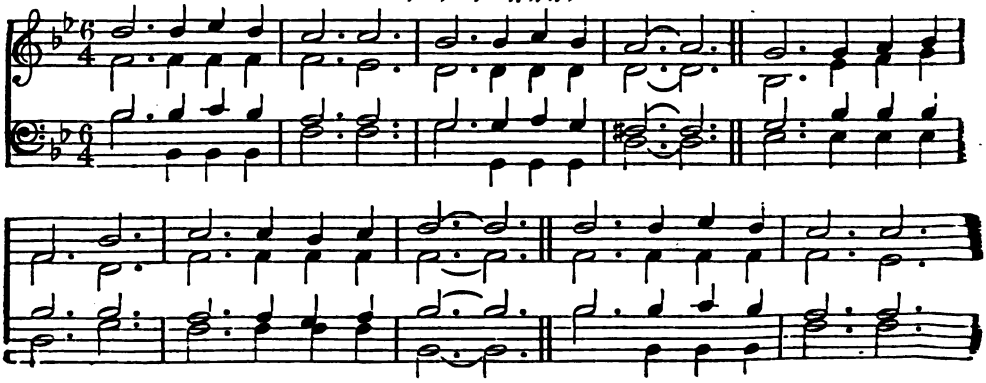
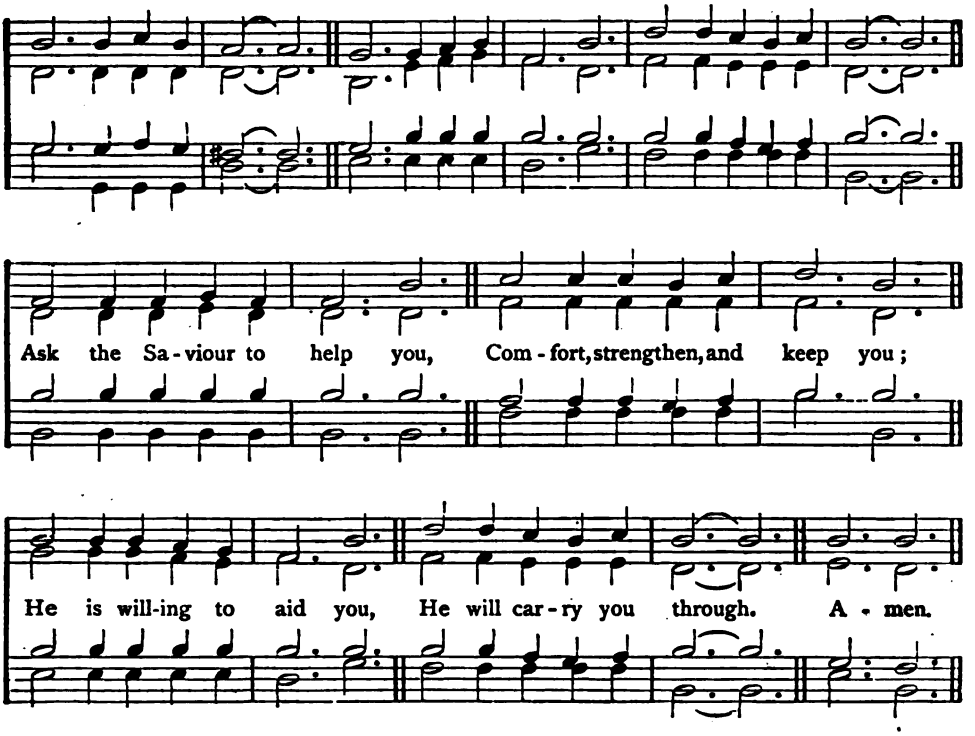
[ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.]

1 *p* WHERE we oft have met in gladness
On the holy Sabbath-day,
Now we gather in our sadness,
Mourning over one away;
Tears are falling
On this holy Sabbath-day.

2 *p* One we loved has left our number,
In the narrow dwelling laid;
There to rest in dreamless slumber
Till the trump that wakes the dead:
When the angel
cres From their slumber wakes the dead.

3 *p* But, while we in sadness gather,
Mourning thus for one away,
Lo! the angels say: "Another
Joins our holy song to-day!"
mf Weep no longer,
Join with them the sacred lay.

4 *mf* Let our grief then turn to gladness,
As we praise Thy saving love,
Which, o'er every shade of sadness,
Sheds the light of joys above;
Grief dispelling
By the light of joys above. Amen.

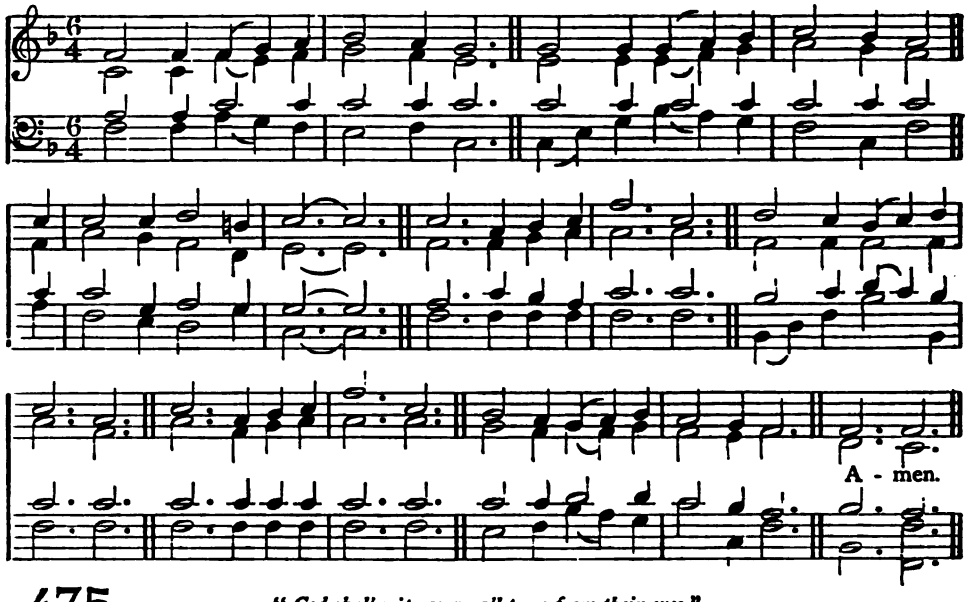
FORTITUDE. 11,11,11,12,7,7,7,6. H. R. PALMER.

474

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

1 *mf* YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
cres Fight manfully onward; dark passion subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.
f Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 *mf* Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
p God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
cres Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3 *mf* To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c. Amen.

JOYFUL. 7,7,6,6,6,6,7. THOMAS BILBY.

475

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

1 *p* HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again:
cres In heaven we part no more.
f Oh, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

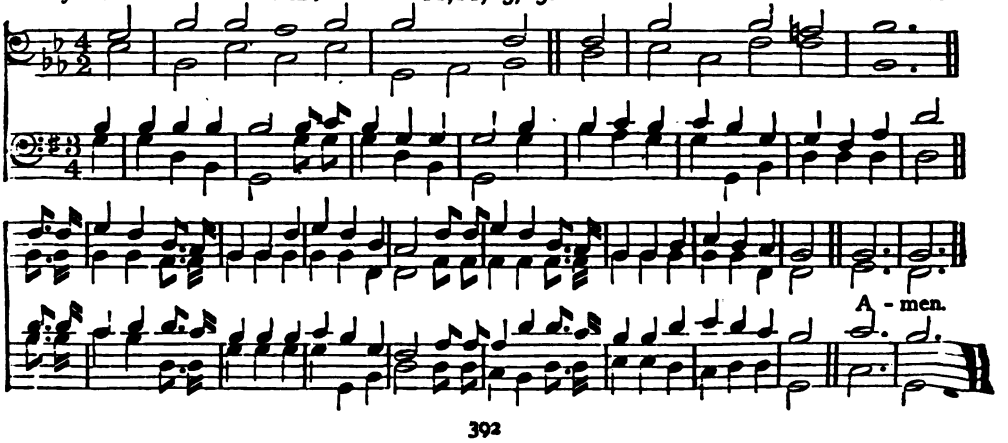
2 *mf* All who love the Lord below,
p When they die, to heaven will go,
cres And sing with saints above.

3 *mf* Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.

4 *mf* Teachers, too, shall meet above;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

5 *mf* Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.

6 *f* There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord. Amen.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD. 11,11,13,13. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

476

"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice."

1 *mf* REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
p Go look on His cradle, (*pp*) His cross, and His tomb!
cres Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain;
f Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

2 *f* Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last;
p The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

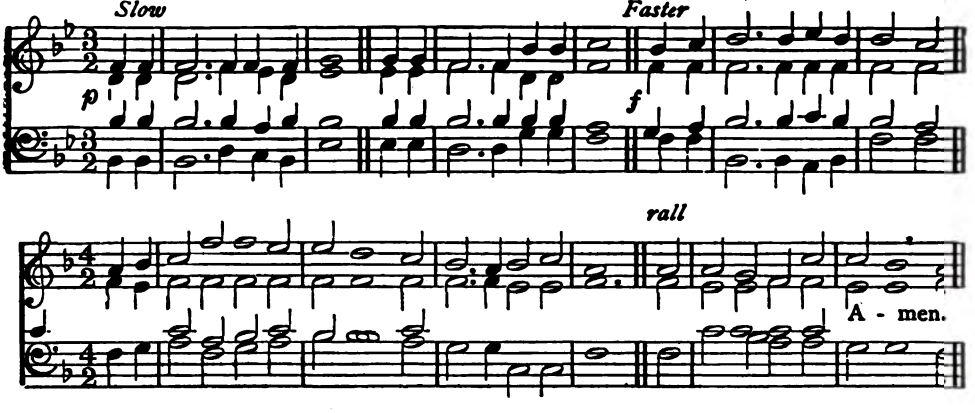
3 *f* Rejoice and be glad! for the blood has been shed;
p Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 *f* Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free;
p The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 *f* Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 *f* Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 *f* Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain! Amen.

LOWLINESS. 7,7,8,8,7,7. B. R. HANBY.

477

"We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour."

1 *p* WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
f 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
p At His feet we humbly fall;
cres Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

2 *p* Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

3 *p* Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

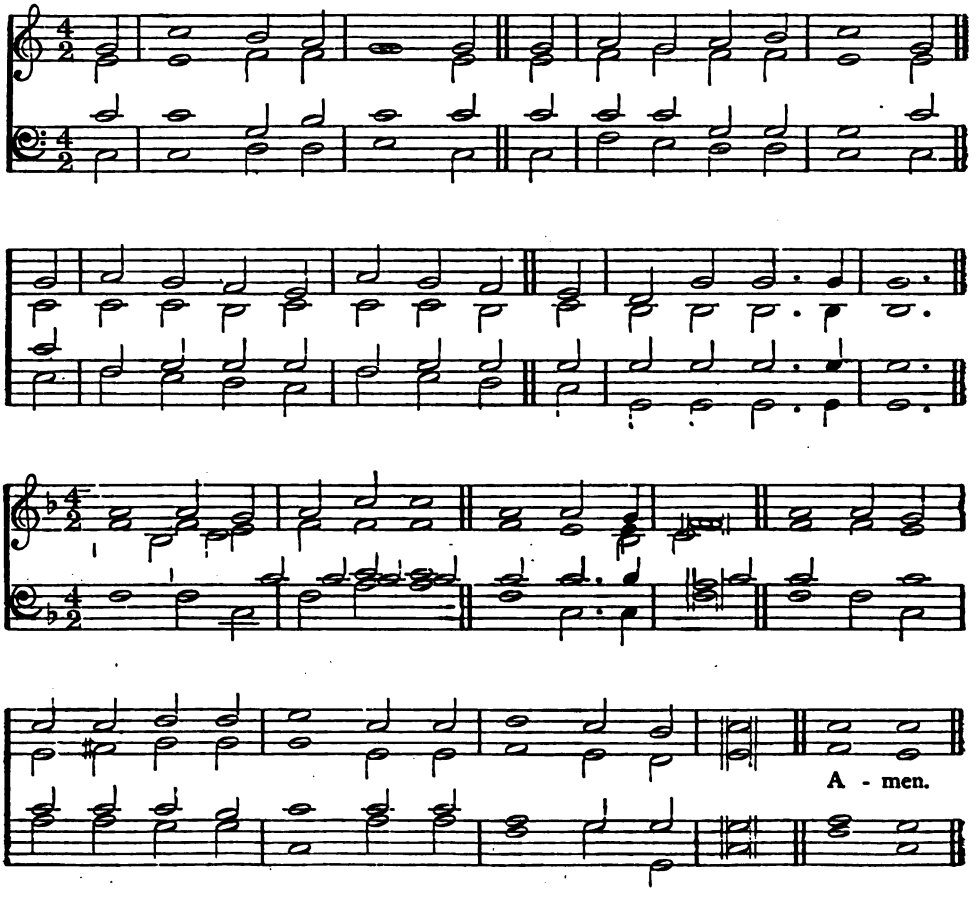
4 *p* Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

5 *pp* Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 *pp* On the cross, lo! who is He
Sheds His precious blood for me?

7 *cres* Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

8 *mf* Who is He that on yon throne
Reigns as King of kings alone?
Amen.

SALEM. 6,7,8,6,8,8,11. Arranged by A. RHODES, R.A.M.

478

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

1 *mf* WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back
And bade them depart;
p But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
cres "Suffer little children to come unto Me.

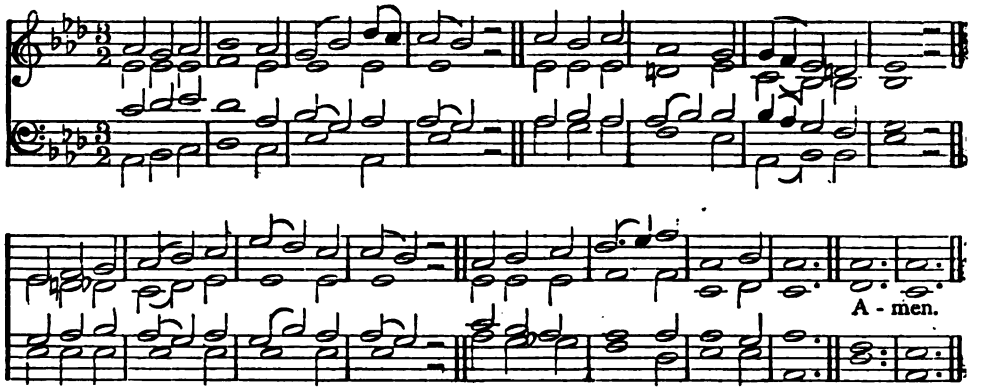
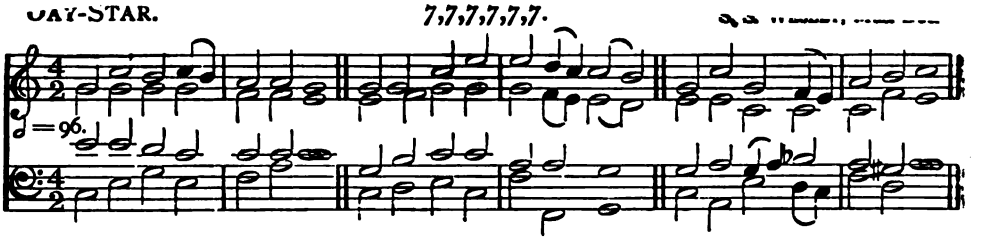
2 *mf* "For I will receive them
And fold them in My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
Oh, drive them not away!
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto Me."

3 *mf* How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome!
p But there are many thousands
Who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
f "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

4 *mf* Oh, soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessèd word,
And cast their idols all away;
cres Oh, shine upon them from above.
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children to come unto
Thee. Amen

XII.—Times and Seasons.

I.—MORNING.

OTTERBOURNE (*1st Tune*). L.M. HAYDN.

DAY-STAR. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

419 *"His compassions fail not; they are new every morning."*

1 *f* OH, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celéstial view
Which evermóre makes all things new!

2 *mf* New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
p Through sleep and darkness sáfely brought,
cres Restored to life and power and thought.

3 *mf* New mercies, each retúrning day,
Hover aroúnd us while we pray;
p New perils past, new sins forgiven,
cres New thoughts of Gód, new hopes of heaven.

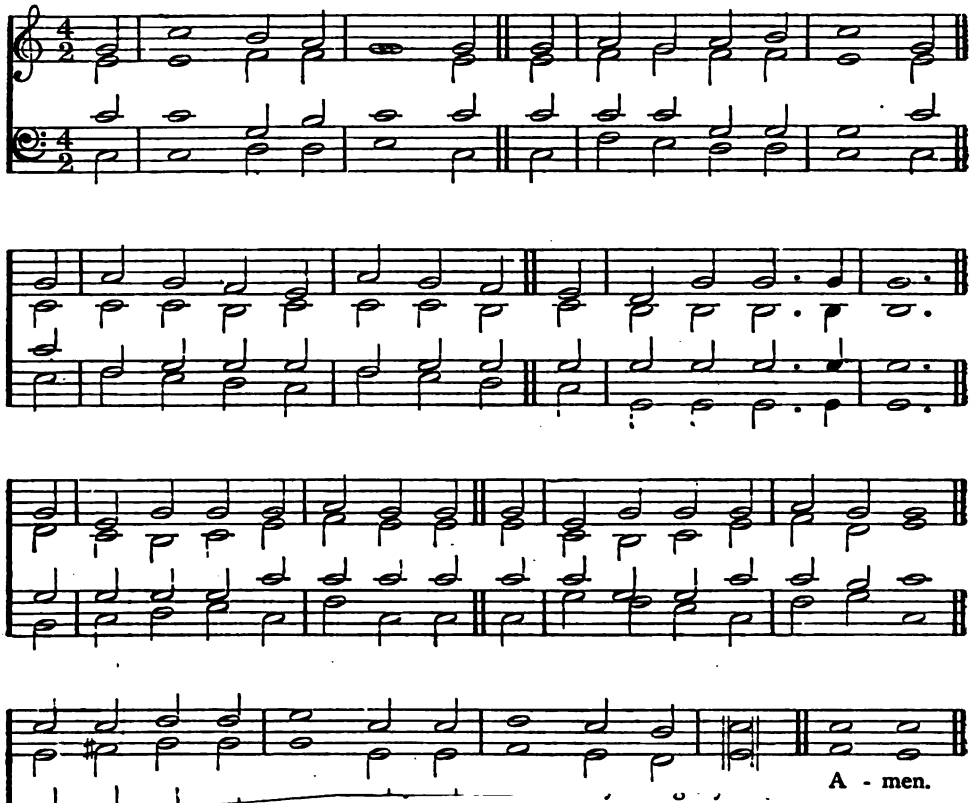
4 *mf* If, on our daily coúrse, our mind
Be set to hállow all we find,
New treasures still, of coúntless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 *mf* We need not bid, for clóistered cell,
Our neighbour ánd our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind oursélves too high
p For sinful mán beneath the sky.

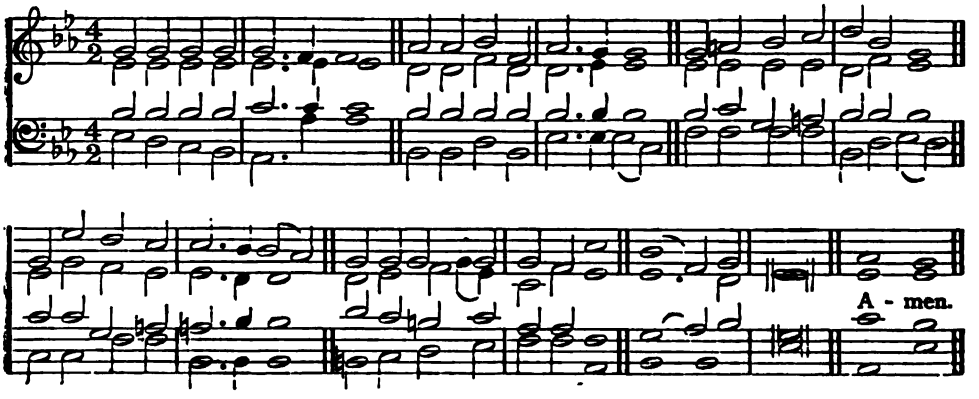
6 *mf* The trivial round, the cómmon task,
Will furnish áll we ought to ask,—
Room to deny oursélves, a road
p To bring us dáily nearer God.

7 *mf* Seek we no more: contént with these,
Let present rápture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, cóme and go;
The secret, this, of rest below.

8 *p* Only, O Lord, in Thý dear love,
Fit us for pérfect rest above;
cres And help us, this and évery day,
p To live more néarly as we pray. Amen.

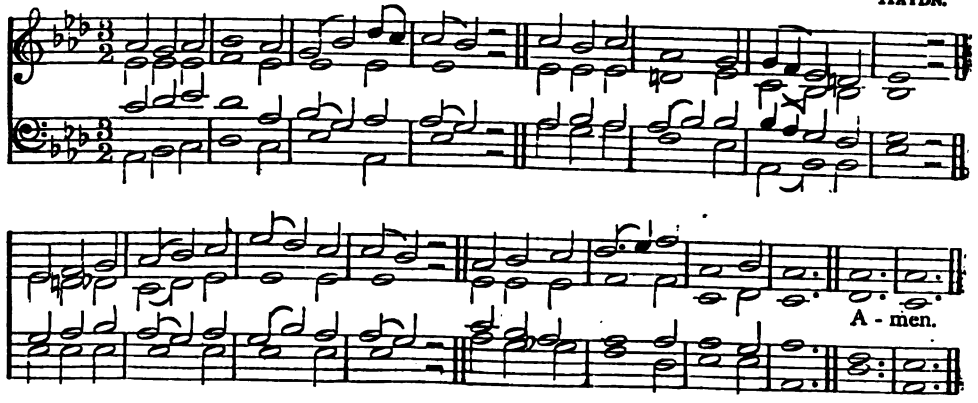
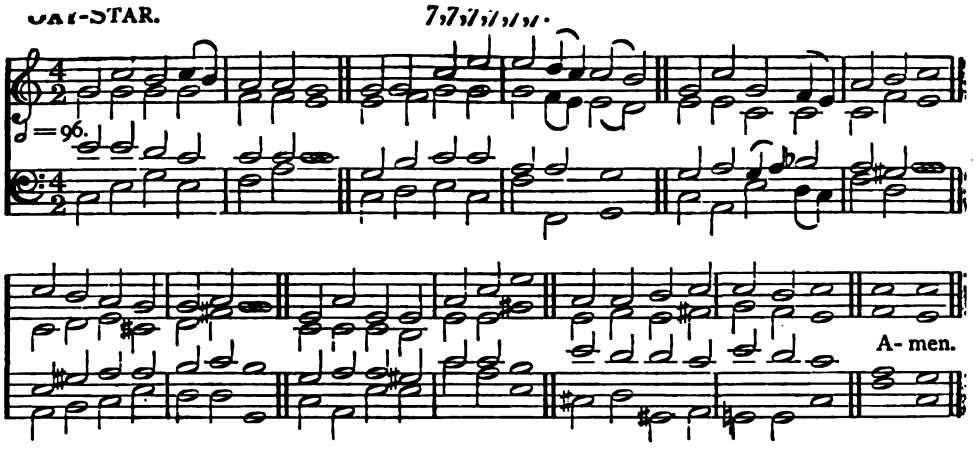
SALEM. 6,7,8,6,8,8,11. Arranged by A. RHODES, R.A.M.

4 *f* wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

8 *f* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Amen.

LUX PRIMA. 7,7,7,7,7,3. Prof. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

XII.—Times and Seasons.

I.—MORNING.

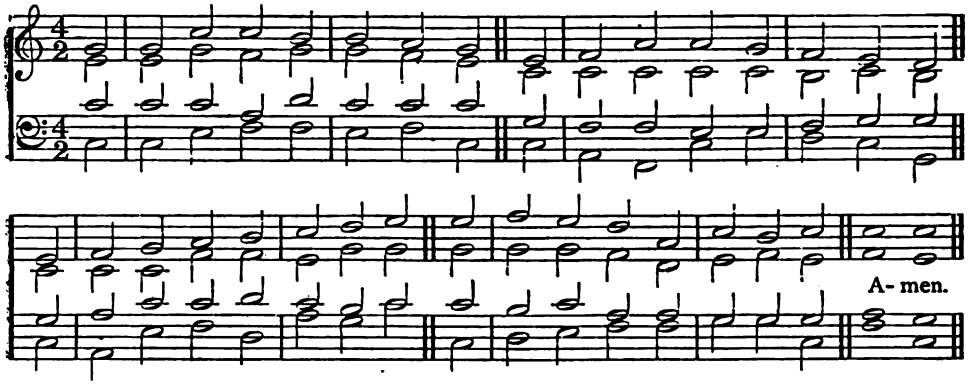
OTTERBOURNE (*1st Tune*). L.M.

HAYDN.

DAY-STAR. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

482 *"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."*

1 *f* CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 *p* Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
cres Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 *p* Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
cres Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
f Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

ST. DUTHUS. L.M. A. CROIL FALCONER.

483

"I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God."

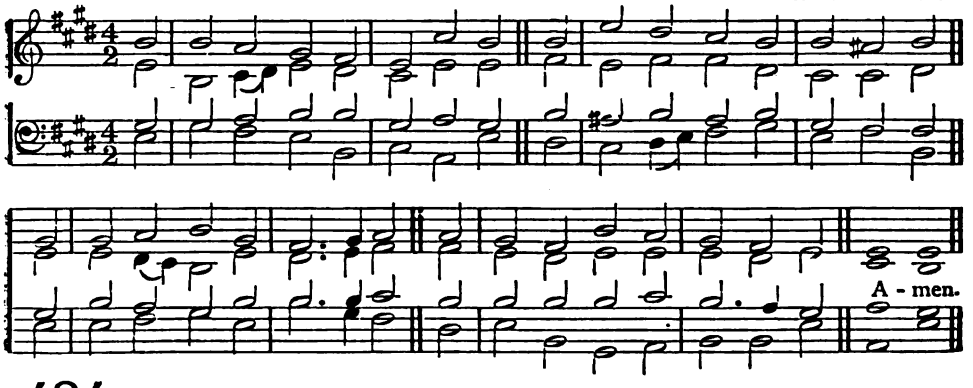
1 *mf* FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 *mf* The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.

3 *mf* Thee may I set at my right hand,
p Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
cres And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 *mf* Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
cres And still to things eternal look,
f And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 *f* For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous hand hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
Amen.

MELCOMBE. L.M. SAMUEL WEBBE.

484

"I am the light of the world."

1 *p* O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night;
Whose beams disperse the shades of

2 *f* Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 *mf* And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

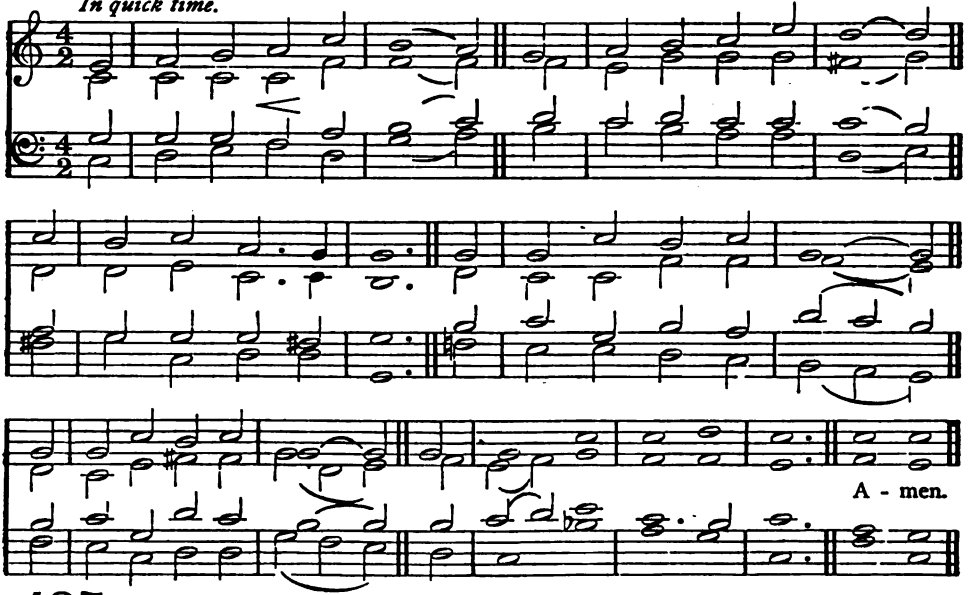
4 *mf* May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
p From sudden falls our feet defend,
cres And bring us to a prosperous end.

5 *mf* May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
p May guile depart, and discord cease,
cres And all within be joy and peace.

6 *p* Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
cres And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright

7 *mf* O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
cres Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee! Amen.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6,6,6,6,6,6. JOSEPH BARNBY.

In quick time.

485

"*Daily shall He be praised.*"

1 *mf* WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

2 *mf* When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

3 *p* Does sadness fill my mind?
cres A solace here I find,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cres My comfort still is this,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

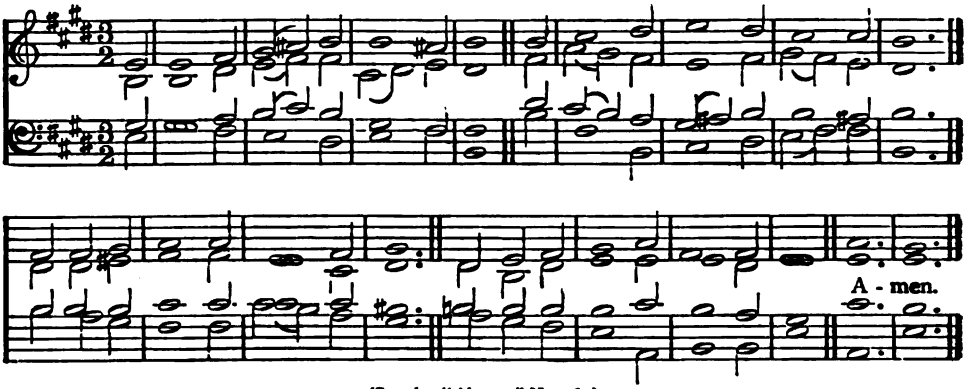
4 *mf* In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p The powers of darkness fear,
cres When this sweet chant they hear,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

5 *f* To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

6 *ff* Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

7 *mf* Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
cres "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Amen

II.—EVENING.

ANGELUS. L.M. JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657.

(See also "Alstone," No. 469.)

486 *"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased."*

1 *mf* AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p Oh, in what divers pains they met!
cres Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 *p* Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cres We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 *p* O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well;
And some have lost the love they had;

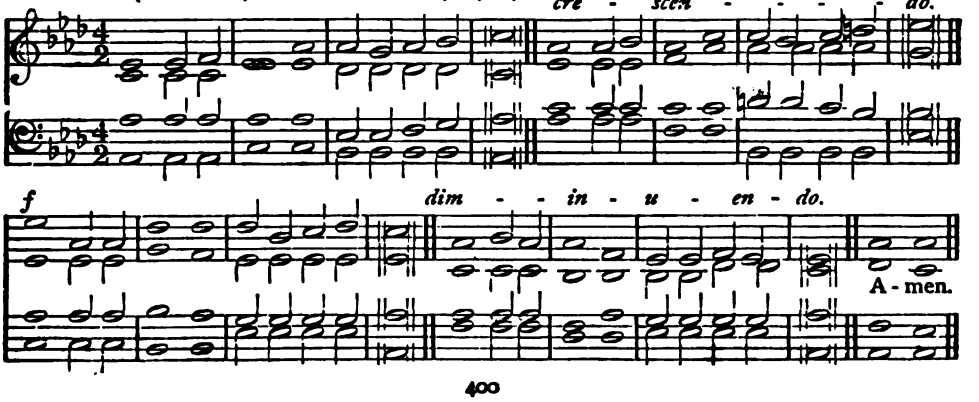
4 *mf* And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

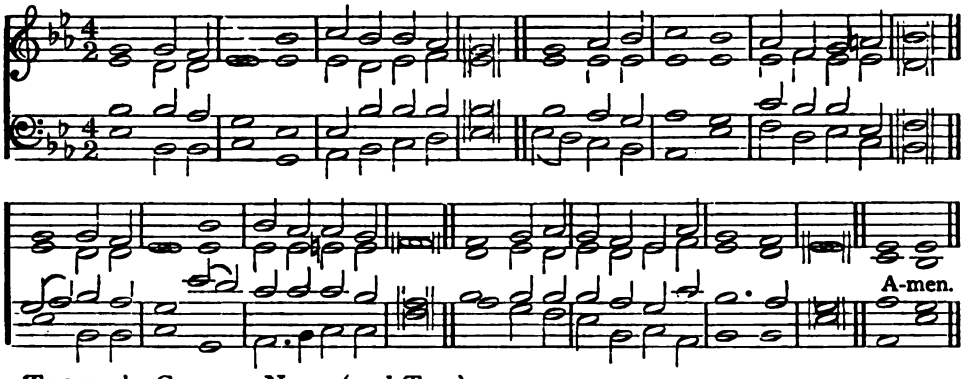
5 *mf* And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
p And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

6 *mf* And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
dim Are conscious most of wrong within.

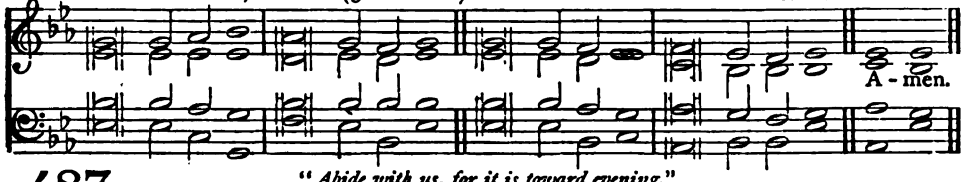
7 *p* O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

8 *cres* Thy touch has still its ancient power;
mf No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
dim Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
p And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

ELLERS (*1st Tune*). 10, 10, 10, 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

EVENTIDE (*2nd Tune*). 10, 10, 10, 10. Prof. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

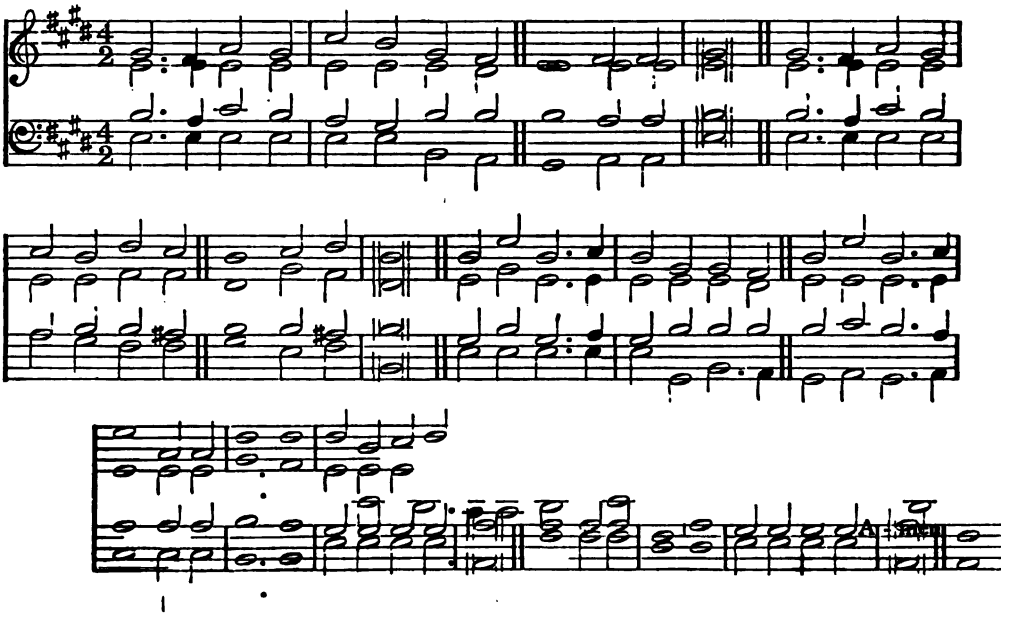


TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*3rd Tune*). A. H. D. TROYTE.



487 "*Abide with us, for it is toward evening.*"

1 *p* ABIDE with me! fast falls the éventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with mé abide!
When other helpers fail, and cómforts flee,
cres Help of the helpless, (*dim*) oh, abíde with me!
2 *p* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories páss away;
Change and decay in all aroúnd I see:
cres O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abíde with me!
3 *mf* Not a brief glance I beg, a pássing word;
But, as Thou dwelld'st with Thy discíples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, pátient, free,
cres Come, not to sojourn, but abíde, with me.
4 *p* Come not in terrors, as the Kíng of kings,
But kind and good, with healing ín Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for évery plea:
cres Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bíde with me!
5 *mf* Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and pervérse meanwhile,
p Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;
cres On to the close, O Lord, abíde with me!
6 *p* I need Thy presence every pássing hour;
cres What but Thy grace can foil the témpter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stáy can be?
dim Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) oh, abide with me!
7 *mf* I fear no foe, with Thee at hánd to bless;
cres Ills have no weight, and tears no bítterness;
f Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy víctory?
ff I triumph still, if Thou abíde with me.
8 *pp* Hold Thou Thy cross before my clósing eyes,
cres Shine through the gloom, and point me tó the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shádows flee:
dim In life and death, (*pp rall*) O Lord, abíde with me! Amen.

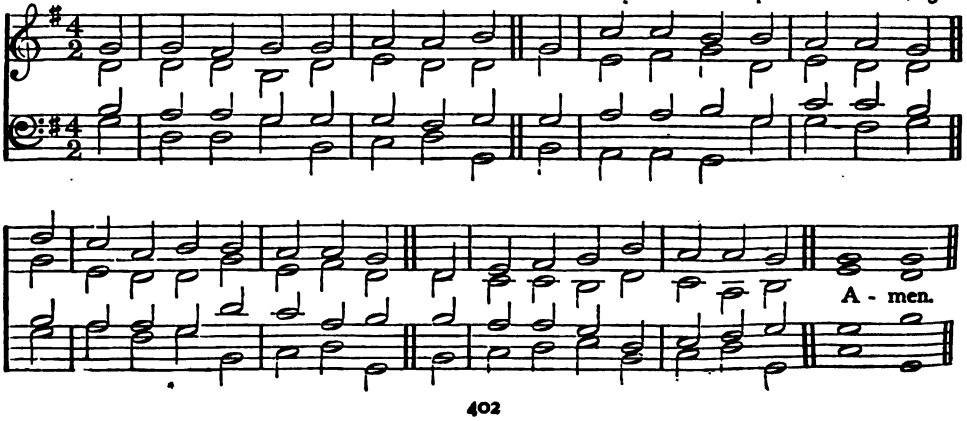
STEGGALL. 8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4. CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

488

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

1 *mf* GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
p For rest the night;
cres May Thine angel-guards defend us,
p Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
cres Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
p This livelong night.

2 *mf* Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
p And, when we die,
cres May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
p All peaceful lie.
cres When the last dread trump shall wake us,
p Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
cres But to reign in glory take us
f With Thee on high. Amen.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M. THOMAS TALLIS. Archbishop Parker's Psalter, 1561.



489

"Under His wings shalt thou trust."

1 *f* ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
mf Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 *p* Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

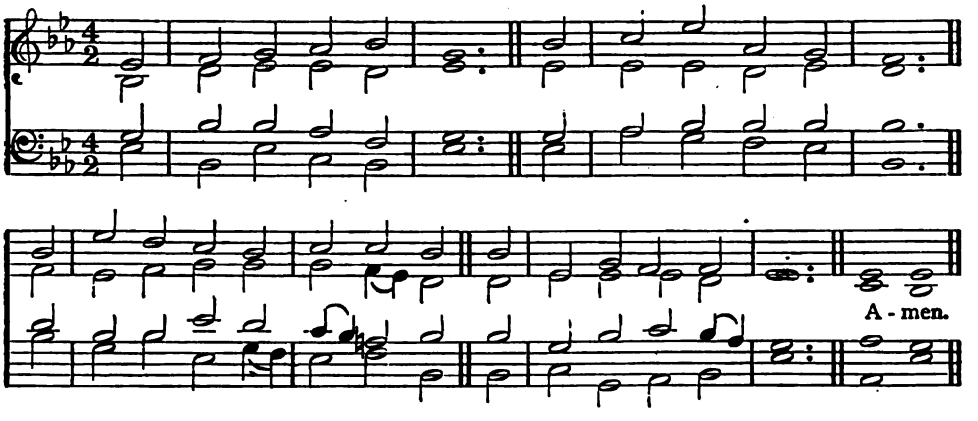
3 *mf* Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p To die, that this vile body may
cres Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 *p* Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
cres Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 *mf* When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 *cres* Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

7 *f* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

FRANCONIA. S.M. GERMAN.

490

"I am still with Thee."

1 *mf* STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:

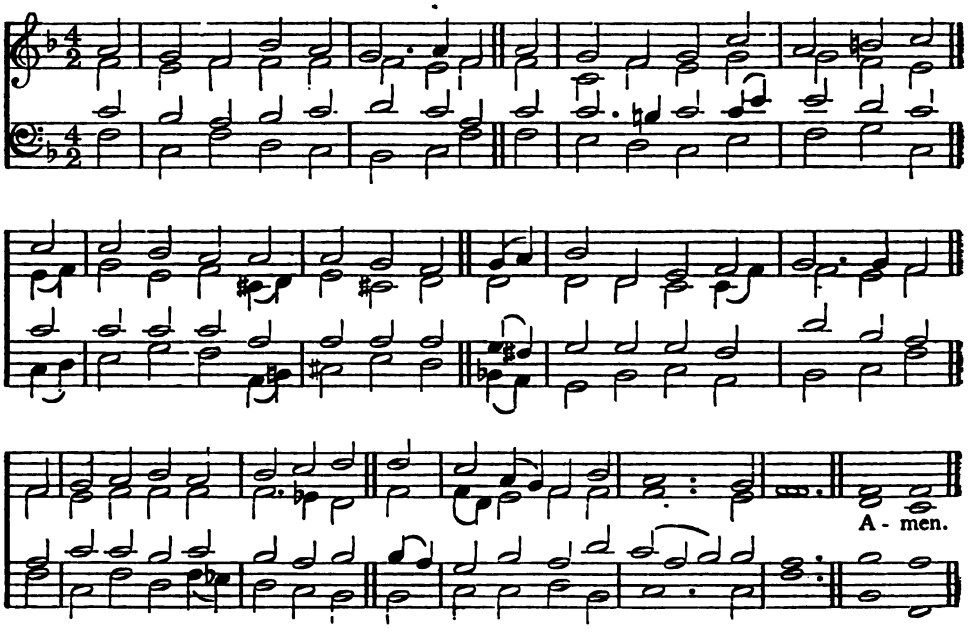
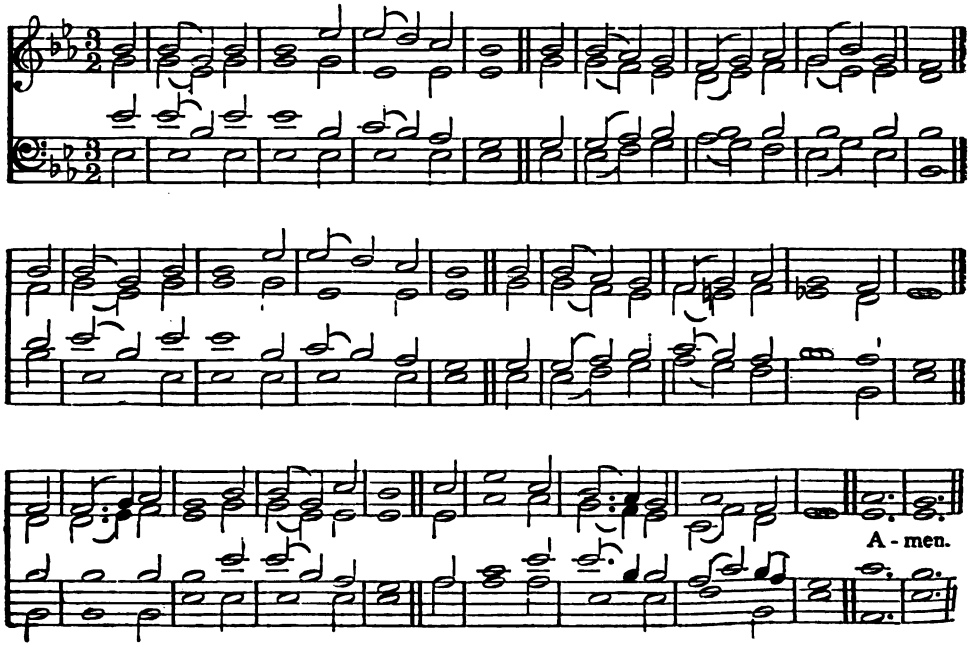
2 *mf* With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer:

3 *mf* With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
p Speak softly to my heart:

4 *p* With Thee, when day is done
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun,
With Thee, my heart would find:

5 *p* With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close:

6 *mf* With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
p By day, by night, in life, in death,
f I would be still with Thee. Amen.

ST. MATTHIAS (*1st Tune*). 8,8,8,8,8,8. Prof. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

STELLA (*2nd Tune*). 8,8,8,8,8,8. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

491

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

1 *mf* SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
cres And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will:
f Through life's long day and (*p*) death's dark night,
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

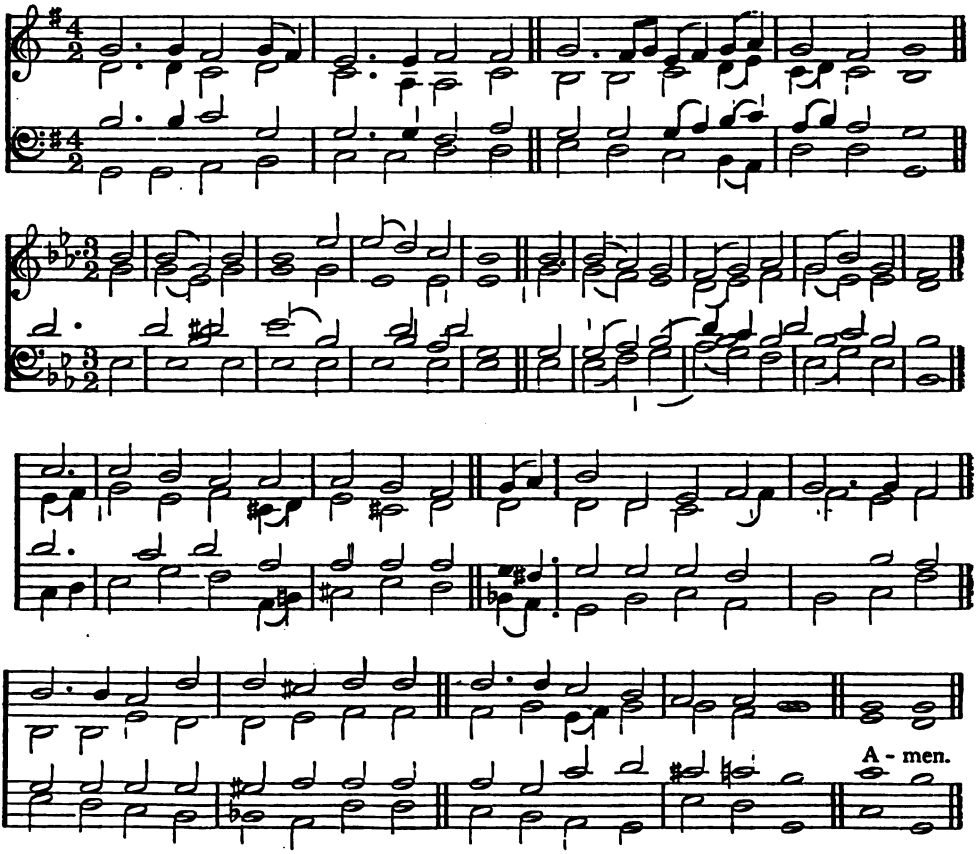
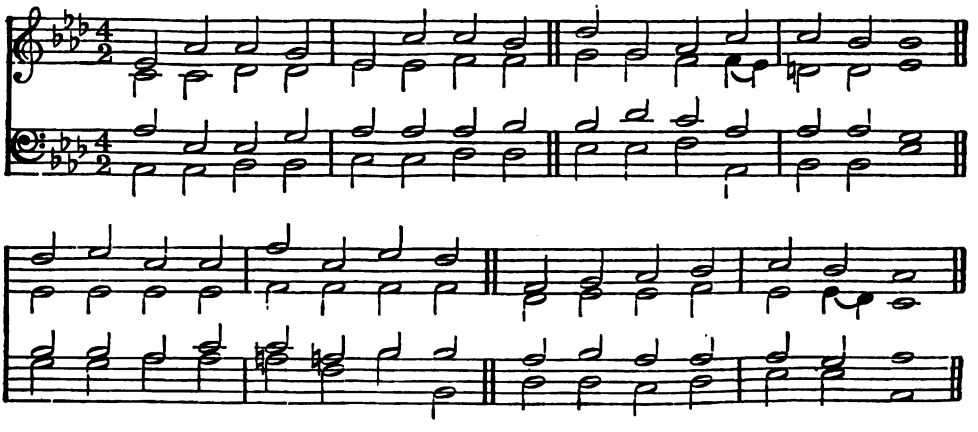
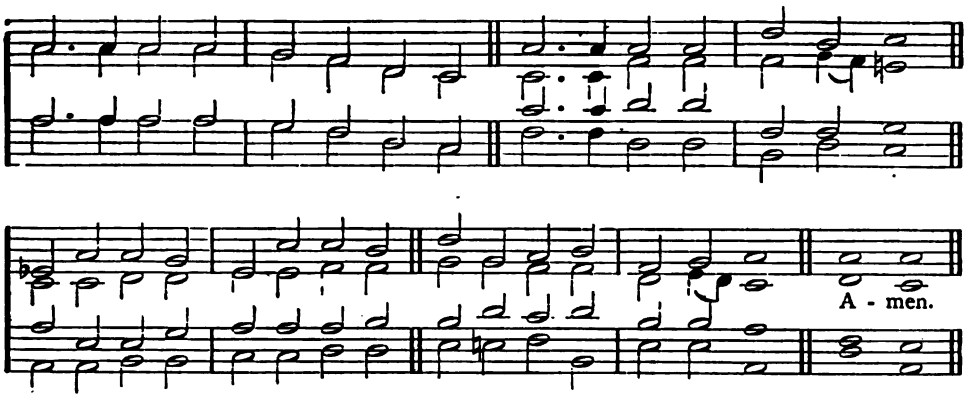
2 *p* The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall:
f Through life's long day, and (*p*) death's dark night.
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3 *mf* Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace:
f Through life's long day and (*p*) death's dark night,
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 *f* Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee:
f Through life's long day and (*p*) death's dark night,
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

5 *mf* Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
p Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared:
f Through life's long day and (*p*) death's dark night,
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

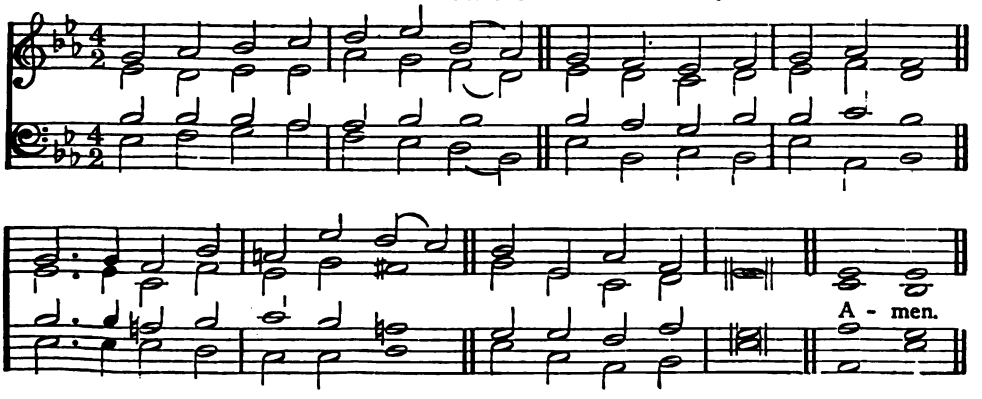
6 *p* For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cres Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Jesus and our All:
Through life's long day and (*p*) death's dark night,
cres O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

FLORENCE (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. ITALIAN MELODY.

SALVATOR (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7. D. J. P. JEWSON.

492

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night."

1 *p* SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
cres Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
p Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
mf Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 *p* Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
p Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
cres May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light and deathless bloom.
Amen.

VESPER. 7,7,7,5. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

493

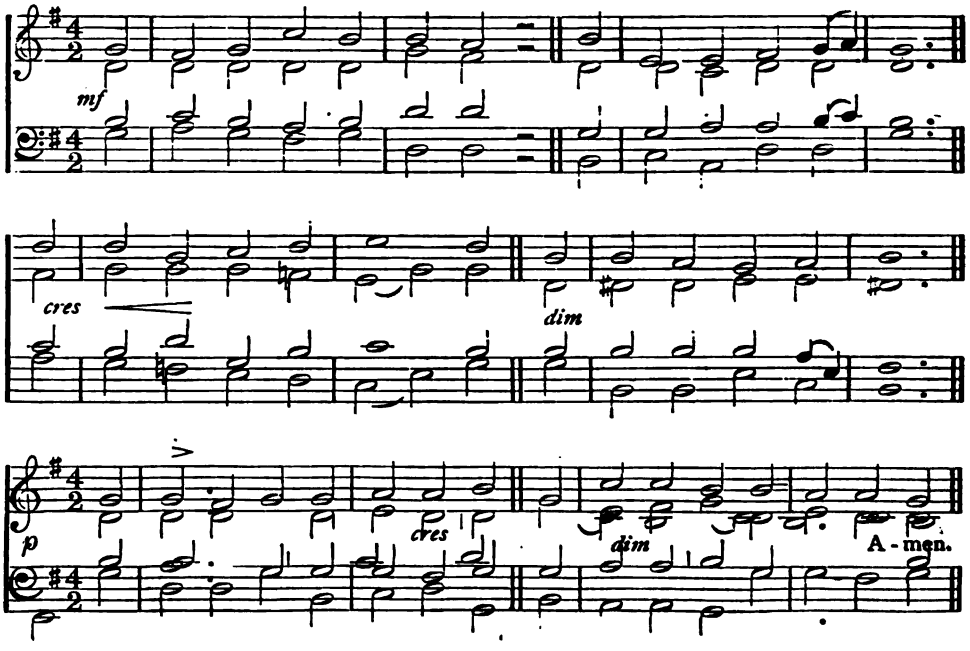
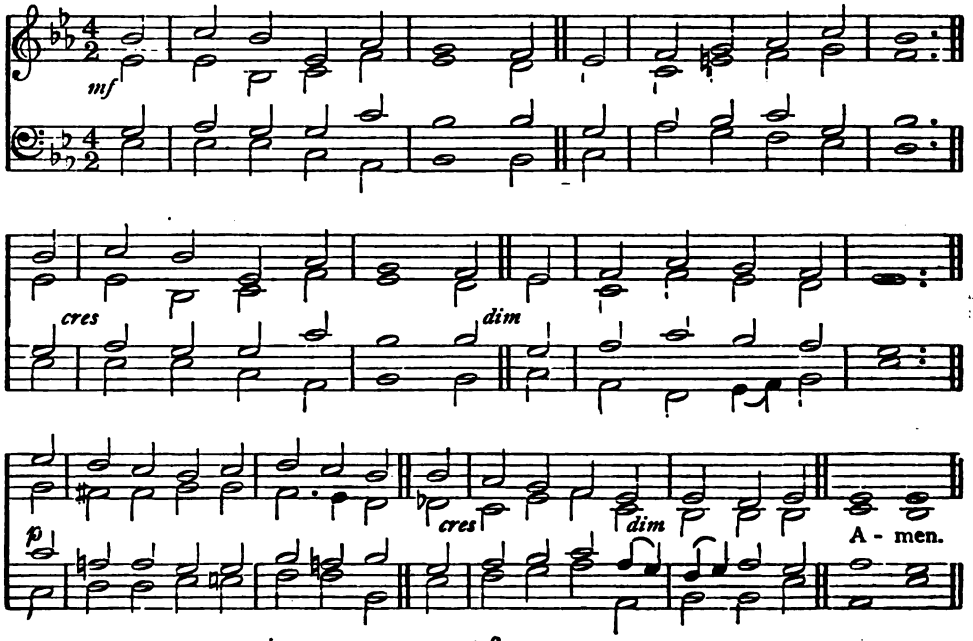
"At evening time it shall be light."

1 *mf* HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
cres Light at evening-time.

2 *p* Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
cres Light at evening-time.

3 *pp* Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us, when we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 *mf* Holy, blessèd Trinity,
cres Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
f Light at evening-time. Amen.

ST. ANATOLIUS (DYKES) (*1st Tune*). 7,6,7,6,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

ST. ANATOLIUS (BROWN) (*2nd Tune*). 7,6,7,6,8,8. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

494

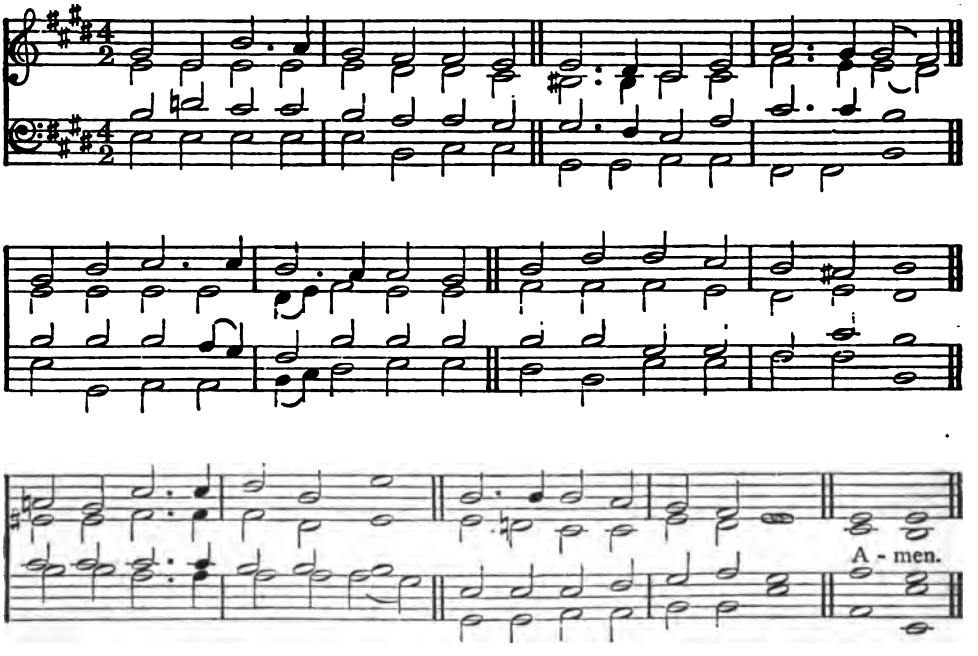
"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

1 *mf* THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
cres I pray Thee, that offenceless
dim The hours of dark may be.
p O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
cres And save me through the coming night.

2 *mf* The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
cres And call on Thee, that sinless
dim The hours of dark may be.
p O Jesus, make their darkness light,
cres And save me through the coming night.

3 *mf* The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
cres And ask that free from peril
dim The hours of fear may be.
p O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
cres And guard me through the coming night.

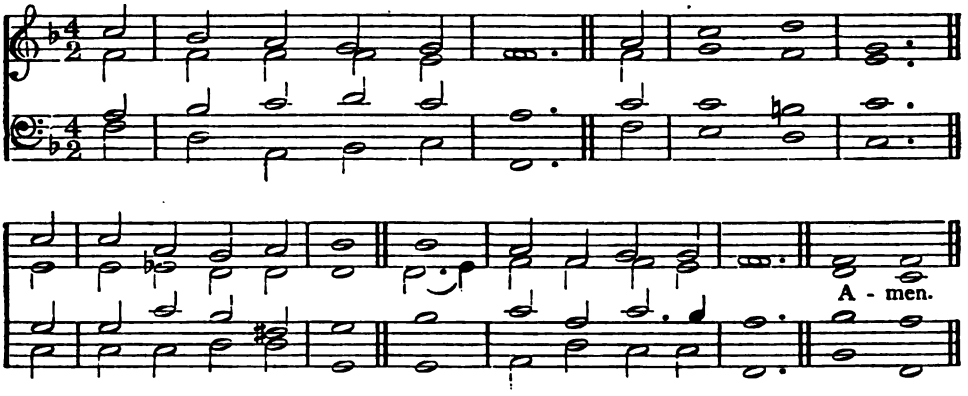
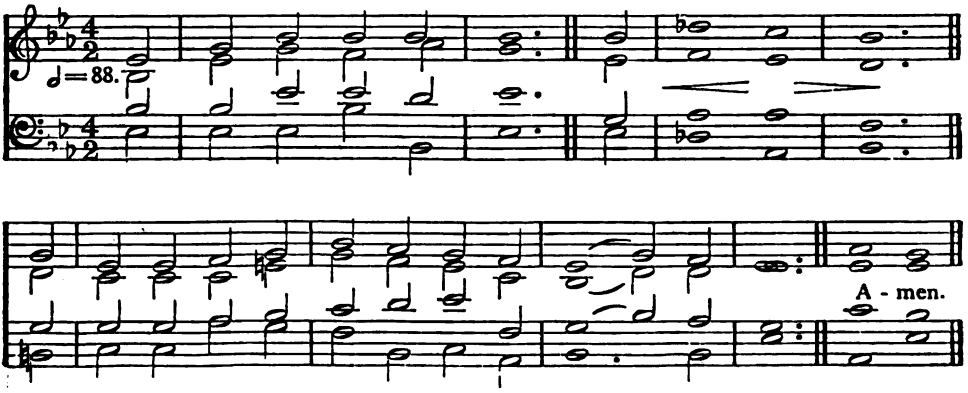
4 *mf* Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
p How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
cres Lover of men! oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!
Amen.

STONELEIGH. 8,7,8,7,7,7. C. S. JEKYLL.

495

"I will make them to lie down safely."

1 *mf* THROUGH the day Thy love has spared
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
p Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
cres Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 *mf* Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
dim In Thine arms may we repose;
p And, when life's brief day is past,
cres Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
Amen.

ST. COLUMBA (*1st Tune*). 6,4,6,6. H. S. IRONS.

VESPERS (*2nd Tune*). 6,4,6,6. Sir ROBERT STEWART, Mus. Doc.

496 *"Let my prayer be set before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."*

1 *p* THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cres Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 *p* As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 *cres* So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 *p* So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

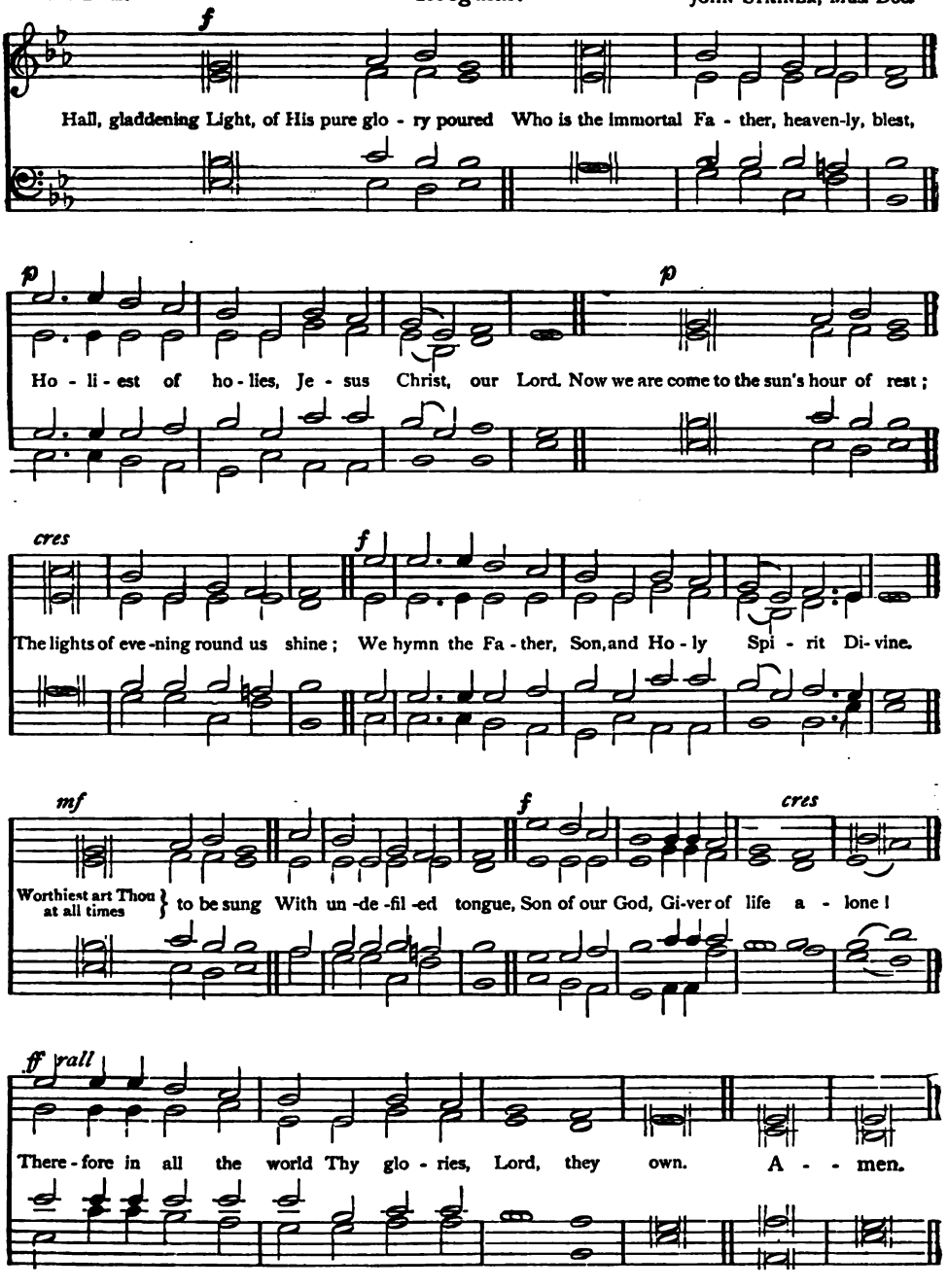
5 *p* Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 *mf* Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
cres In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me:

7 *f* One sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine! Amen.

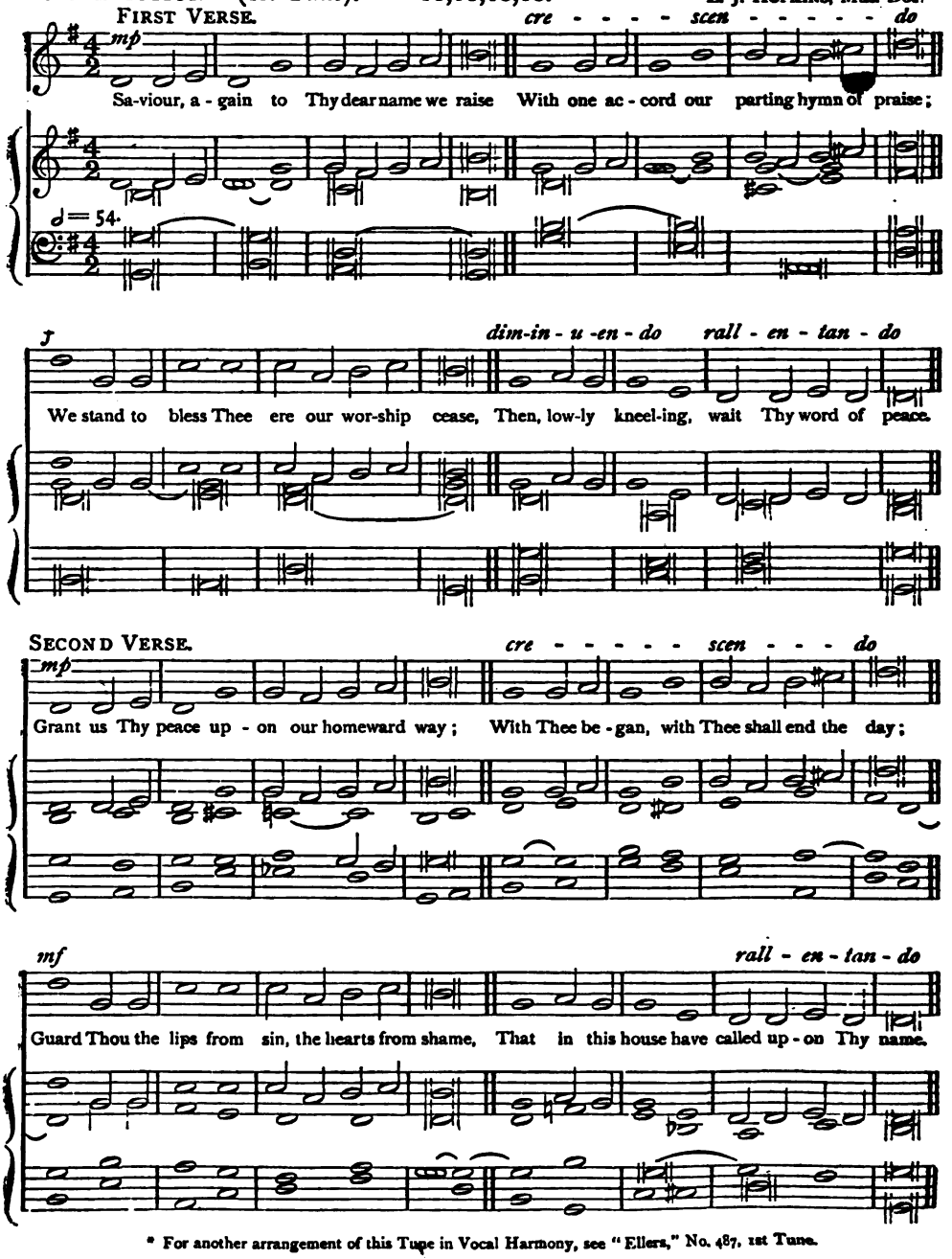
497

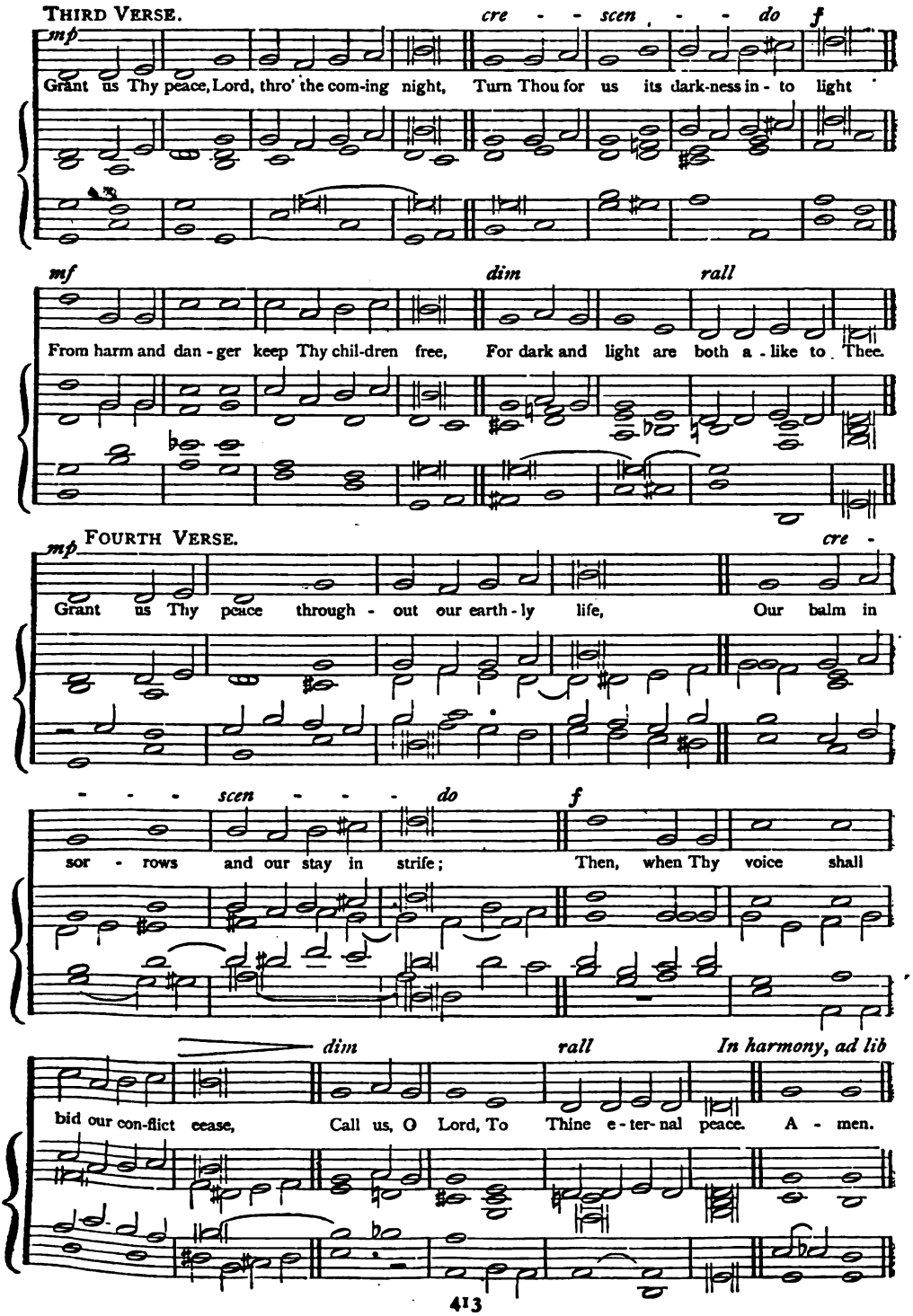
"The true light now shineth."

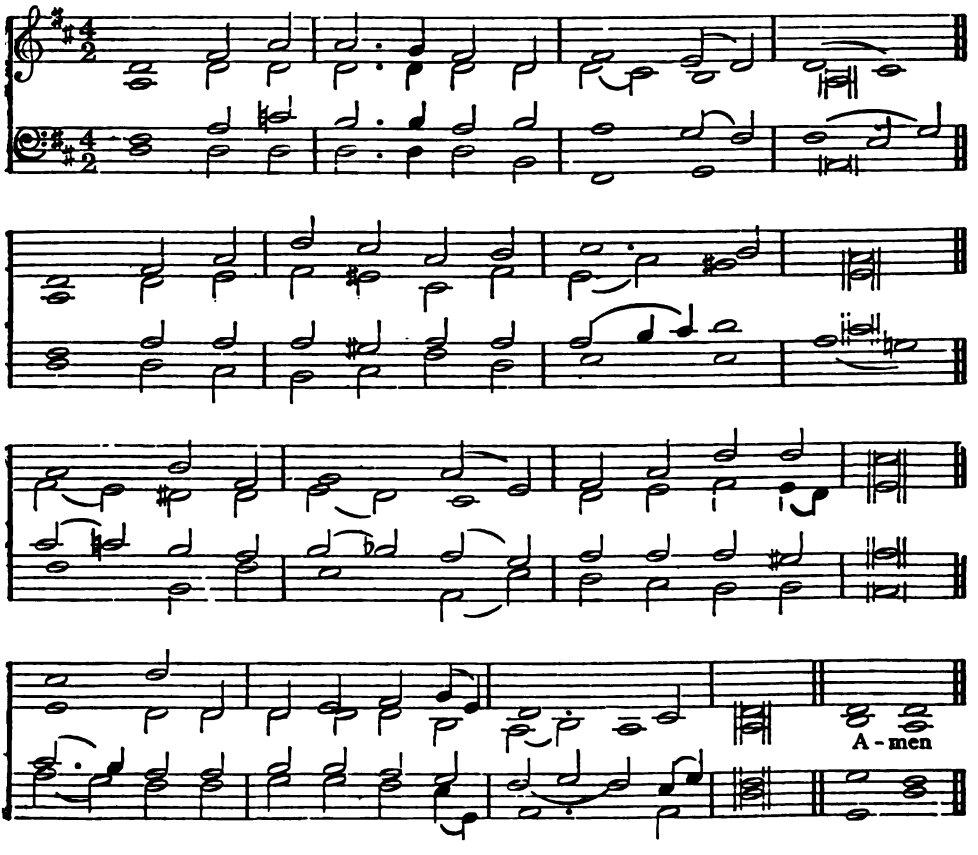
SEBASTE. Irregular. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

f
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry poured Who is the immortal Fa - ther, heaven-ly, blest,
p
Ho - li - est of ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord. Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest;
p
cres
f
The lights of eve-ning round us shine; We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.
mf
f
cres
Worthiest art Thou at all times } to be sung With un-de-fil-ed tongue, Son of our God, Gi-ver of life a - lone!
ff rall
There - fore in all the world Thy glo - ries, Lord, they own. A - - men.

498

"The Lord will bless His people with peace."

BENEDICTION * (*1st Tune*). 10, 10, 10, 10. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

FIRST VERSE.
mp
cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do
Sa-viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise;
♩ = 54.
f
dim-in - u - en - do
rall - en - tan - do
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
SECOND VERSE.
cre - - - - - scen - - - do
mp
Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
mf
rall - en - tan - do
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.

* For another arrangement of this Tune in Vocal Harmony, see "Ellers," No. 487, 1st Tune.

THIRD VERSE.
mp
cre - - scen - - do
f
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light
mf
dim
rall
From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
mp
FOURTH VERSE.
cre -
Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
- - - scen - - - do
f
sor - rows and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
dim
rall
In harmony, ad lib
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, To Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

PAX DEI (*2nd Tune*). 10,10,10,10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

498

"*The Lord will bless His people with peace.*"

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
dim Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

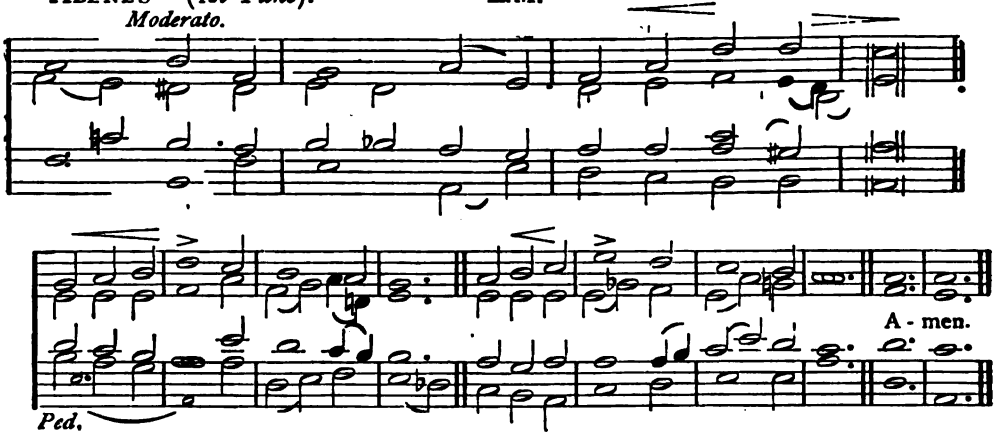
2 *mf* Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

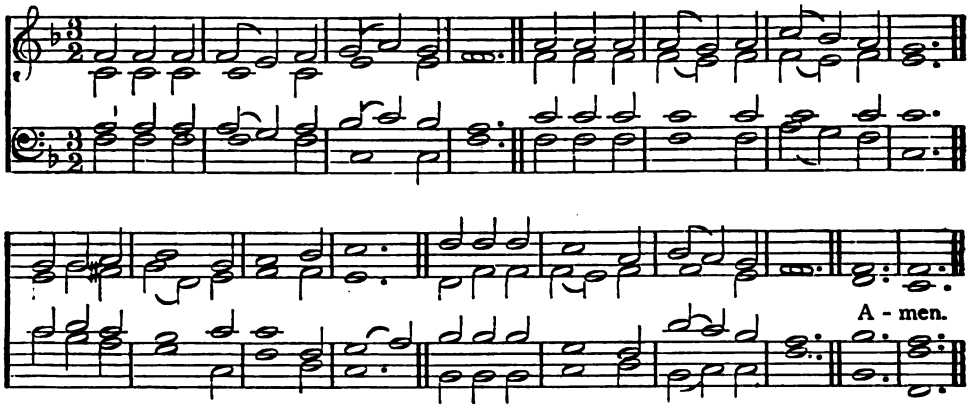
3 *p* Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
cres Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
p From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
cres For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 *p* Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cres Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife:
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O Lord, to Thine (*rall*) eternal peace. Amen.

ABENDS * (*1st Tune*). L.M. Sir HERBERT S. OAKELEY, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.



HURSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. PAUL RITTER, 1792.

499

"The Lord God is a sun and shield."

1 *mf* SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
dim To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 *p* When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 *mf* Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
dim Abide with me when night is nigh,
p For without Thee I dare not die.

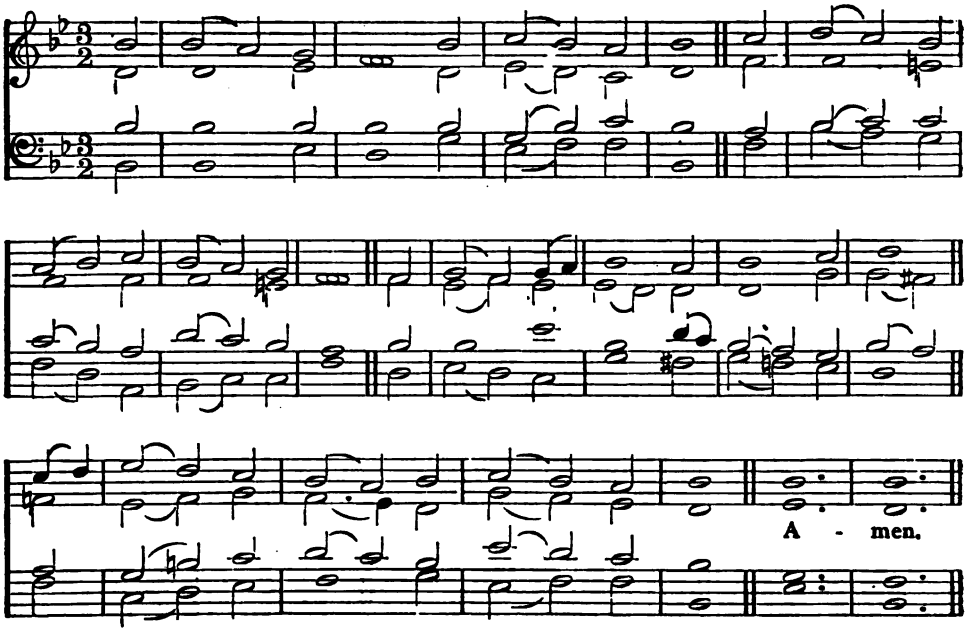
4 *p* If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
mf Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 *mf* Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 *mf* Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
cres Till in the ocean of Thy love
f We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

* Attention is directed to the change of metre at "My wearied," "Abide with," "With blessings," "We lose," where Iambic instead of Trochaic rhythm requires corresponding modification in the music. [Note by Composer.]

III.—THE SEASONS.

WAREHAM. L.M. WILLIAM KNAPP

500 *"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."*

[ALL SEASONS.]

1 *mf* ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

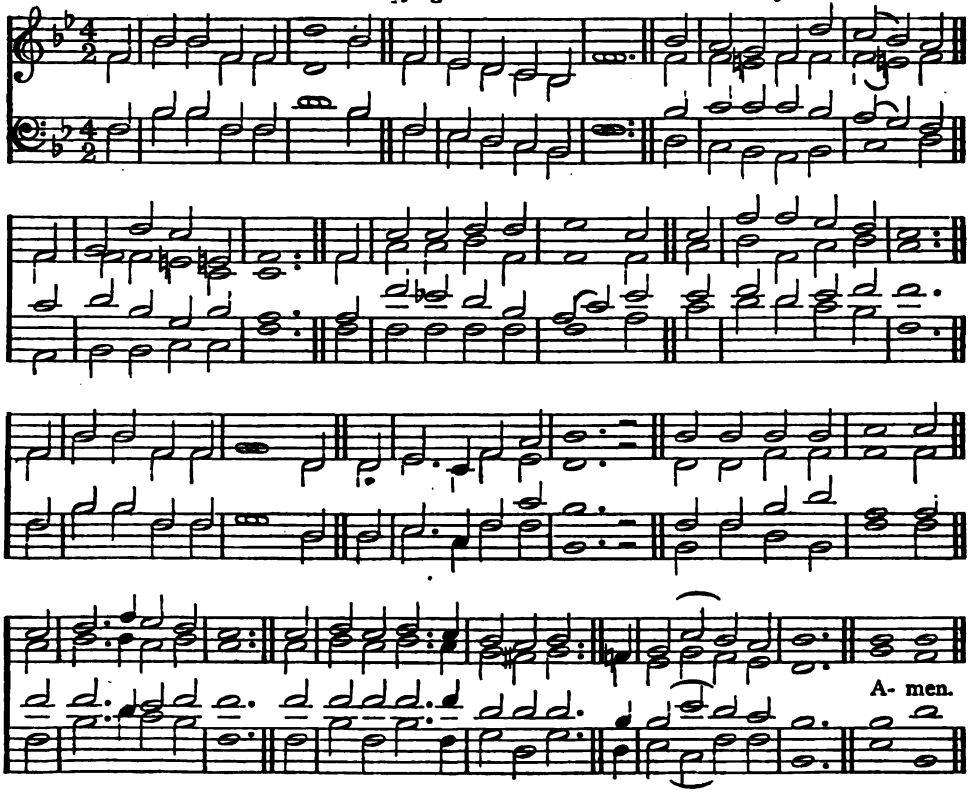
2 *mf* While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole,
cres The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
dim And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 *mf* The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 *mf* Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
dim And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 *mf* Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade. Amen.

7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6,6,6,8,4.

DRESDEN. *Wir pflügen und wir streuen.* J. A. E. SCHULTZE.

501

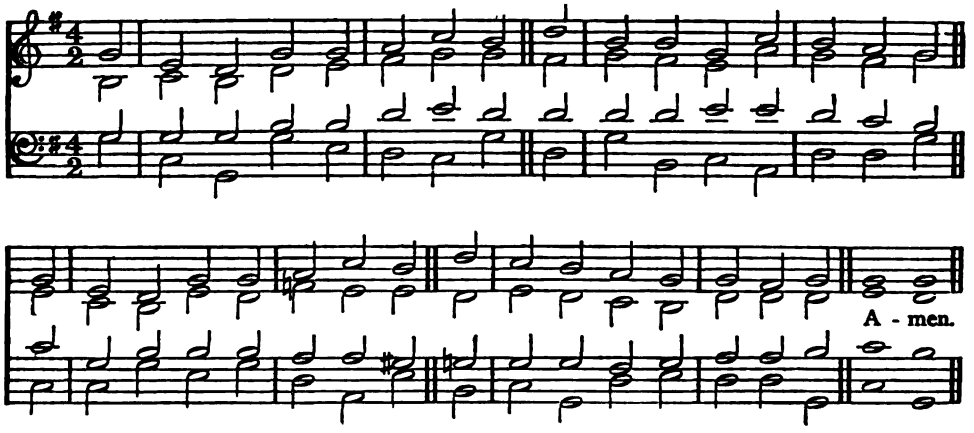
"Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above."

[ALL SEASONS.]

1 *mf* WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 *mf* He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
cres The winds and waves obey Him;
p By Him the birds are fed;
cres Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
For all His love.

3 *f* We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
mf No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
dim Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love. Amen.

ST. CATHARINE. L.M. GOUDIMEL.

502

"Thou hast holden me by my right hand."

[ALL SEASONS.]

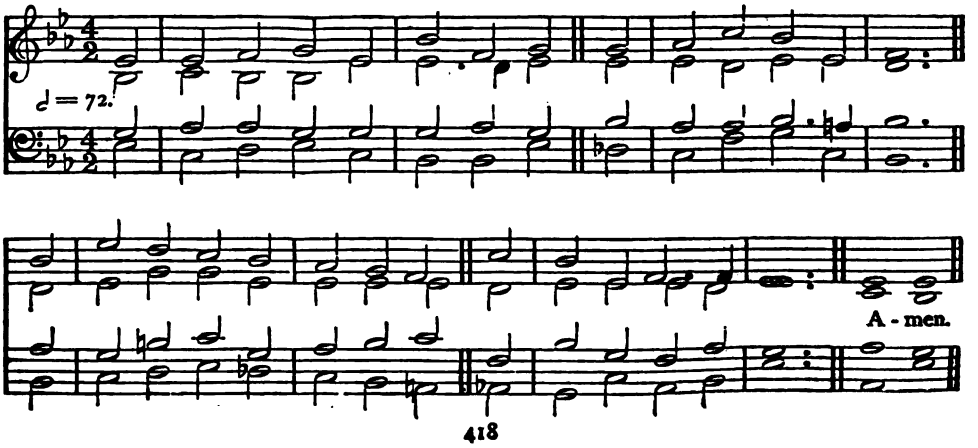
1 *mf* GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 *mf* By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 *mf* With grateful hearts the past we own;
p The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

4 *mf* In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

5 *p* When death shall interrupt these songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cres Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
dim Shall keep our souls and guard our dust. Amen.

ST. HUGH. C.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

503

"Thou blessest the springing thereof."

[SPRING.]

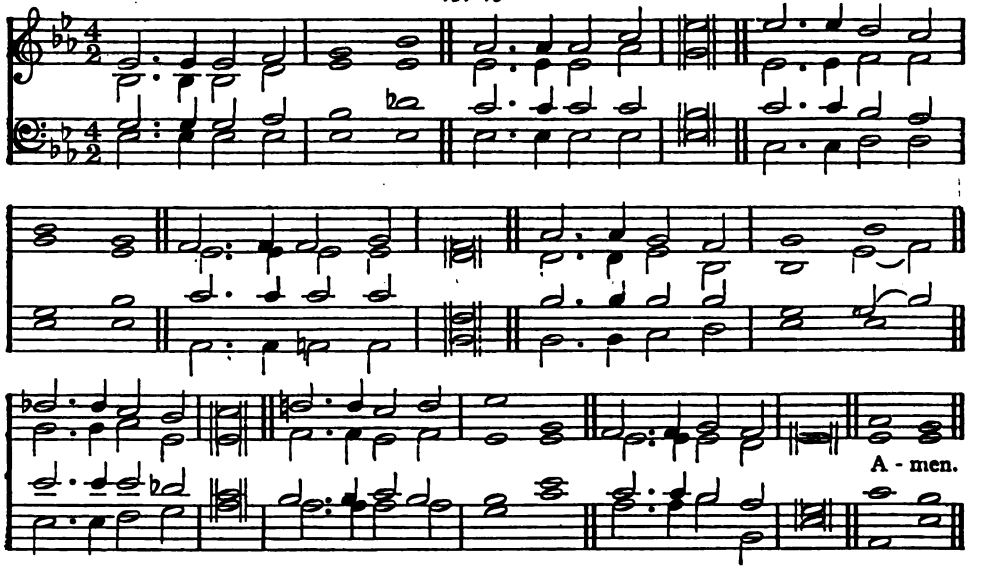
1 *mf* LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 *mf* Our hope when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 *mf* The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 *mf* Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
p The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 *mf* So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
cres That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego. Amen.

RUTH. 6,5,6,5. D. SAMUEL SMITH.

504

"Thou hast made summer."

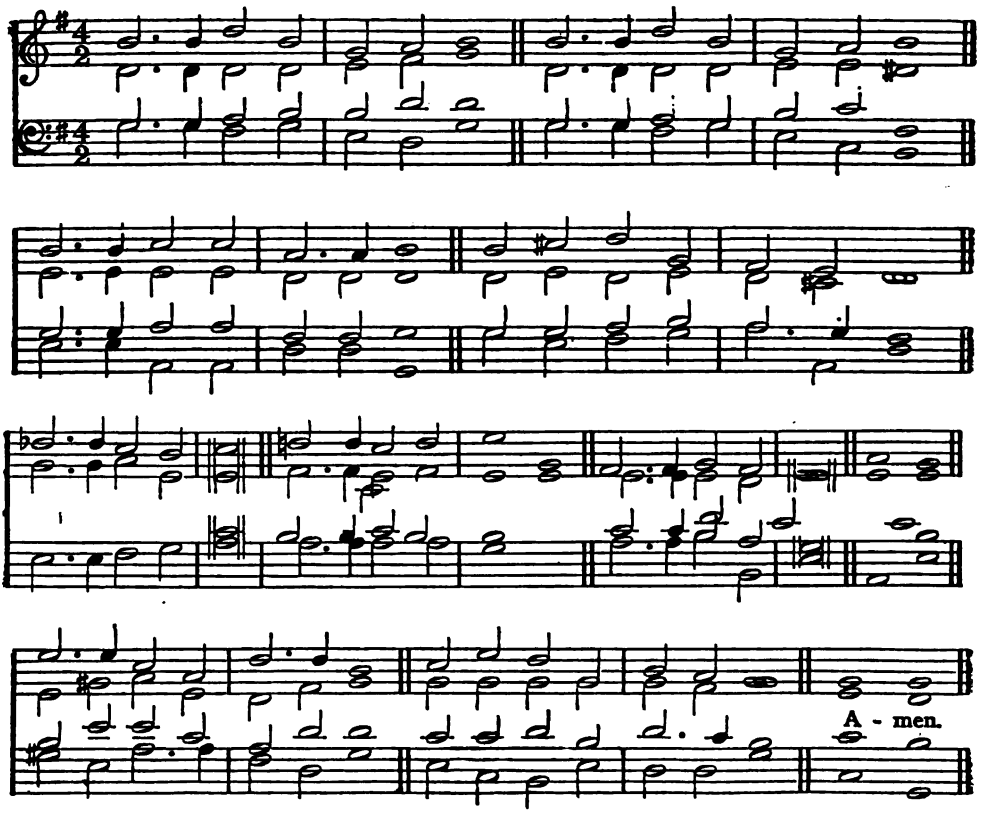
[SUMMER.]

1 *f* SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 *f* God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 *p* Lord, upon our blindness
cres Thy pure radiance pour;
mf For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cres Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 *mf* We will never doubt Thee
dim Though Thou veil Thy light·
p Life is dark without Thee;
cres Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7,7,7,7. D. SIR G. J. ELVEY, MUS. DOC.

505

"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."

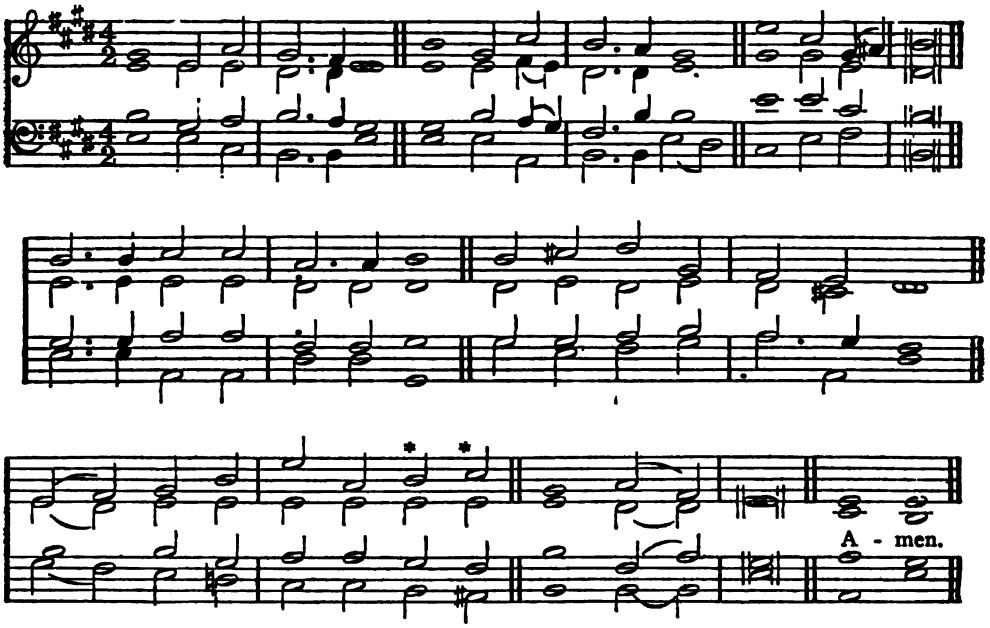
[HARVEST.]

1 *f* COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 *mf* All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest, grant that we
cres Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 *p* For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
cres From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
cres But the fruitful ears to store
f In His garner evermore.

4 *mf* Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final Harvest-home;
cres Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
p There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
cres Come, with all Thine angels, come,
rall Raise the glorious Harvest-home!
Amen

WESTON. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. ARTHUR E. DYER.

(See also "Moscow," No. 191.)

506

"The valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing."

[HARVEST.]

1 *mf* THE God of harvest praise
In loud thanksgivings, raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
cres The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

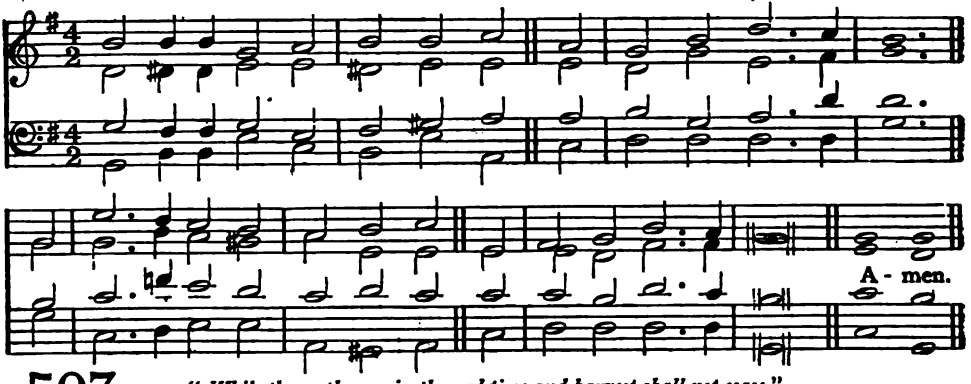
2 *mf* Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crowned,
The vintage glows:
cres Here plenty pours her horn;
There the full tide of corn,
Swayed by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

3 *mf* The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done:
p Wouldst thou be fed?
cres Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough,
God sends thee bread.

4 *mf* A few seeds scattered wide
God's hand hath multiplied:
Here thou may'st find
Christ's miracle renewed;
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude—
f He feeds mankind.

5 *f* The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord:
cres From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along;
And in your harvest song
ff Bless ye the Lord! Amen.

* In verses 3, 4, & 5, those minims should be sung to the last syllable of the 6th line, and the slurs in the following bar omitted.

NOX PRÆCESSIT. C.M. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

507

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

[HARVEST.]

1 *f* FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

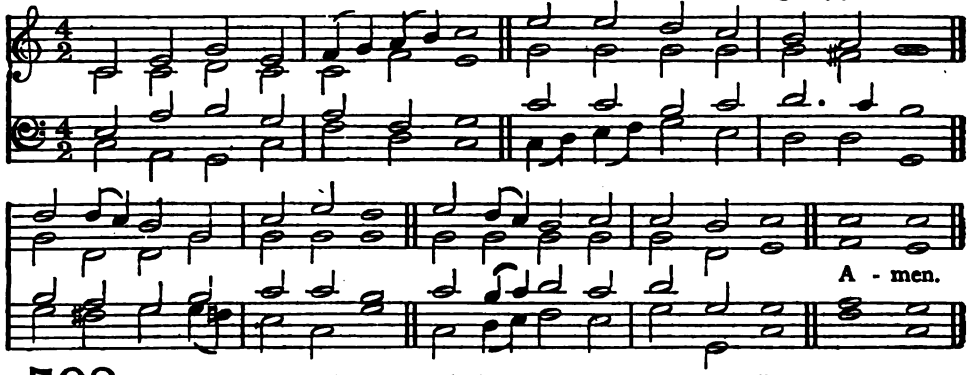
2 *p* When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
cres Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 *mf* The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 *mf* These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
cres A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
f And plenty fills the plain.

5 *f* Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone,
Thou dost on man bestow;
mf Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

6 *f* Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet, harmonious praise. Amen.

MONKLAND. 7,7,7,7. GERMAN. Arranged by J. WILKES.

508

"Who giveth food to all flesh, for His mercy endureth for ever."

[HARVEST.]

1 *f* PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 *mf* Praise Him that He made the sun,
Day by day his course to run;
cres For His mercies still endure,
f *Ever faithful,* ever sure:

3 *p* And the silver moon, by night
Shining with her gentle light;
cres For His mercies still endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure.

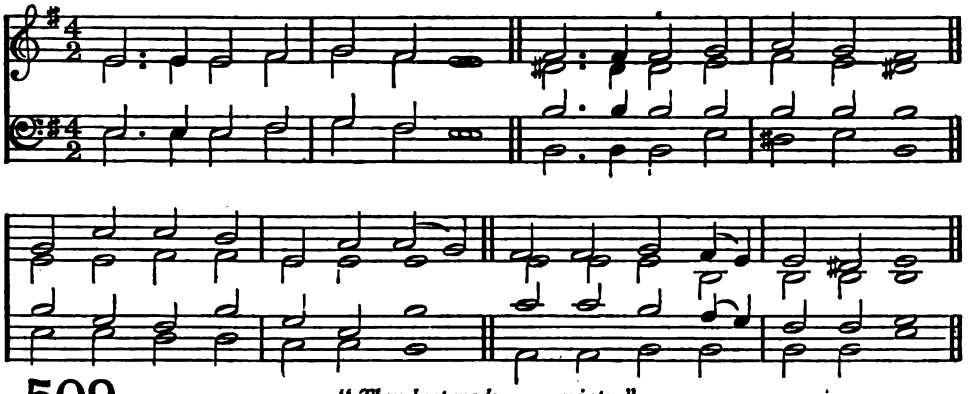
4 *mf* Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
cres For His mercies still endure.
422 *f* Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 *mf* And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
cres For His mercies still endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 *ff* Praise Him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 *p* And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
cres For His mercies still endure,
f Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 *ff* Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One! Amen.

CLARENCE. 7,7,7,7. Arranged by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

509

"Thou hast made . . . winter."

[WINTER.]

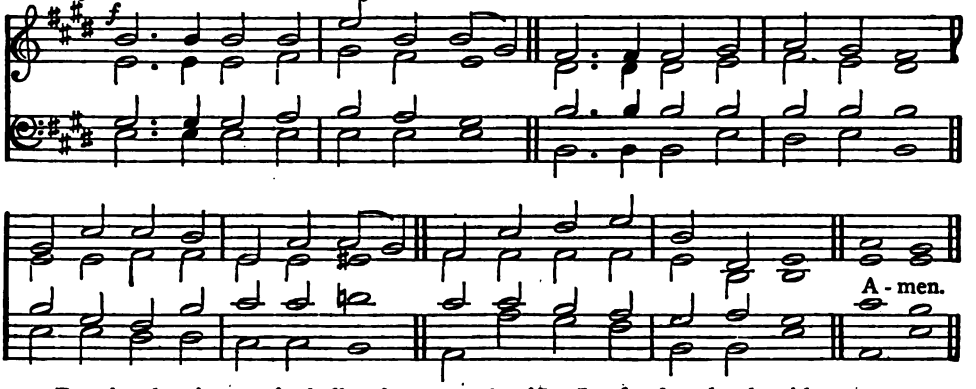
1 *mf* WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
dim All is chill and drear as death.

2 *mf* Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 *p* Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 *p* Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
rall Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

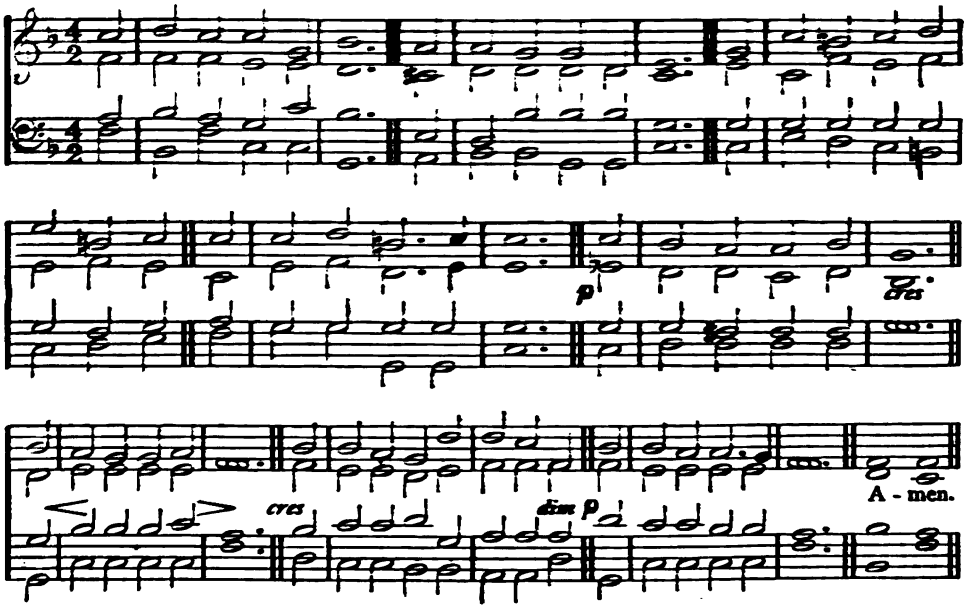
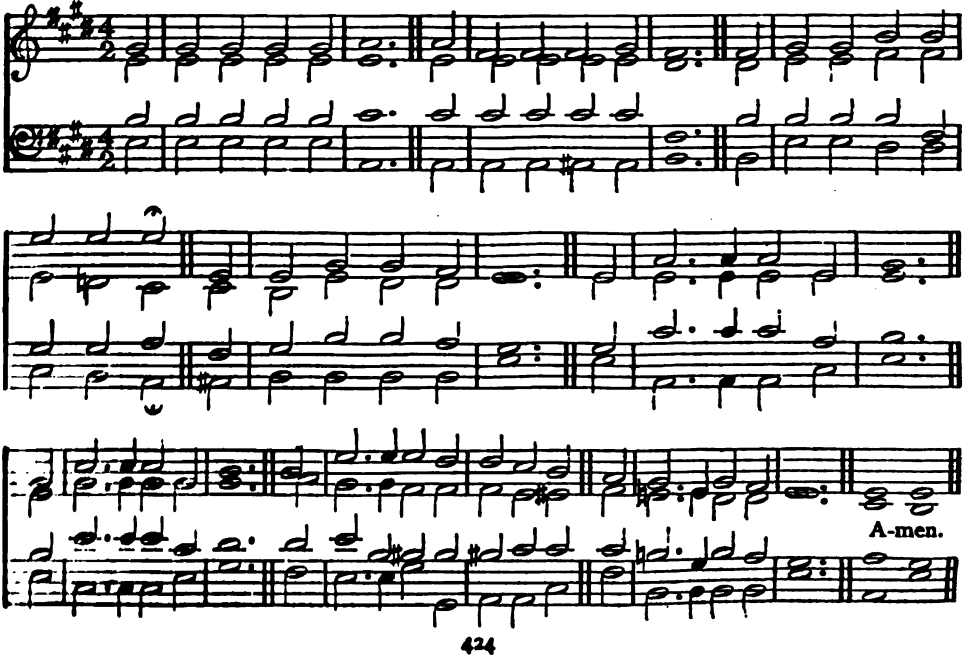
5th and 6th verses. A little faster.



5 *cres* But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
f And all nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 *mf* So, Lord, after slumber blest
cres Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring. Amen.

IV.—OLD YEAR AND NEW

CHALVEY (*1st Tune*). S.M. D. Rev. L. G. HAYDN, Mus. Doc.

LEOMINSTER (*2nd Tune*). S.M. D. G. W. MARTIN. Harmony by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

510

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

1 *mf* A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim And we shall be with those that rest,
p Asleep within the tomb:
cres Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

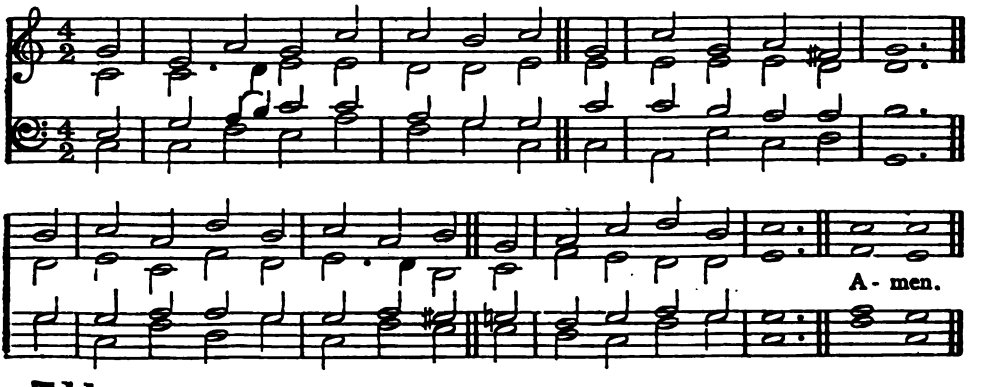
2 *mf* A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
p And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime:
cres Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

3 *mf* A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more:
cres Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

4 *p* A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
cres Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

5 *mf* A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

6 *p* 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
cres Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
cres Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
dim Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away. Amen.

ST. ANN. C.M. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.

511

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

1 *mf* O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 *mf* Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

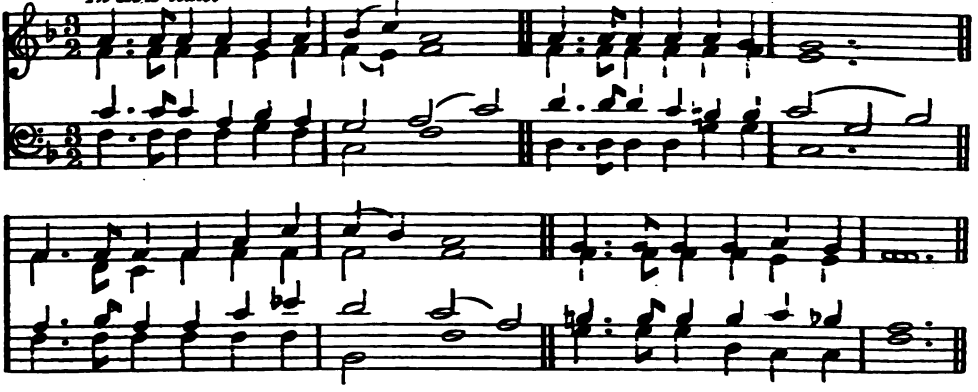
3 *mf* Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
f From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 *p* A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 *mf* Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly, forgotten, as a dream
p Dies at the opening day.

6 *mf* Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
cres Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
f And our eternal home! Amen.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8,7,8,7, and 8,8,8,8. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

In slow time.

512

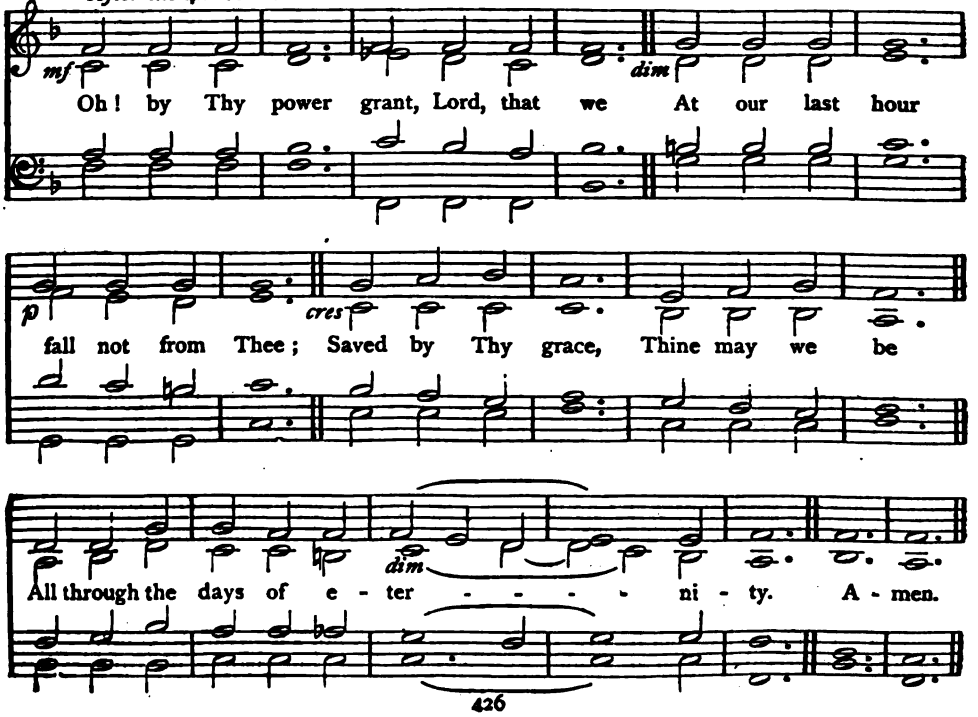
"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

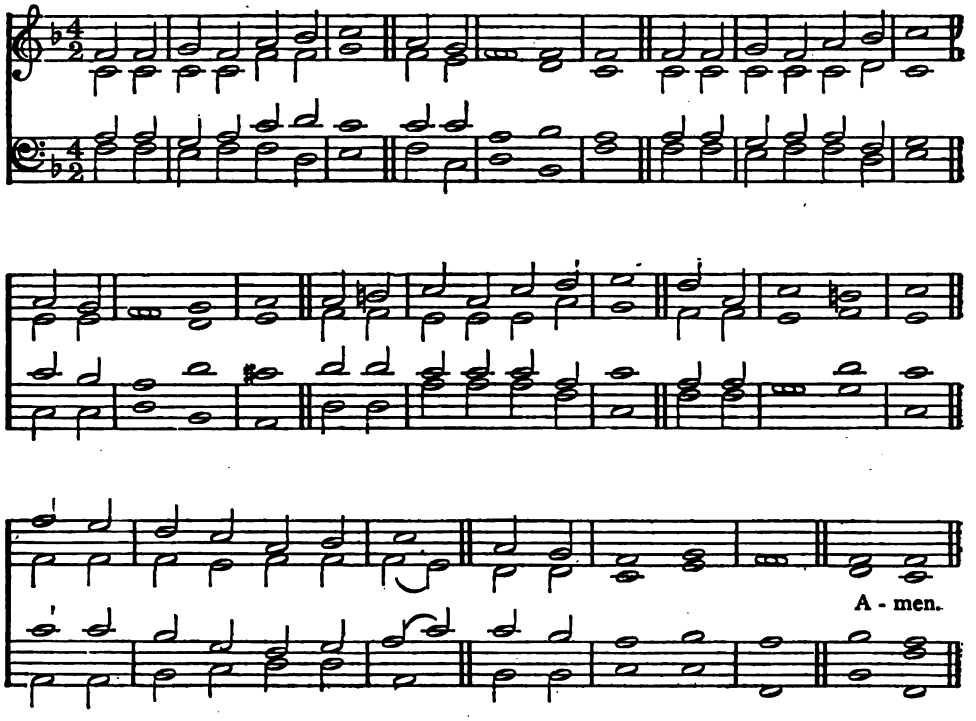
1 *mf* DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
p Soon will you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

2 *p* Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
cres Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that, while we can, we might!

3 *mf* Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
dim Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came;

4 *p* Whence we came, and whither wending:
Soon we must through darkness go,
cres To inherit bliss unending
p Or eternity of woe.

After the 4th verse.

mf
Oh! by Thy power grant, Lord, that we At our last hour
dim
p
cres
fall not from Thee; Saved by Thy grace, Thine may we be
dim
All through the days of e - ter - - - - - ni - ty. A - men.

ST. IGNATIUS. 7,5,7,5. D. JOSEPH BARNBY.

513

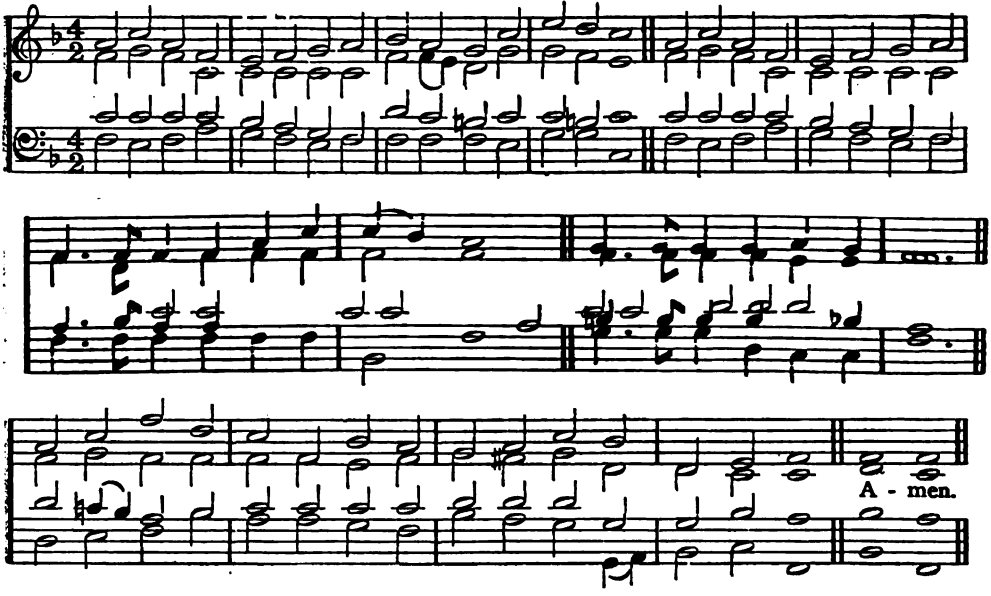
"Father, glorify Thy name."

1 *mf* FATHER, here we dedicate
All our time to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou would'st have us be;
Not from trouble, loss, or care
Freedom would we claim;
This alone shall be our prayer,
p "Glorify Thy name!"

2 *mf* Can a child pretend to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a father's love refuse
What is best to give?
More Thou grantest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 *p* If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are ours,
If our future life may bear
Some few brighter flowers,
cres Let our glad hearts, while they sing,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er this year may bring,
p Glorify Thy name.

4 *p* If we must in grief and loss
Thy behest obey,
If beneath the shadowing cross
Lies our homeward way,
mf We will think what Thy dear Son
Once for us became,
And repeat, till life is done,
p "Glorify Thy name!" Amen.

DEERHURST. 8,7,8,7. D. J. LANGRAN.

514

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

1 *mf* AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather
To begin the year with praise:

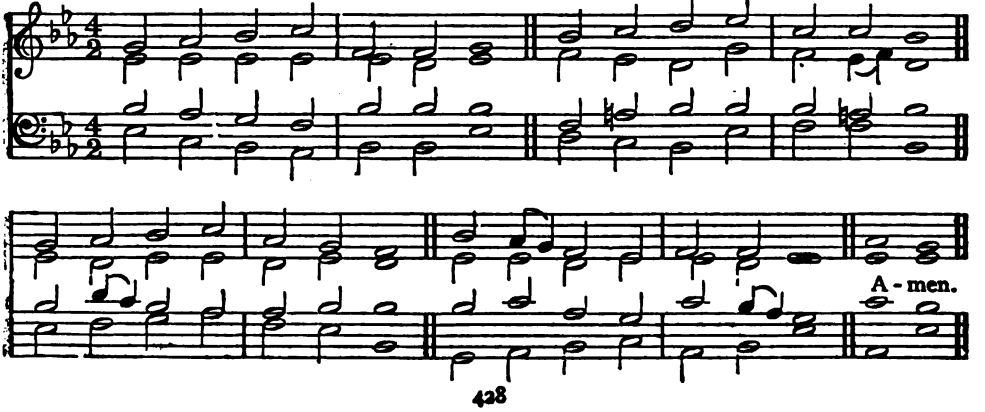
cres Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 *mf* Jesus! for Thy love most tender,
p On the cross for sinners shown,
cres We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.

mf With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 *mf* Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
p Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.

cres Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us
f Through the City's open gate. Amen.

GIBBONS. 7,7,7,7. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.

515 *"This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."*

1 *mf* FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
cres Hear our song of thankfulness:
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear!

2 *mf* Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee our perfect Sacrifice;
cres And, forgetting all the past,
f Press toward our glorious prize.

3 *p* Dark the future; (*cres*) let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star:
f Fierce our foes, and hard to fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

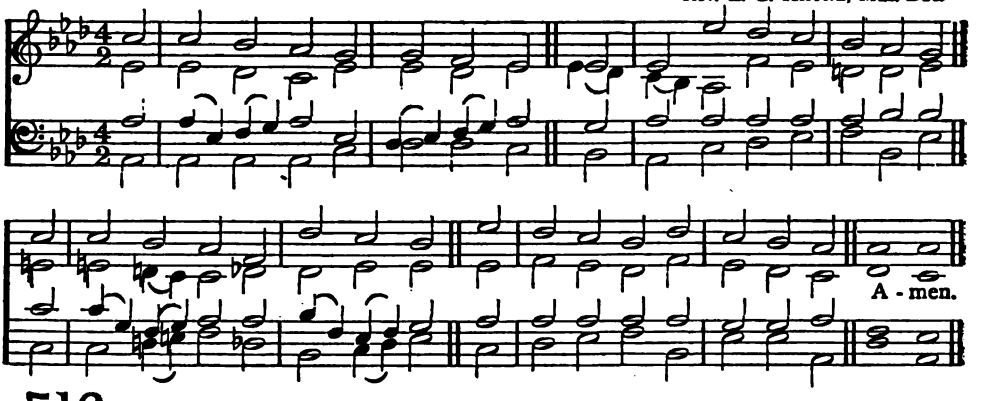
4 *mf* In our weakness and distress,
cres Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
mf In the pathless wilderness
cres Be our true and living way.

5 *p* Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

6 *mf* Keep us faithful; keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

7 *cres* So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
f Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

XIII.—Special Occasions.

ST. LAWRENCE. L.M. – Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

516 *"O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity."*

[CHURCH DEDICATION.]

1 *mf* BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day;
This house we dedicate to Thee:
Oh, hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be.

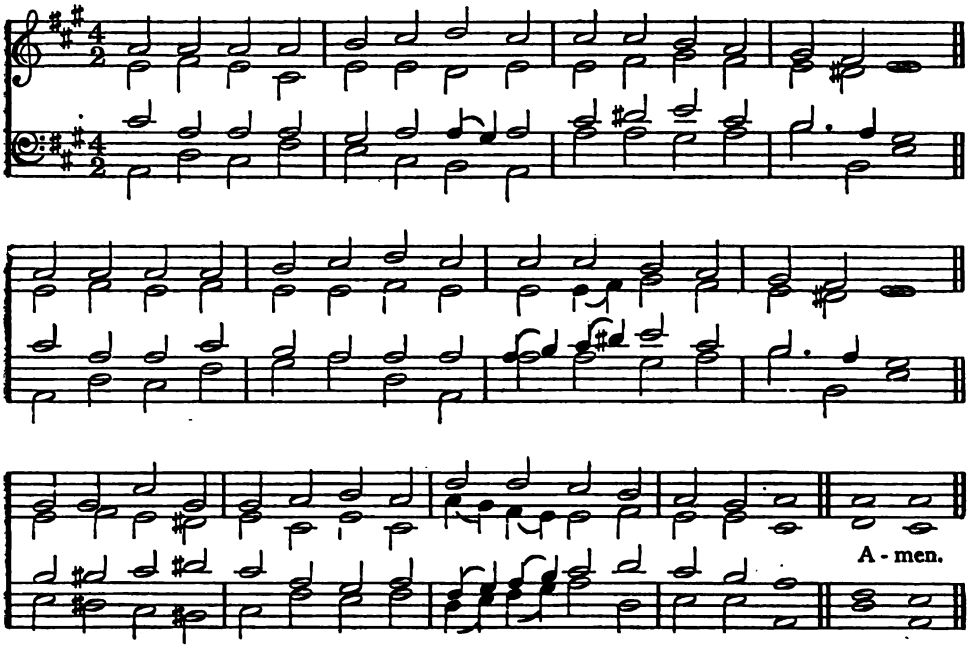
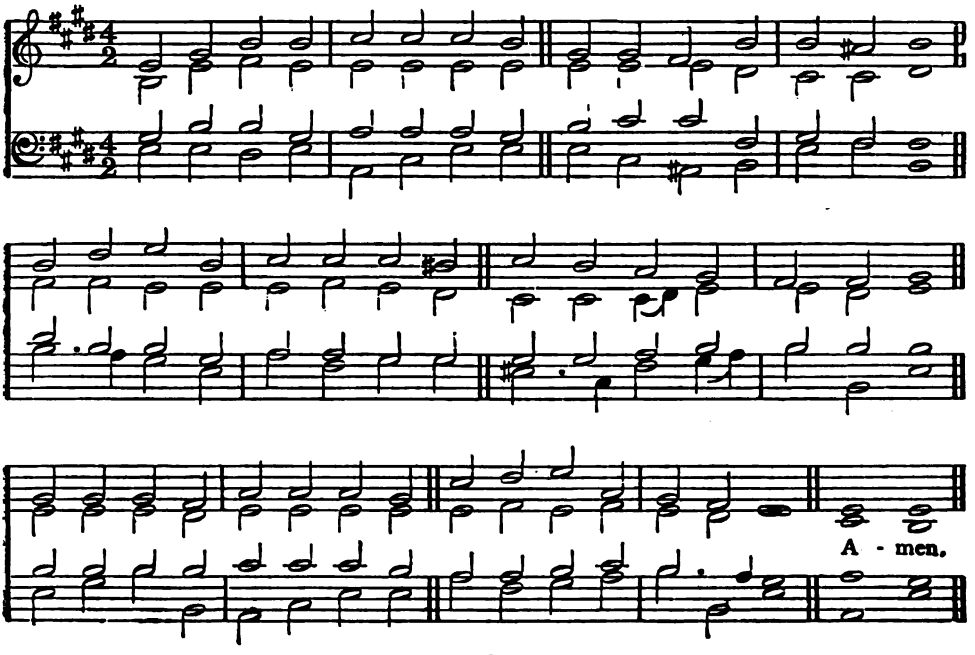
2 *mf* Within these walls let holy peace,
Let love and truth be always found;
p May burdened hearts find sweet release,
cres And souls with richest grace be crowned.

3 *mf* May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
p The weary enter into rest;
Here may the contrite to Thee cry,
cres And waiting souls be richly blest.

4 *mf* Here, when the Gospel sound is heard,
And here proclaimed the saving Name,
May hearts be quickened, moved, and
cres And souls be kindled into flame. [stirred

5 *mf* Here may the dead be made to live,
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear;
p And do Thou to the humble give
Pardon and peace instead of fear.

6 *mf* Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode,
Thy presence in these courts be given;
Be this, indeed, "the house of God,"
And this in truth the "gate of heaven."
Amen.

ORIEL (*1st Tune*). 8,7,8,7,8,7. ANCIENT "TANTUM ERGO.

FOUNDATION (*2nd Tune*). 8,7,8,7,8,7. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

517

"I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

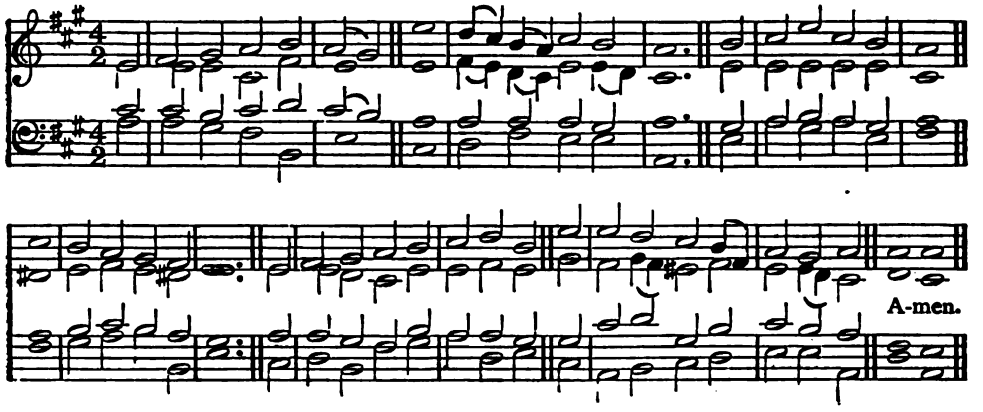
[CHURCH BUILDING OR OPENING.]

1 *mf* CHRIST is made the sure Foundation
And the precious Corner-stone;
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 *mf* To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day!
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray;
cres And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

3 *p* Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
cres And hereafter, in Thy glory,
With Thy blessèd ones to reign.

4 *f* Laud and honour to the Father!
Laud and honour to the Son!
Laud and honour to the Spirit!
Ever Three and ever One,
One in grace, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run! Amen

HAREWOOD. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4. S. S. WESLEY, MUS. DOC.

518

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone."

[CHURCH BUILDING OR OPENING.]

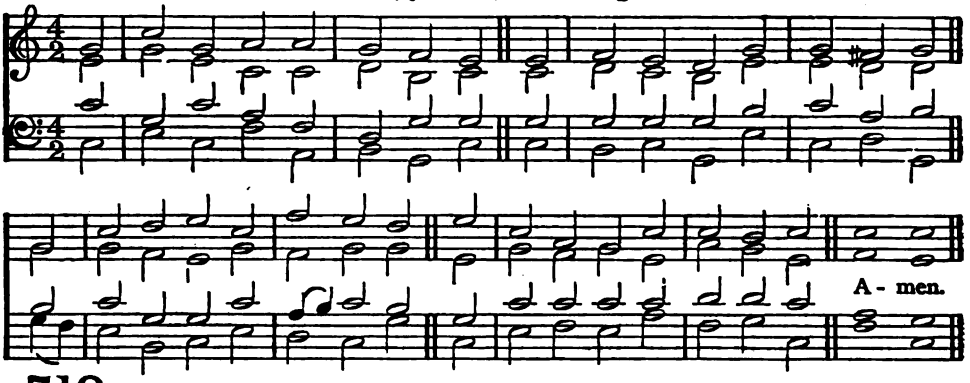
1 *mf* CHRIST is our Corner-stone:
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
cres On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 *f* Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
cres And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
ff That glorious Name.

3 *p* Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
cres In copious shower,
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 *p* Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
cres Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
rall Are called away. Amen.

L.M.

WINCHESTER NEW. *Dir, dir, Jehovah, will ich singen.* CRASSELIUS.

519 *"That Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day."*

[CHURCH BUILDING.]

1 *mf* THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eyes be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

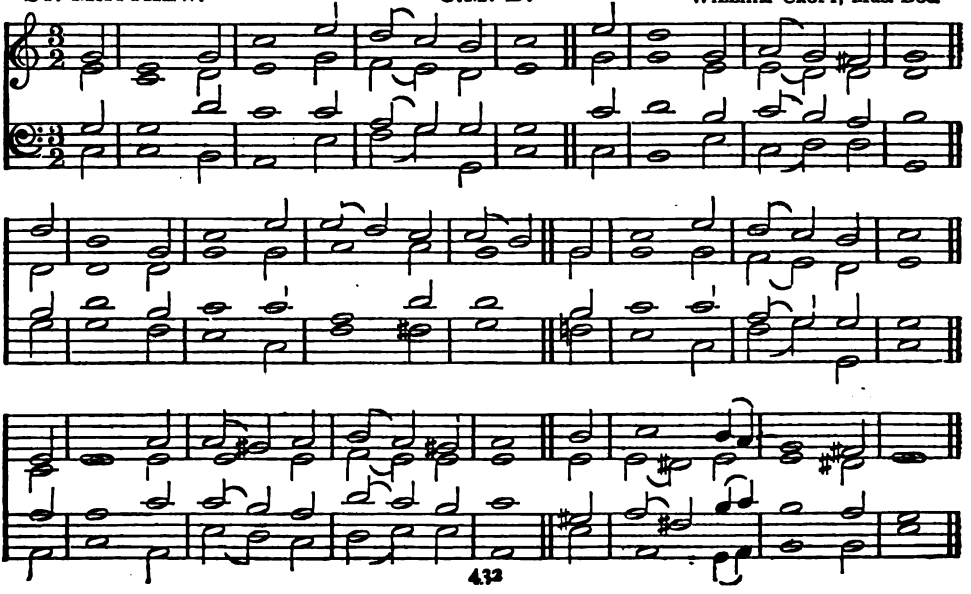
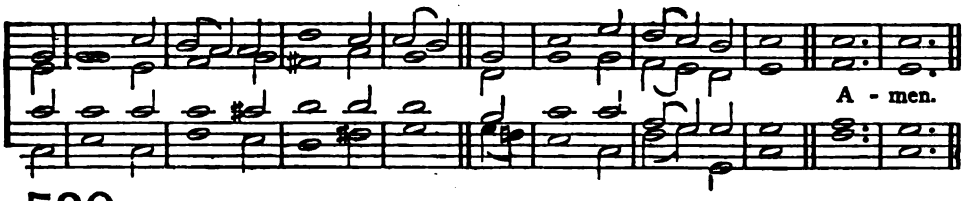
2 *mf* Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
p And dying sinners pray to live, [place,
cres Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive.

3 *mf* Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
cres Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 *f* Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing, [prolong.
And heaven with earth the strain

5 *p* But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 *mf* That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
cres Thy kingdom come to every heart,
f In every bosom fix Thy throne.
Amen.

ST. MATTHEW. C.M. D. WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. Doc.



520

"As many as touched Him were made whole."

[FOR HOSPITALS.]

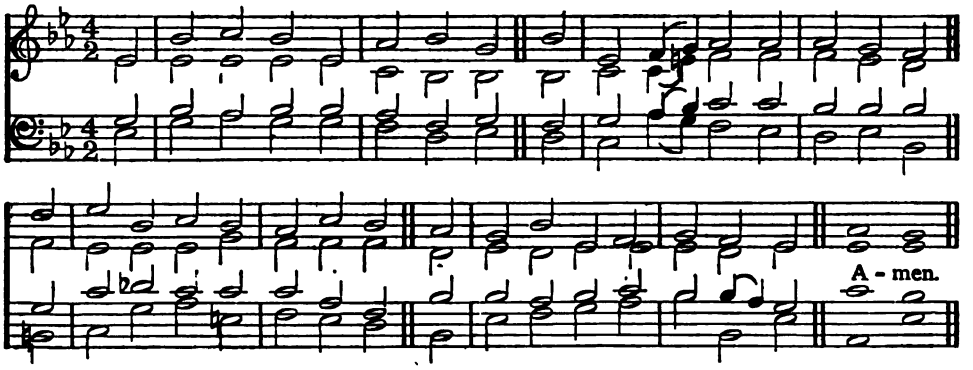
1 *f* THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

p To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 *cres* And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight,
f And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

p And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 *mf* Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
cres Thou Lord of life and death;
mf Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
cres With Thine almighty breath.
mf To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
cres That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
f May praise Thee evermore. Amen

ST. SEPULCHRE. L.M. GEORGE COOPER.

521

"I will strengthen that which was sick."

[FOR HOSPITALS.]

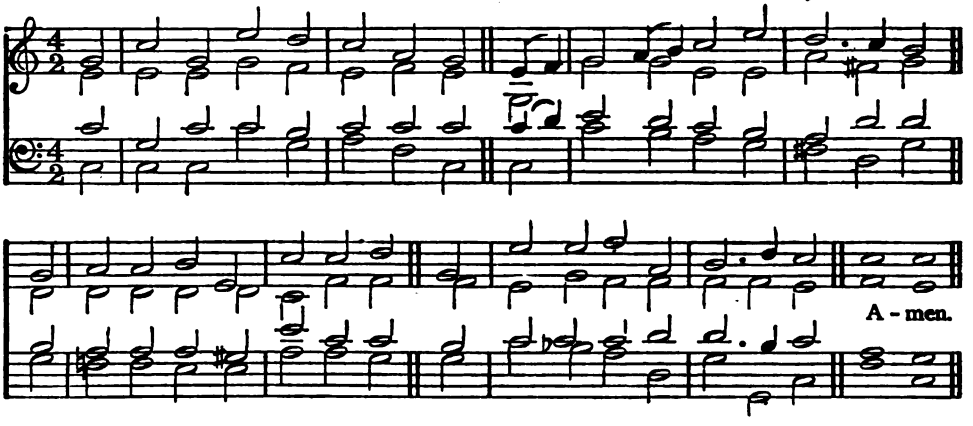
1 *mf* O THOU through suffering perfect made,
p On whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hour of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 *mf* The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 *mf* O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:
cres For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 *p* But, oh! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 *cres* Oh! heal the bruisèd heart within:
Oh! save our souls all sick with sin:
Give life and health in bounteous store,
f That we may praise Thee evermore. Amen.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.

522 *"All nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts."*

[NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.]

1 *mf* PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free!

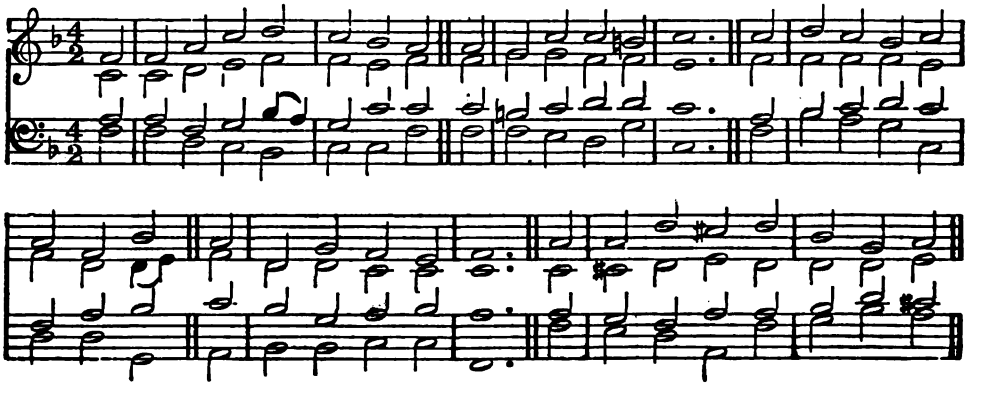
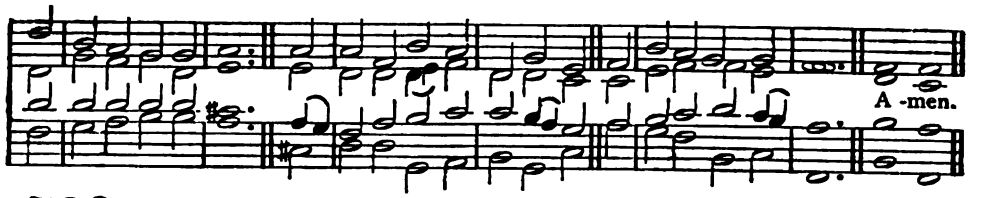
2 *mf* Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 *mf* Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 *mf* Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 *mf* Praise to our God, who still forbears,
p Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
cres And lengthens out our day of grace!

6 *f* Praise to our God, though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn!
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!
Amen.

GRETTON. C.M. D. Rev. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

523

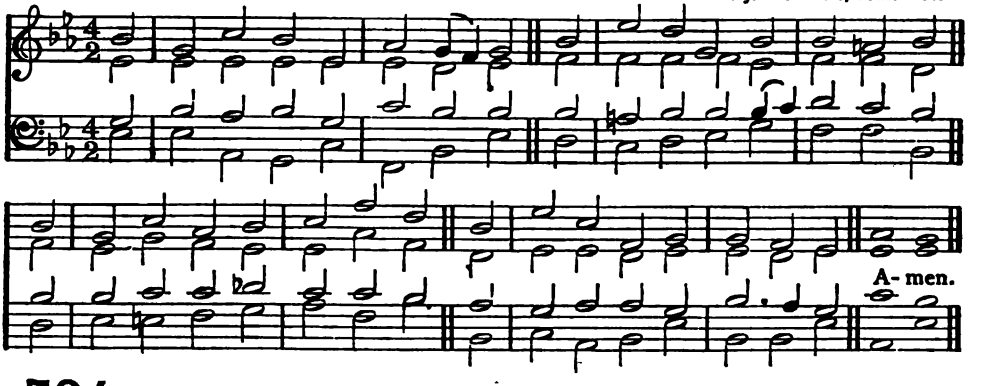
"O Lord, correct me, but with judgment."

[NATIONAL HUMILIATION.]

1 *p* GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
Oh, turn us not away,
cres But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 *p* Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
mf Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown:
p When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
cres To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 *p* With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land:
cres With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
p "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord;
cres Then let Thy mercy spare." Amen.

SHROPSHIRE. L.M. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

524

"The Lord shall bless His people with peace."

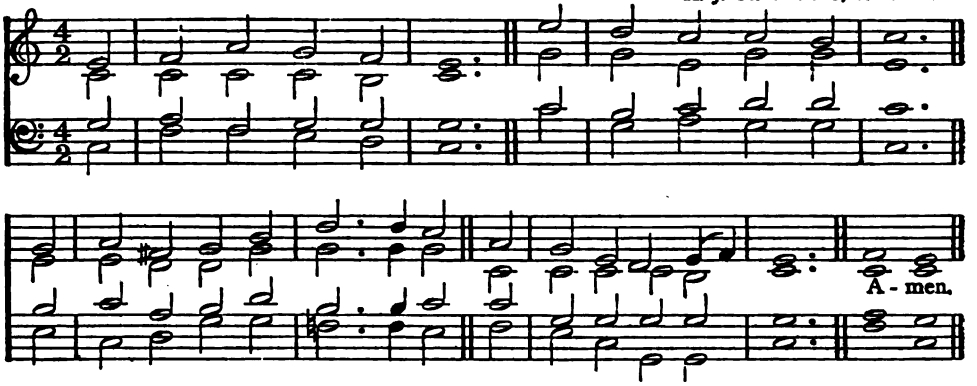
[IN TIME OF WAR.]

1 *mf* O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 *mf* Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 *mf* Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
cres None ever called on Thee in vain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 *f* Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain:
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.
Amen.

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

525 *"Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."*

[MARRIAGE.]

1 *mf* HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
cres When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

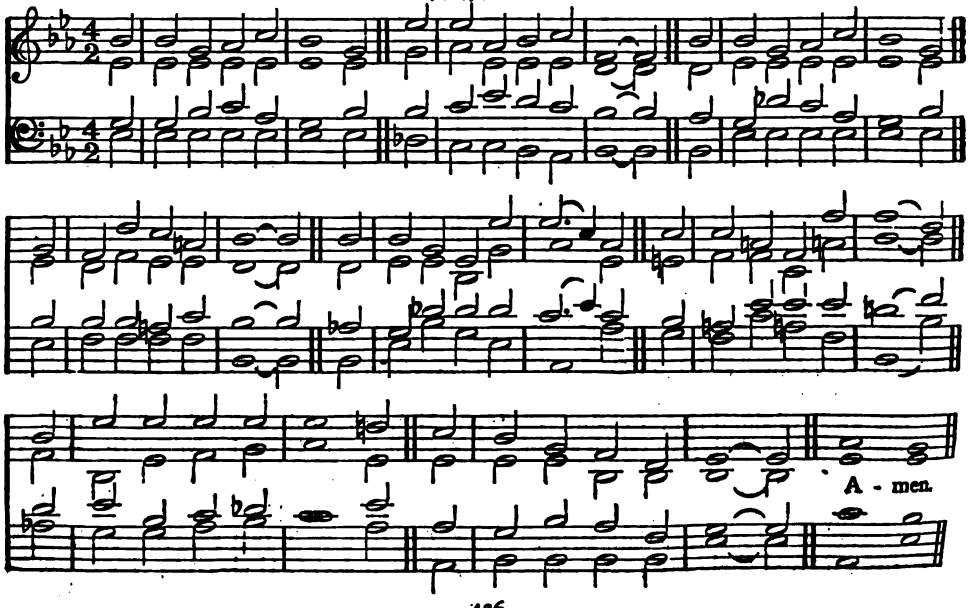
2 *mf* And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 *mf* His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
cres And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

4 *p* O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
cres And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 *mf* O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
p Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

6 *mf* Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
cres As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
f So bless them evermore. Amen.

LANCASHIRE. 7,6,7,6. D. HENRY SMART.

526

"Thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord"

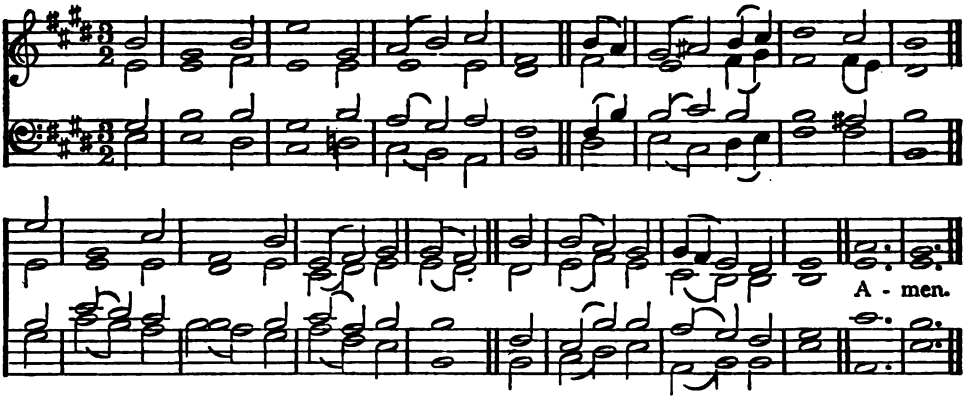
[MARRIAGE.]

1 *f* O FATHER all-creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
mf To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew:
cres A home by Thee made happy,
f A love by Thee kept true.

2 *mf* O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
cres Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
dim And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

3 *p* O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
cres That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
mf Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 *mf* Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
dim The joy will turn to pain:
f But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love, which Thou hast hallowed.
Is endless love begun. Amen.

BELGRAVE. C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac.

527

"Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

[FOR TRAVELLERS.]

1 *mf* HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 *mf* In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt
And breathe in tainted air.

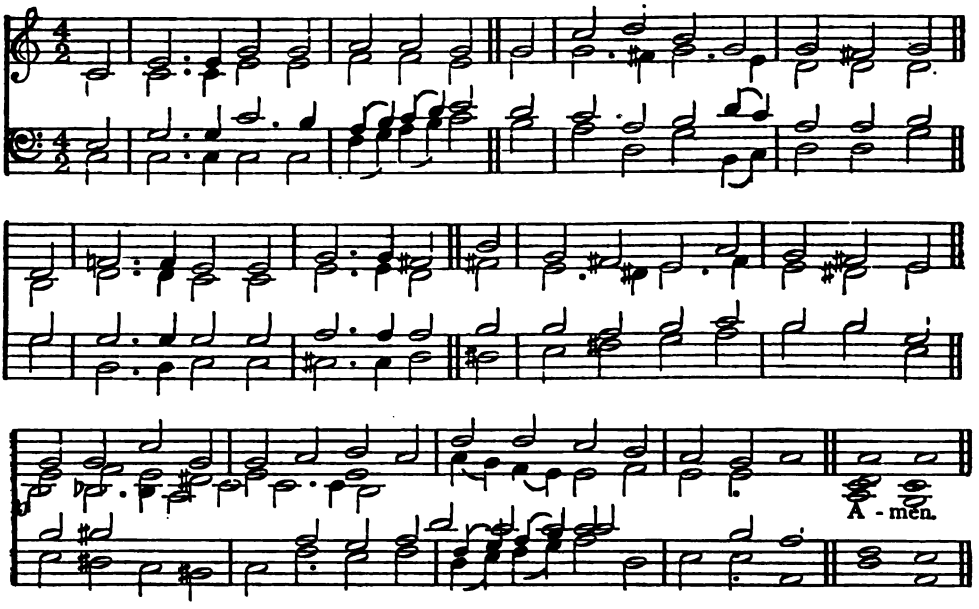
3 *mf* From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold of Thee.

4 *f* When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
cres They know Thou art not slow to hear
Nor impotent to save.

5 *mf* The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
p At Thy command is still.

6 *mf* In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

7 *mf* My life, whilst Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
p And death, when death shall be my lot,
cres Shall join my soul to Thee. Amen.

MELITA. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

528 *"Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them."*

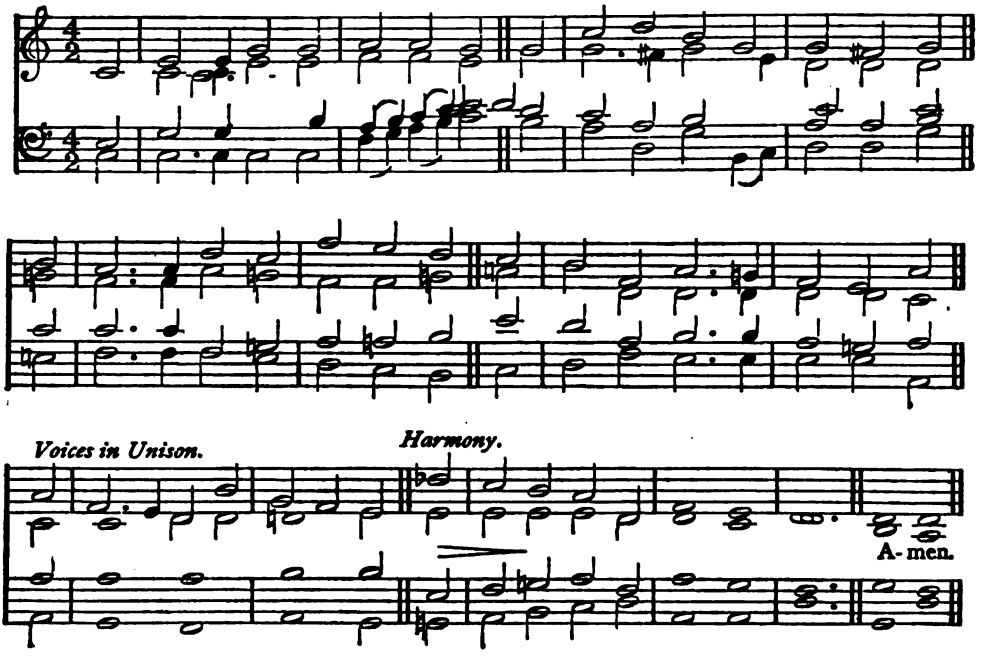
[FOR THOSE AT SEA.]

1 *mf* ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
cres Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea!

2 *mf* O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
p And hushed their raging at Thy word,
f Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
p And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
cres Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea!

3 *mf* O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, (*p*) peace;
cres Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
dim For those in peril on the sea!

4 *f* O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
cres Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
ff Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

ALL SAINTS. 8,8,8,8,8,8. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

529 *"Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves."*

[FOR THOSE AT SEA.]

1 *mf* GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.
cres Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

2 *mf* Smooth the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
p To the soft breeze that wafts the barque
Safely alike through light and dark.
cres Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

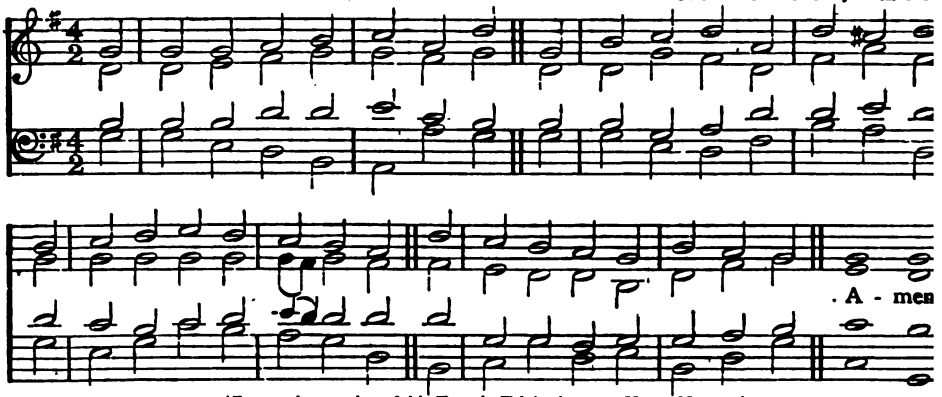
3 *mf* In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
p From deeds and words and thoughts of sin.
cres Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

4 *p* O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, "Peace, be still;"
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.
cres Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

5 *mf* When hidden is each guiding star,
f Flash out the beacon's light afar;
p From mist and rock and shoal and spray
Protect the sailor on his way.
cres Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!

6 *mf* Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
p Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
cres Say, "It is I, be not afraid."
f Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim The dwellers on the homeless deep!
Amen.

XXV.—Dismissions.

ANGELS' SONG. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc

(For another version of this Tune in Triple time, see Hymn No. 229.)

530

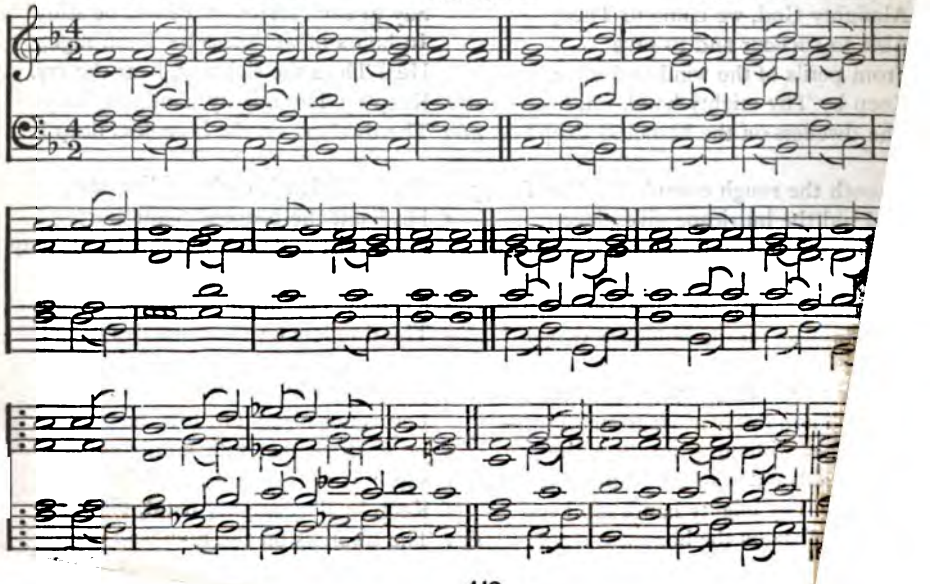
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
f The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 *mf* Come, fill our hearts with inward streng
Make our enlargèd souls possess, [len
And learn the height and breadth a
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 *f* Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son. Amen.

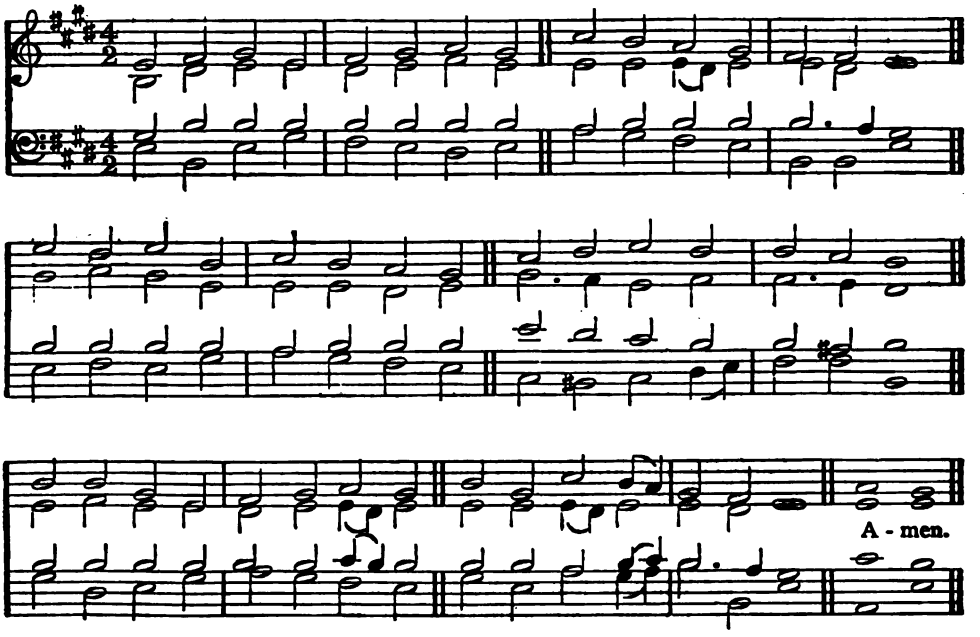
ALLA TRINITA BEATA. 8,7,8,7. D. From "LAUDI SPIRITUAL



531

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

mf MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
cres Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
f Joys which earth cannot afford! Amen.

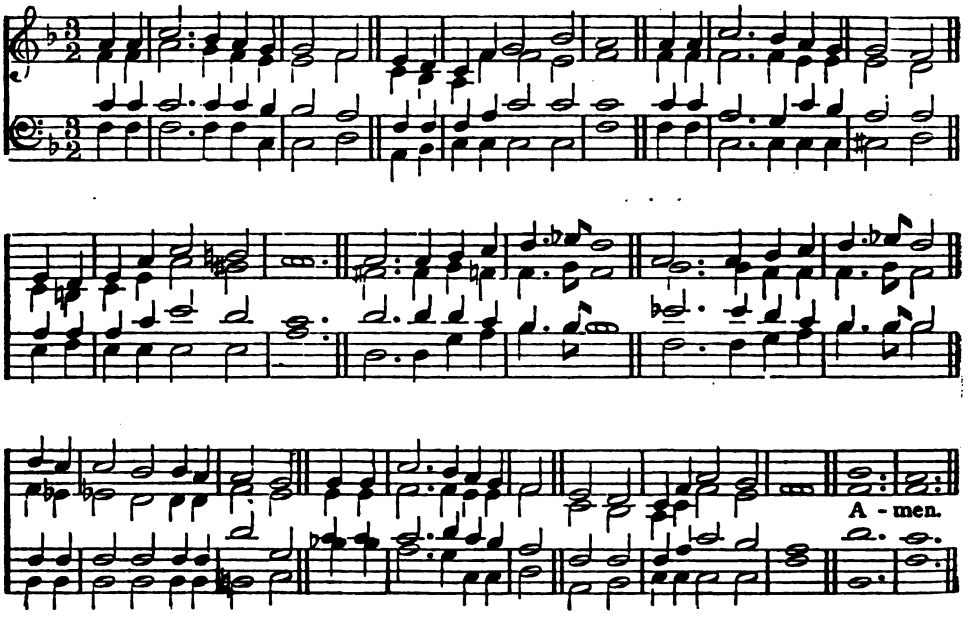
ST. THOMAS. 8,7,8,7,4,7. ANCIENT CHURCH MELODY.

532

"I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace."

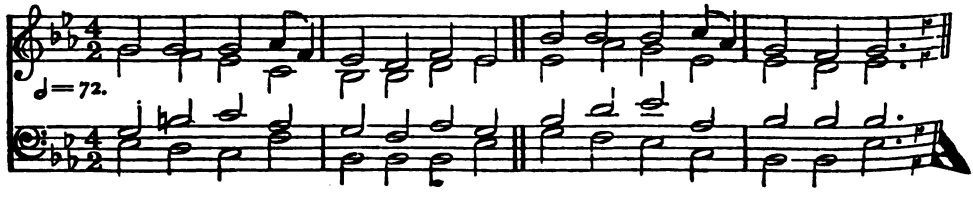
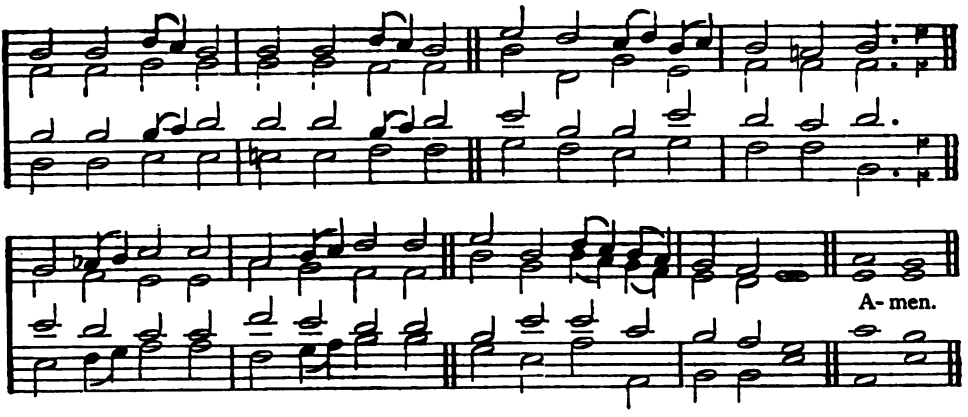
1 *mf* LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
cres Let us each, Thy love possessing,
f Triumph in redeeming grace:
mf O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 *f* Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
p May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
cres May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 *p* So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
cres Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
f May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day! Amen.

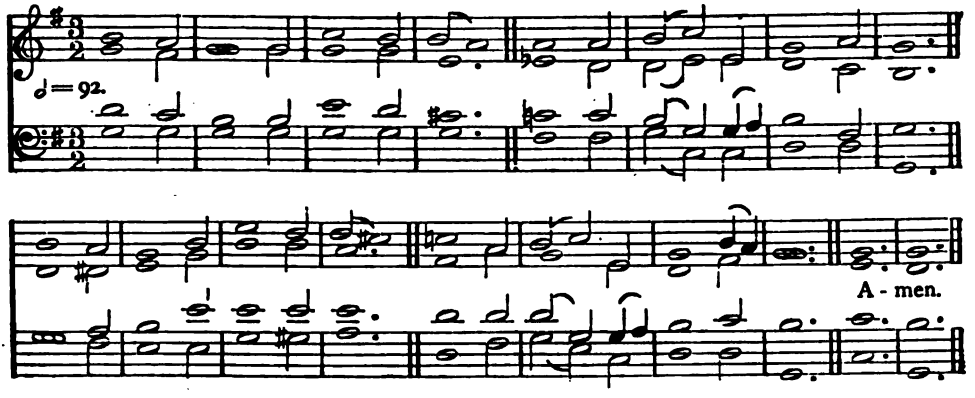
ST. LUCIAN. 8,7,8,7,7,7,4,4,7,7. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

533 *"Let all those that seek Thee, rejoice and be glad in Thee."*

mf OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
cres Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow;
mf When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain;
p Oh, direct us
And protect us,
cres Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more. Amen.

REDEMPTION. 8,7,8,7,4,7. CH. GOUNOD.

534 *"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling."*

mf LORD, let mercy now attend us
As we leave Thy holy place;
And from evil still defend us
While we run our heavenward race,
f Hallelujah!
Till in bliss we see Thy face. Amen.

MIZPAH. 7,7,7,7. BEETHOVEN.



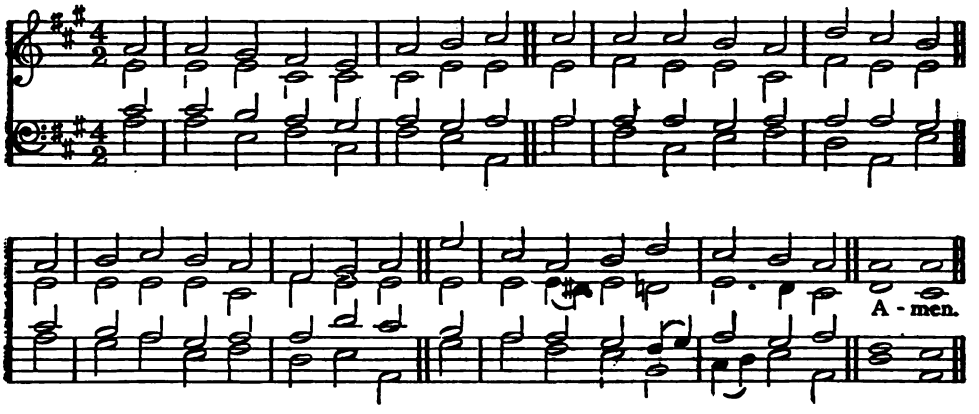
535 *"The God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus . . . make you perfect in every good work."*

1 *mf* NOW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 *mf* May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 *cres* To our great Redeemer's praise,
p Who the covenant sealed with blood,
cres Let our hearts and voices raise
ff Loud thanksgivings to our God! Amen.

XV.—Doxologies.

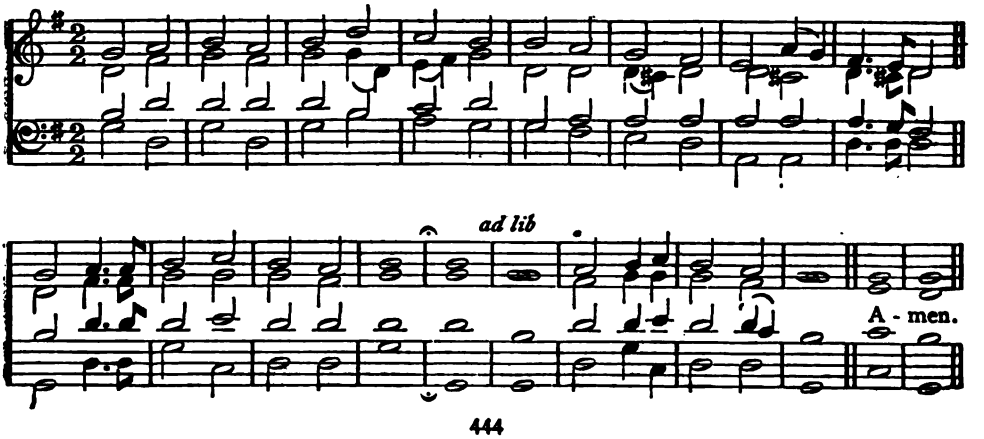
OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1554.

536

f PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
ff Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

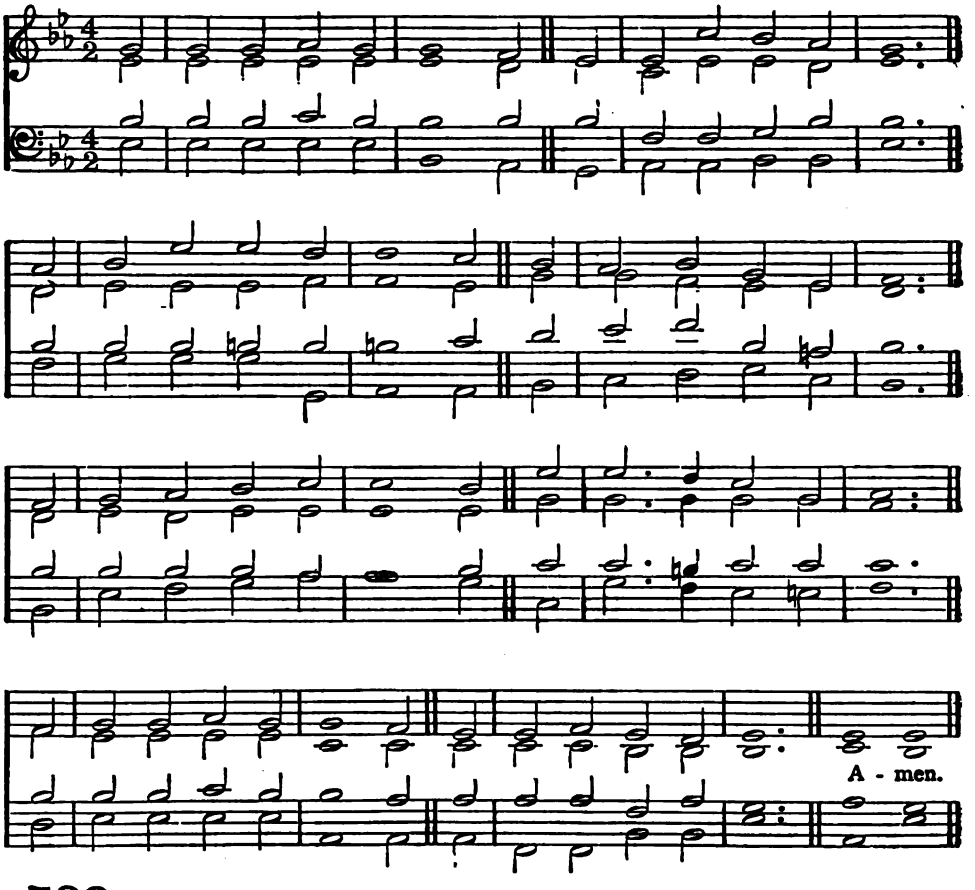
537

1 *f* FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

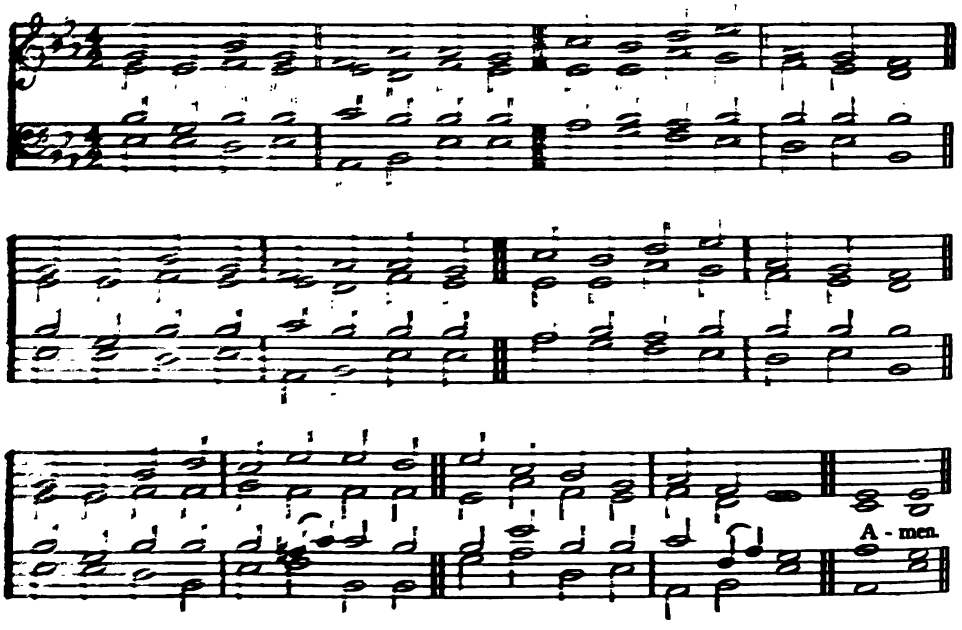
2 *f* Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word; [shore,
cres Thy praise shall sound from shore to
ff Till suns shall rise and set no more!
Amen.

MILAN. Irregular. ANCIENT "STABAT MATER."

538

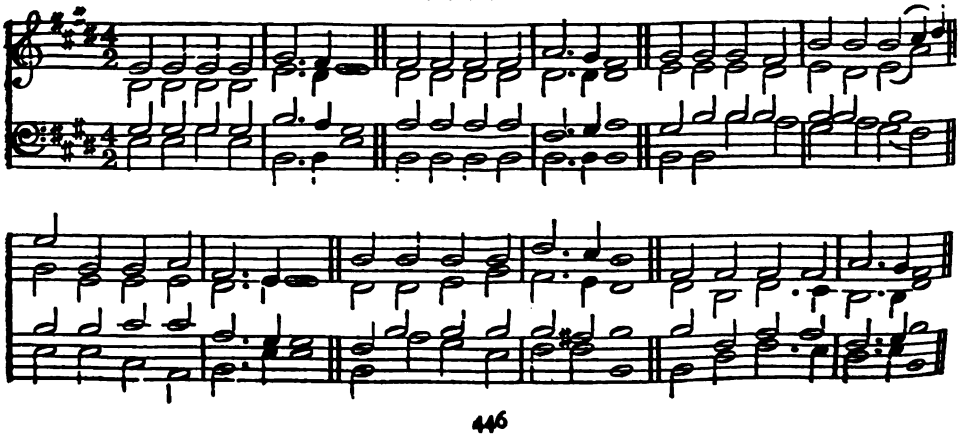
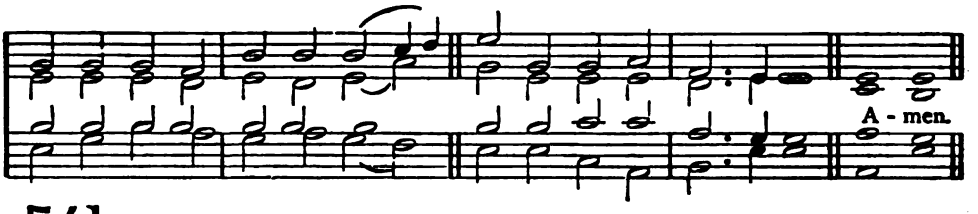
p e f BLESSÈD, blessèd be Jehovah, Israel's God, to all eternity.
dim Let all the people say, Amen, (*f*) Amen.
ff Praise to the Lord give ye! Amen.

AURELIA. 7,6,7,6. D. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

539

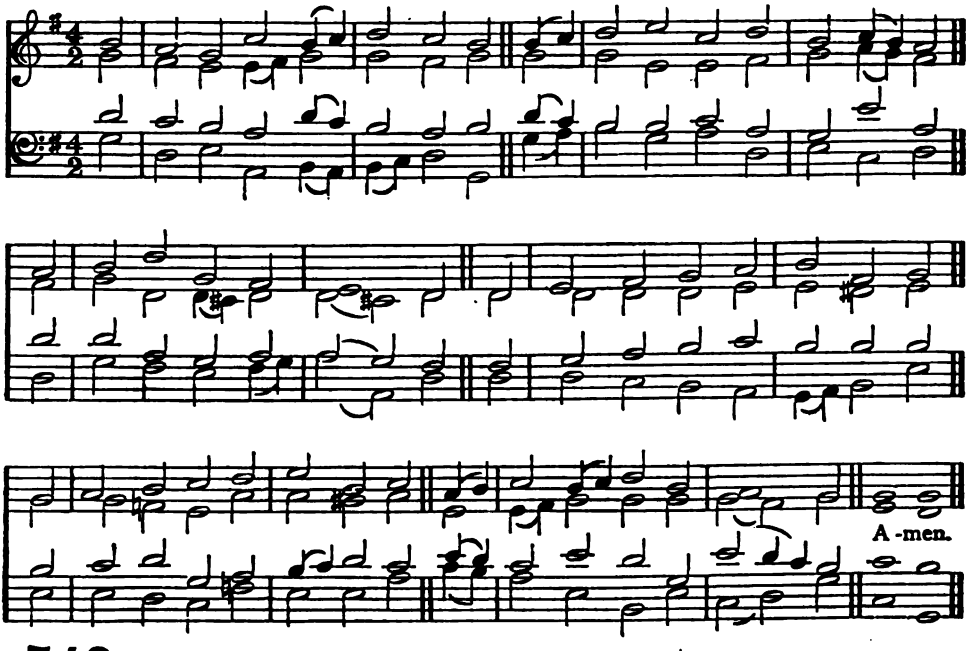
mf O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One:
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
ff Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore! Amen.

SHARON. 7,7,7,7,4,7. Wm. Billings, Mus. Doc.

540

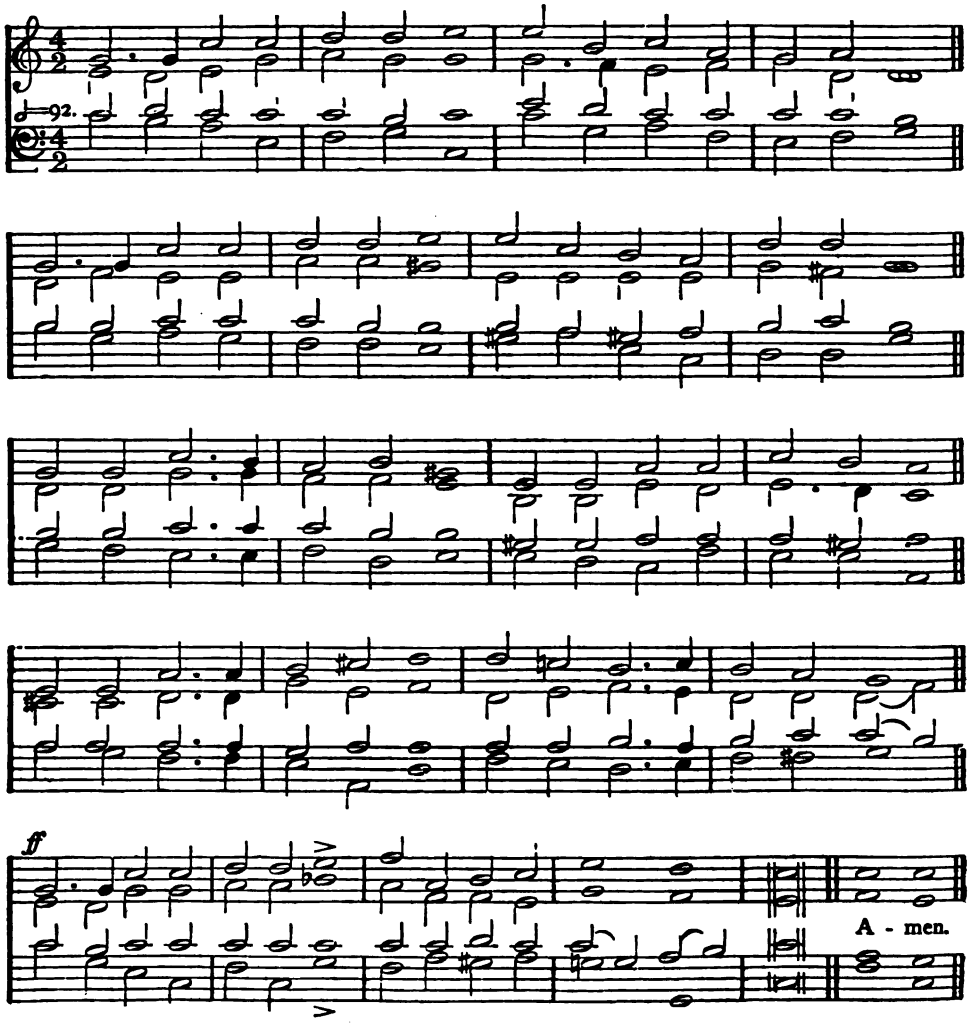
mf NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live,
cres Be the kingdom
And dominion,
f And the glory evermore! Amen.

BENEVENTO. 7,7,7,7. D. SAMUEL WEBBE.

541

mf PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above;
Praise Him all that share His love.
cres Earth to heaven exalt the strain;
Send it, heaven, to earth again,
Age to age, and shore to shore,
f Praise Him, praise Him evermore! Amen.

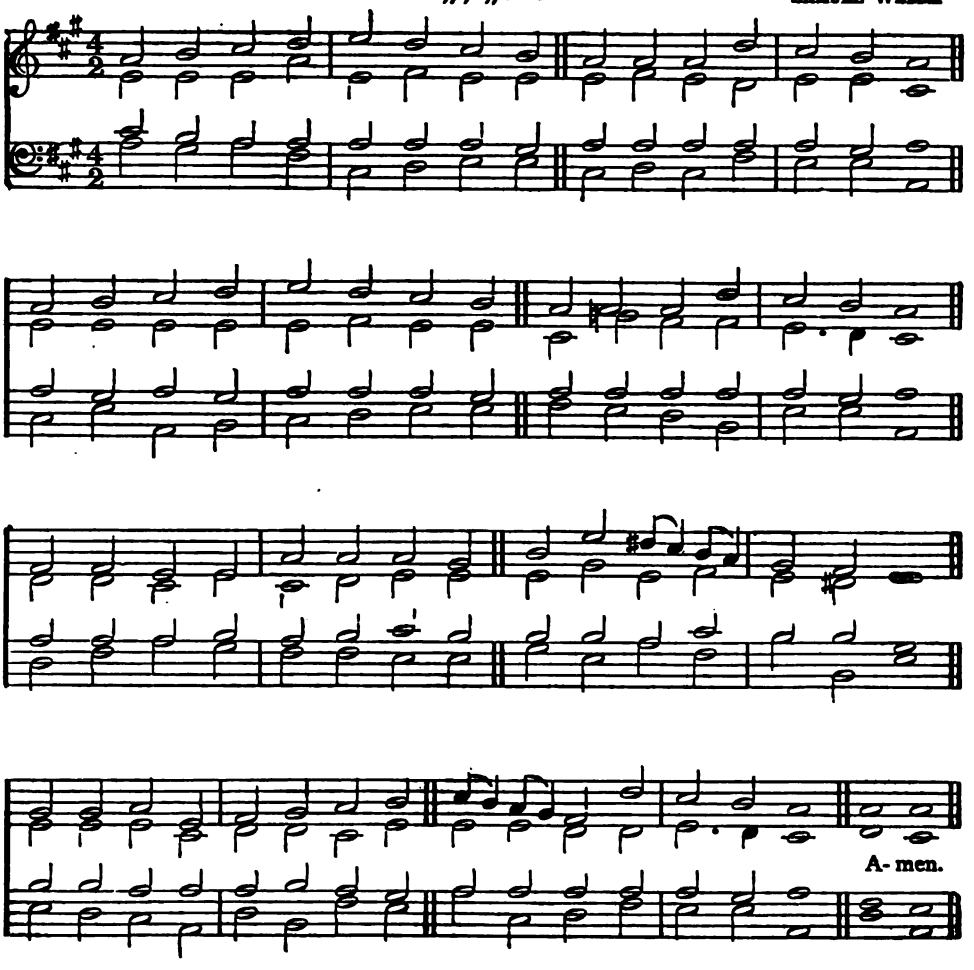
SWANSEA. 8,8,7,8,8,7. HENRY SMART.

542

f O YE who in His service raise
Your hands unto the Lord, sing praise,
Praise to His name be given;
ff Let earth, let heaven's angelic host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of earth and heaven! Amen.

ALEXA. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

543

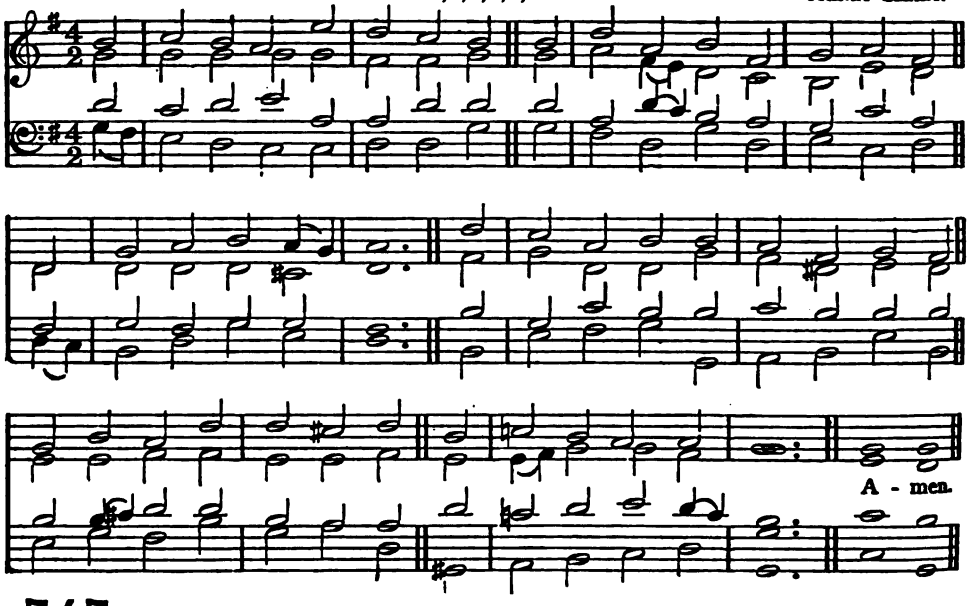
mf HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored;
f Holy Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell
God with us, Immanuel;
dim Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;—
ff Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord! Amen.

CORINTH. 8,7,8,7. D. SAMUEL WEBBE.

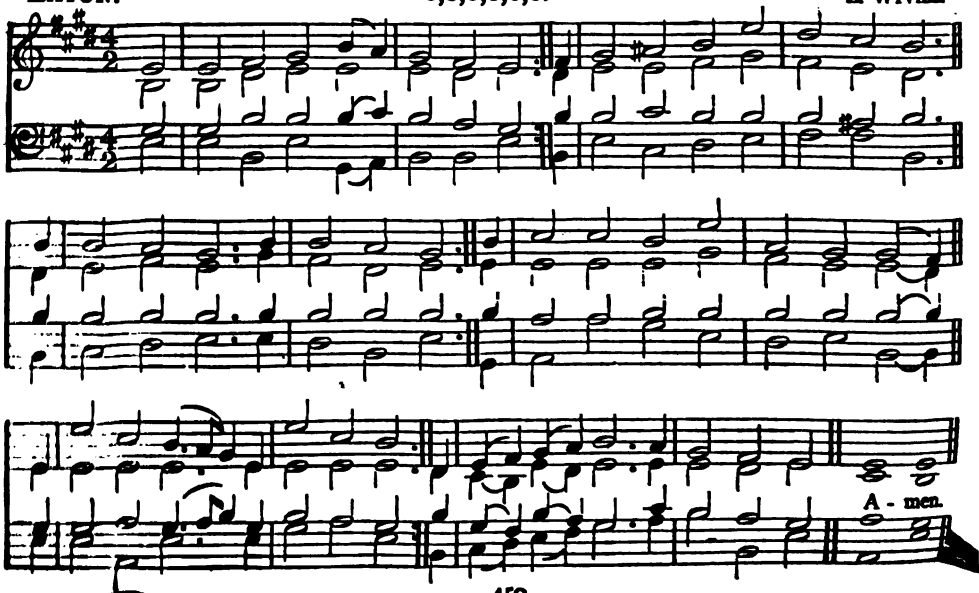


544

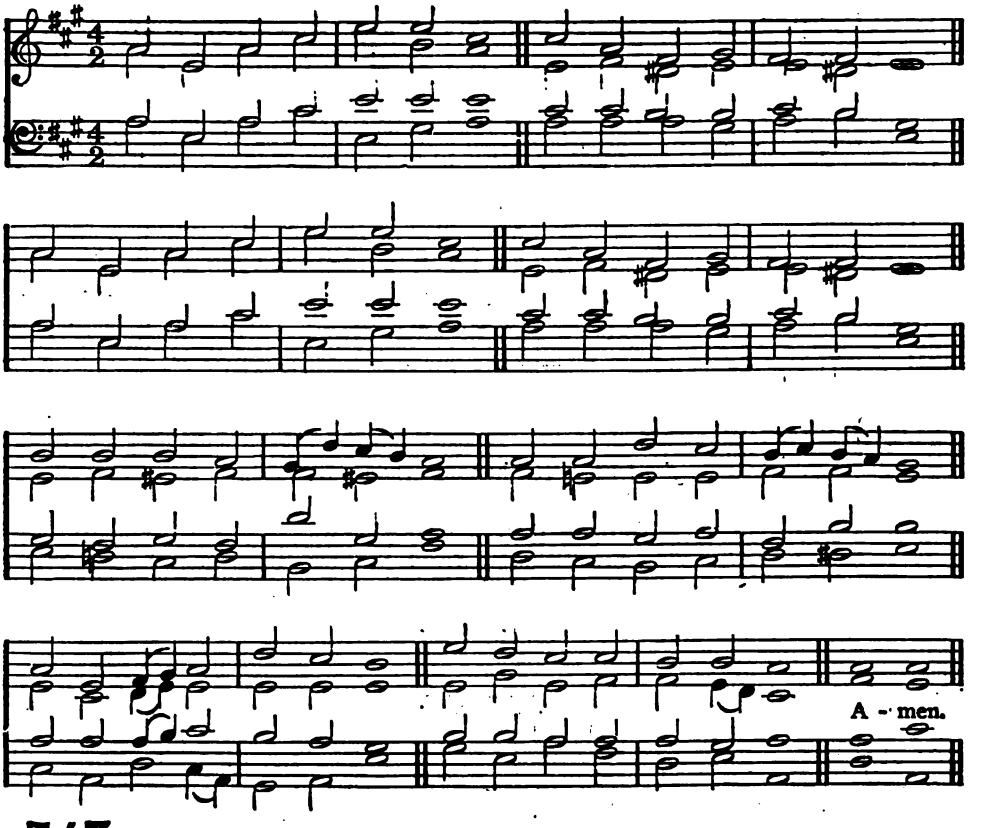
mf WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
p Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
cres As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
p As Thine angels serve before Thee,
cres So on earth Thy will be done! Amen.

COLEBROOKE. 8,8,6,8,8,6. HENRY SMART.

545

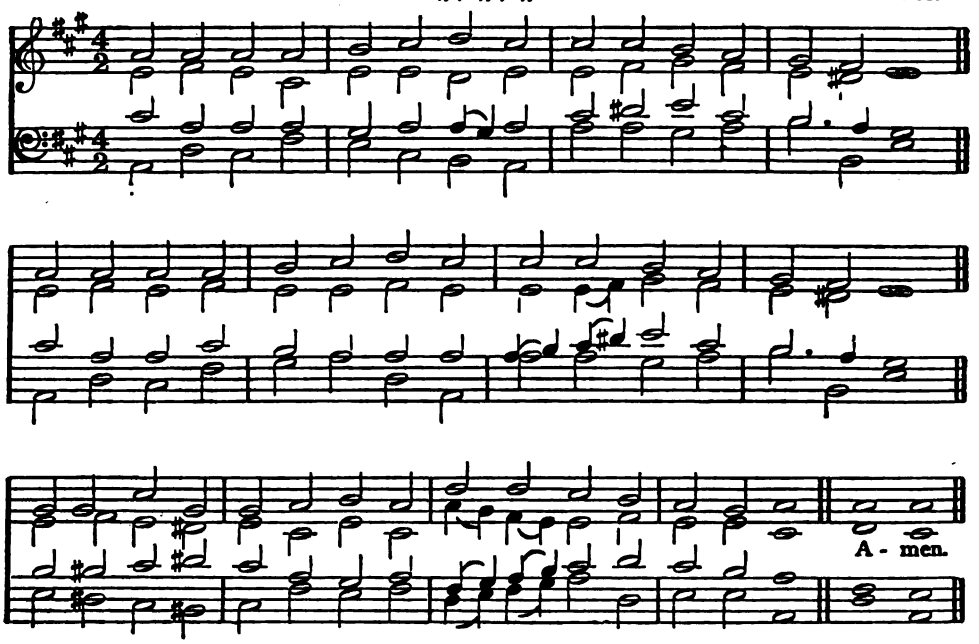
mf TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant host
And all the saints adore,
f Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is and so shall last
dim When time shall be no more! Amen.

EATON. 8,8,8,8,8,8. Z. WYVILL.

546

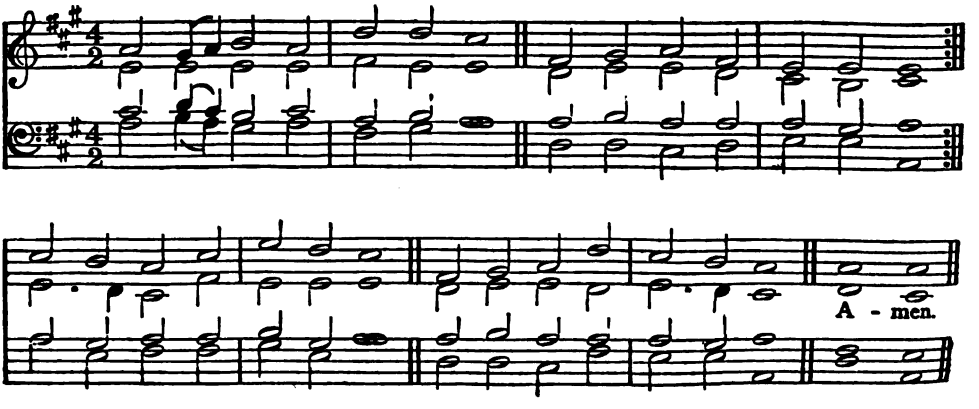
mf TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
cres Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all in earth and all in heaven;
As 'twas through ages heretofore,
f Is now, and shall be evermore! Amen.

VICTORY. 7,7,7,7. D. J. F. CHRISTMANN, 1592.

547

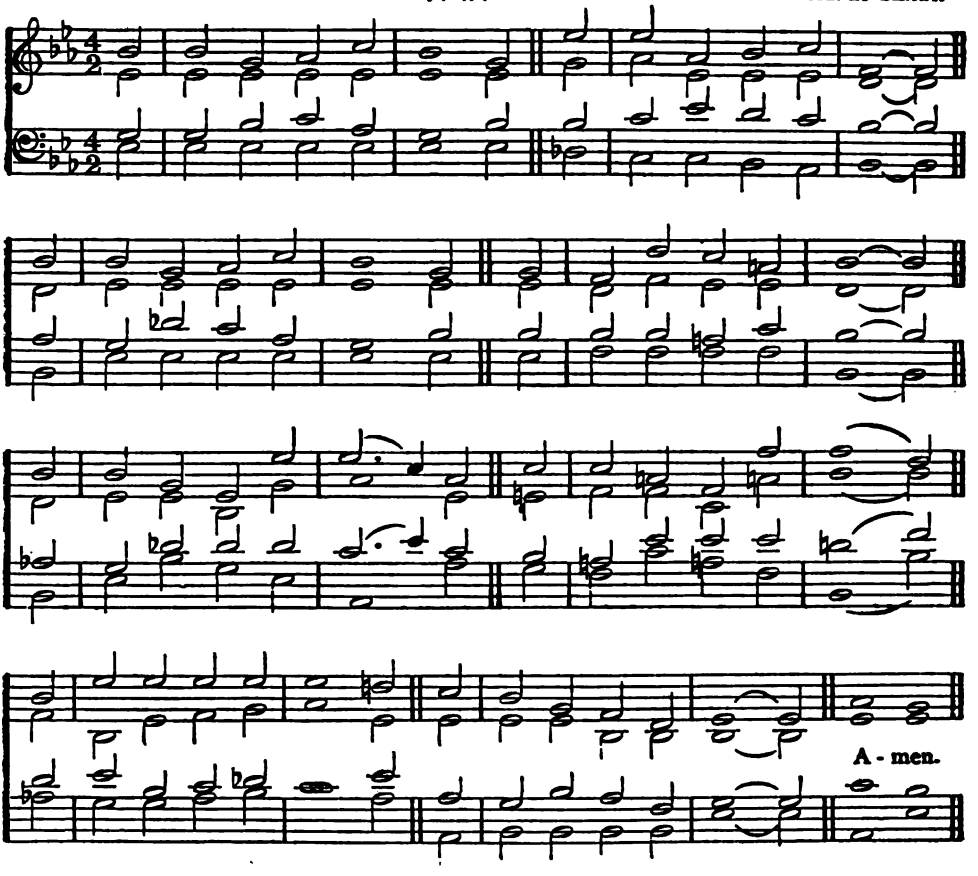
f HALLELUJAH! joyful raise
Heart and voice our God to praise!
Praise the Father! praise the Son!
Praise the Spirit! Three in One!
One to perfect all the plan
p Of redeeming ruined man!
cres Triune God! to Thee be given
ff Praise on earth and praise in heaven! Amen.

ORIEL. 8,7,8,7,8,7. ANCIENT "TANTUM ERGO.

548

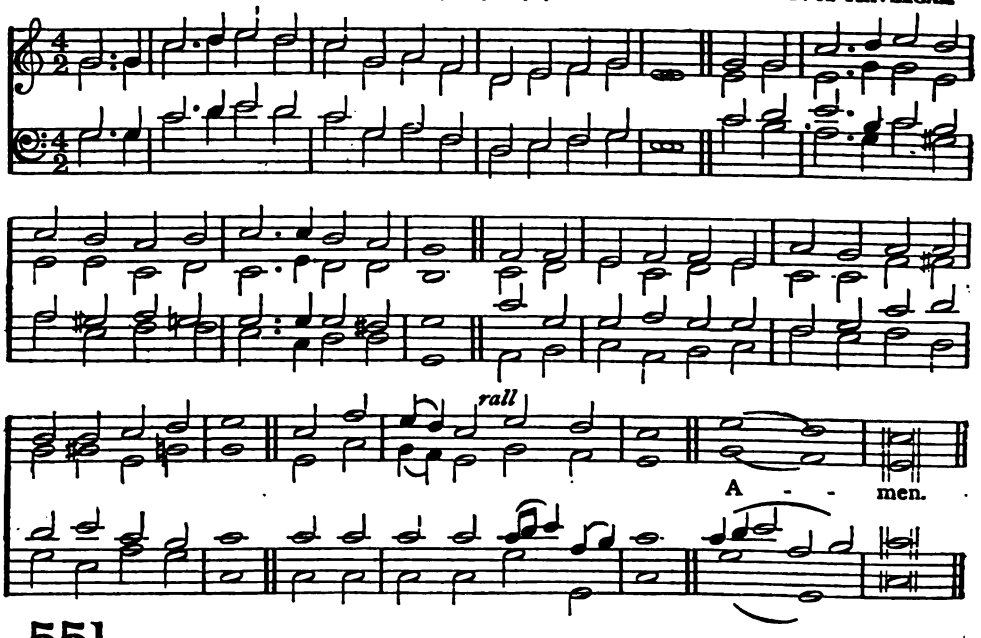
f BLESSING, honour everlasting,
To the eternal One in Three!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal adoration be!
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the Holy Trinity! Amen.

DIX. 7,7,7,7,7,7. C. KOCHER.

549

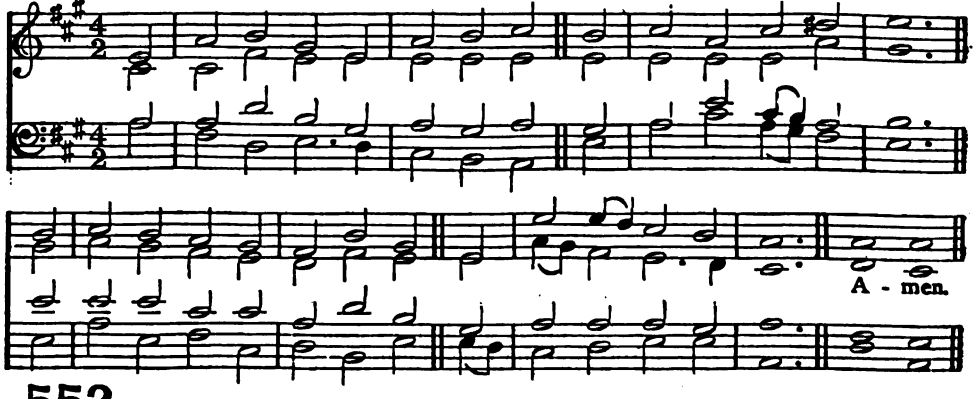
f PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
rall Evermore His praise shall last! Amen.

LANCASHIRE. 7,6,7,6. D. HENRY SMART.

550

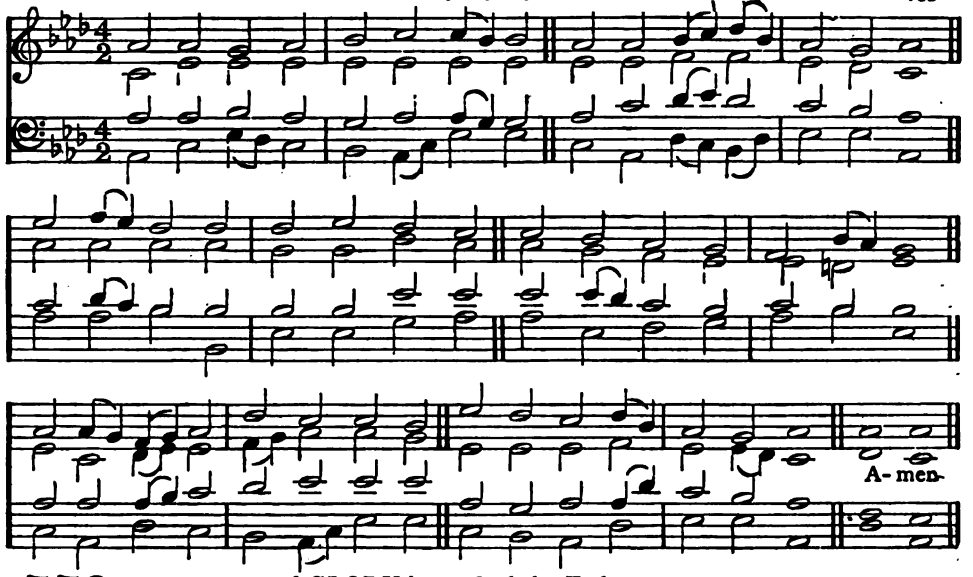
f NOW praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed nation
Fall down before the throne
And honour, power, and glory
rall Ascribe to God alone! Amen.

NYMPHAS. 8,7,8,7,8,7,7. F. R. HAVERGAL.

551

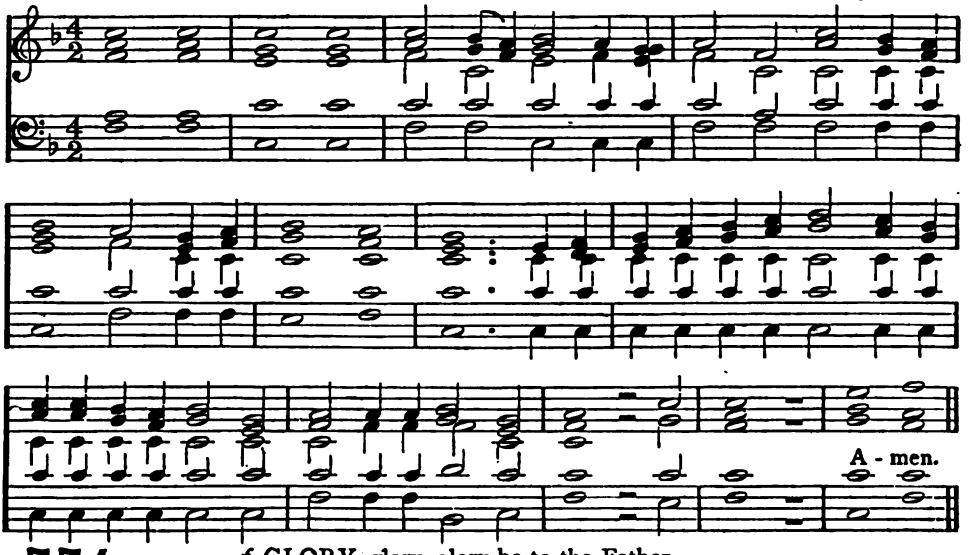
f CHRIST, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory!
rall Evermore and evermore. Amen.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARKE.

552

f TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

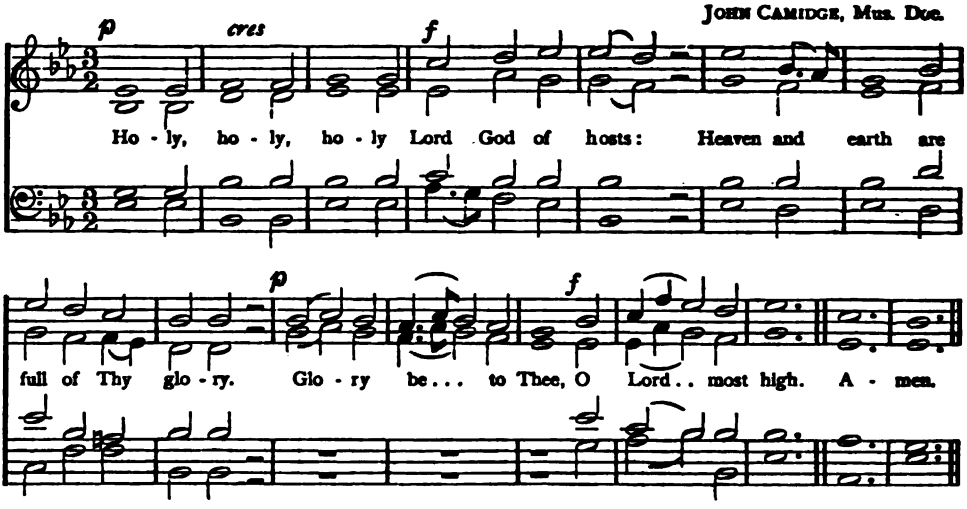
TIBERIAS. 8,7,8,7,4,7. J. SCHMIEDLIN, 1755.

553

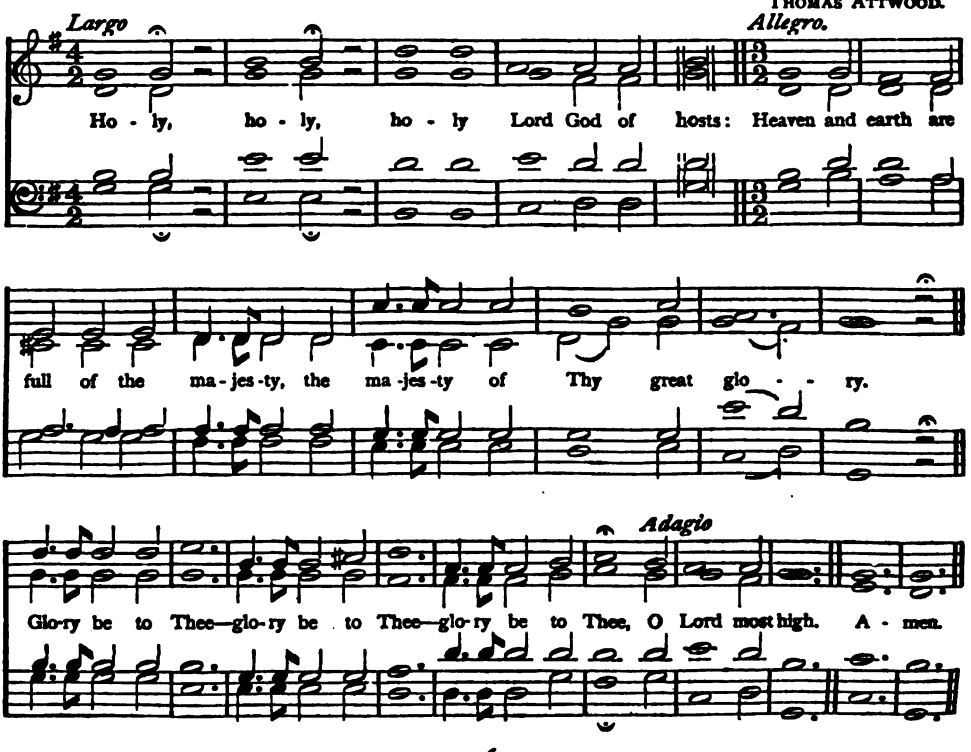
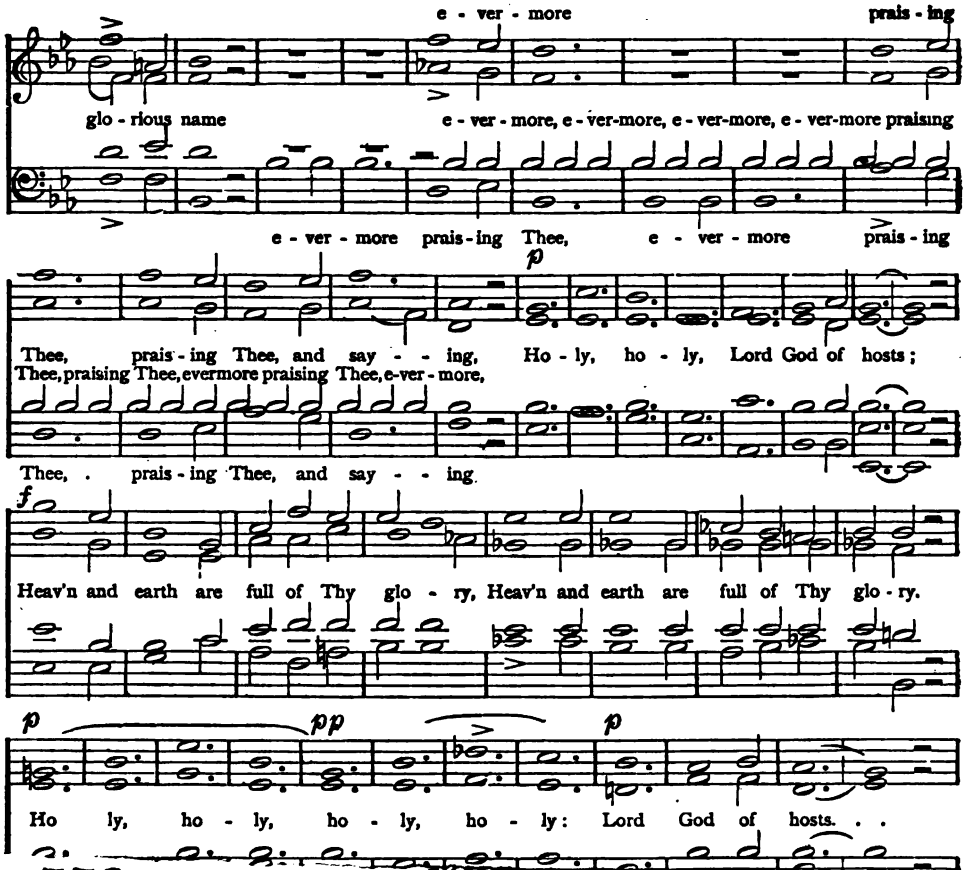
f GLORY be to God the Father
For the message of His Son:
Glory be to the Belovèd
For the work that He hath done:
May the Spirit
Seal salvation in our hearts. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. W. JACKSON.

554

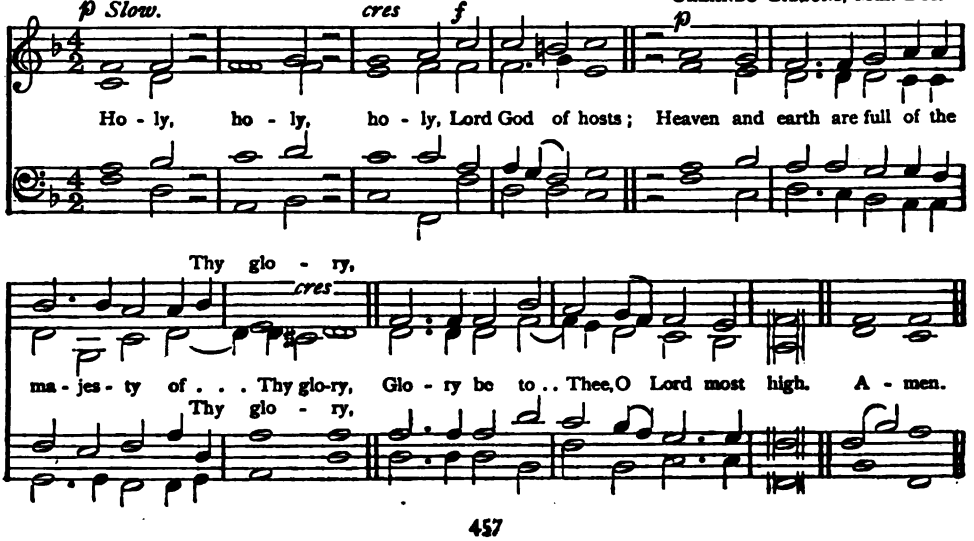
f GLORY, glory, glory be to the Father,
And to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end! Amen, Amen, Amen.

555 SANCTUS.

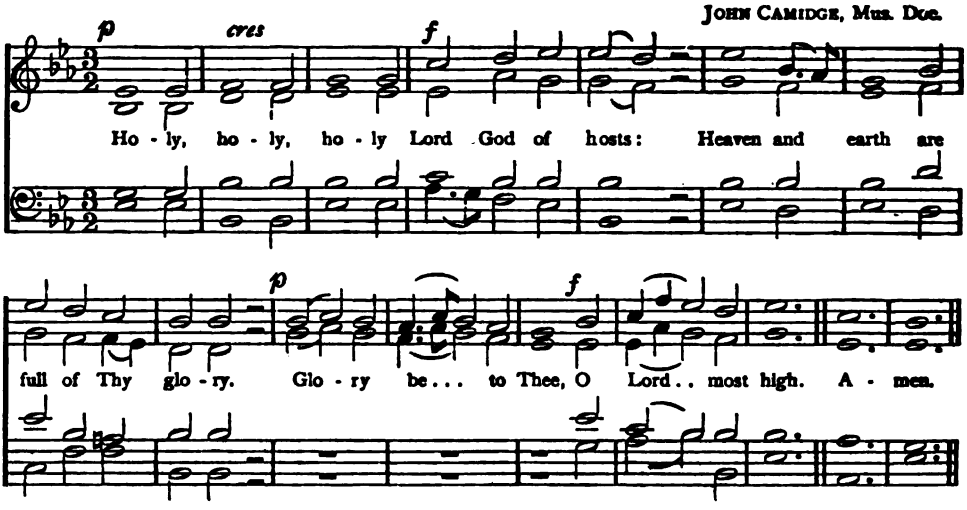
JOHN CAMIDGE, Mus. Doc.

556 SANCTUS.

THOMAS ATTWOOD.

Largo
Allegro.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts: Heaven and earth are
full of the ma - jes - ty, the ma - jes - ty of Thy great glo - - - ry.
Adagio
Glo-ry be to Thee—glo-ry be to Thee—glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.

e - ver - more
prais - ing
glo - rious name
e - ver - more, e - ver-more, e - ver-more, e - ver-more praising
e - ver - more prais - ing Thee, e - ver - more prais - ing
Thee, prais - ing Thee, and say - - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts;
Thee, praising Thee, evermore praising Thee, e-ver - more,
Thee, . prais - ing Thee, and say - - ing.
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.
Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly: Lord God of hosts. . .

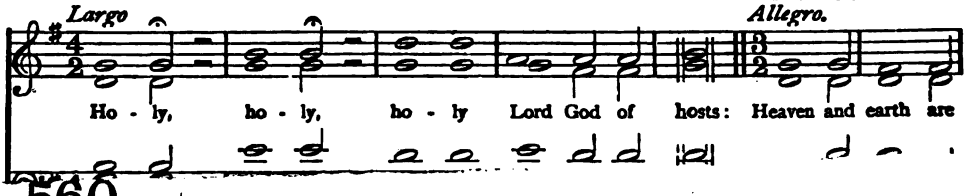
558 SANCTUS.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.

Slow.
cres
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts; Heaven and earth are full of the
Thy glo - ry,
cres
ma - jes - ty of . . . Thy glo-ry, Glo - ry be to . . Thee, O Lord most high. A - men.
Thy glo - ry,

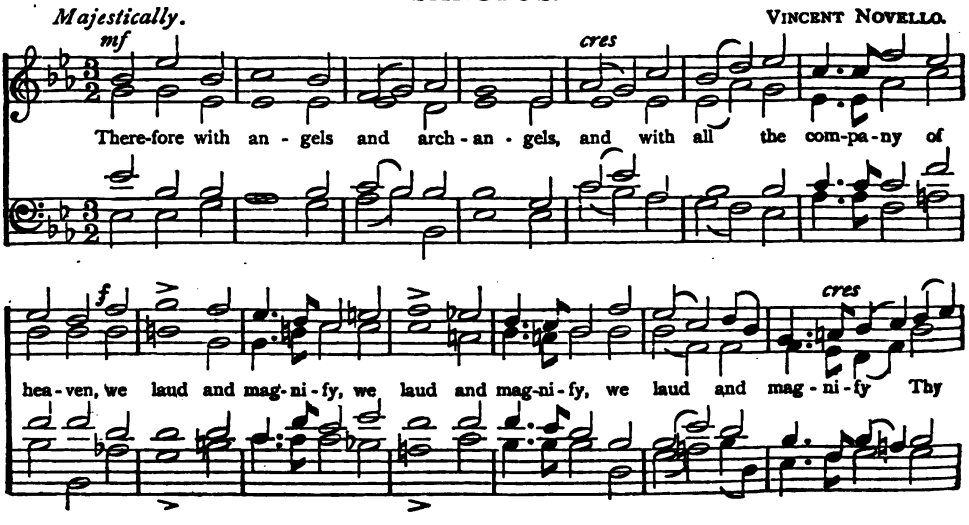
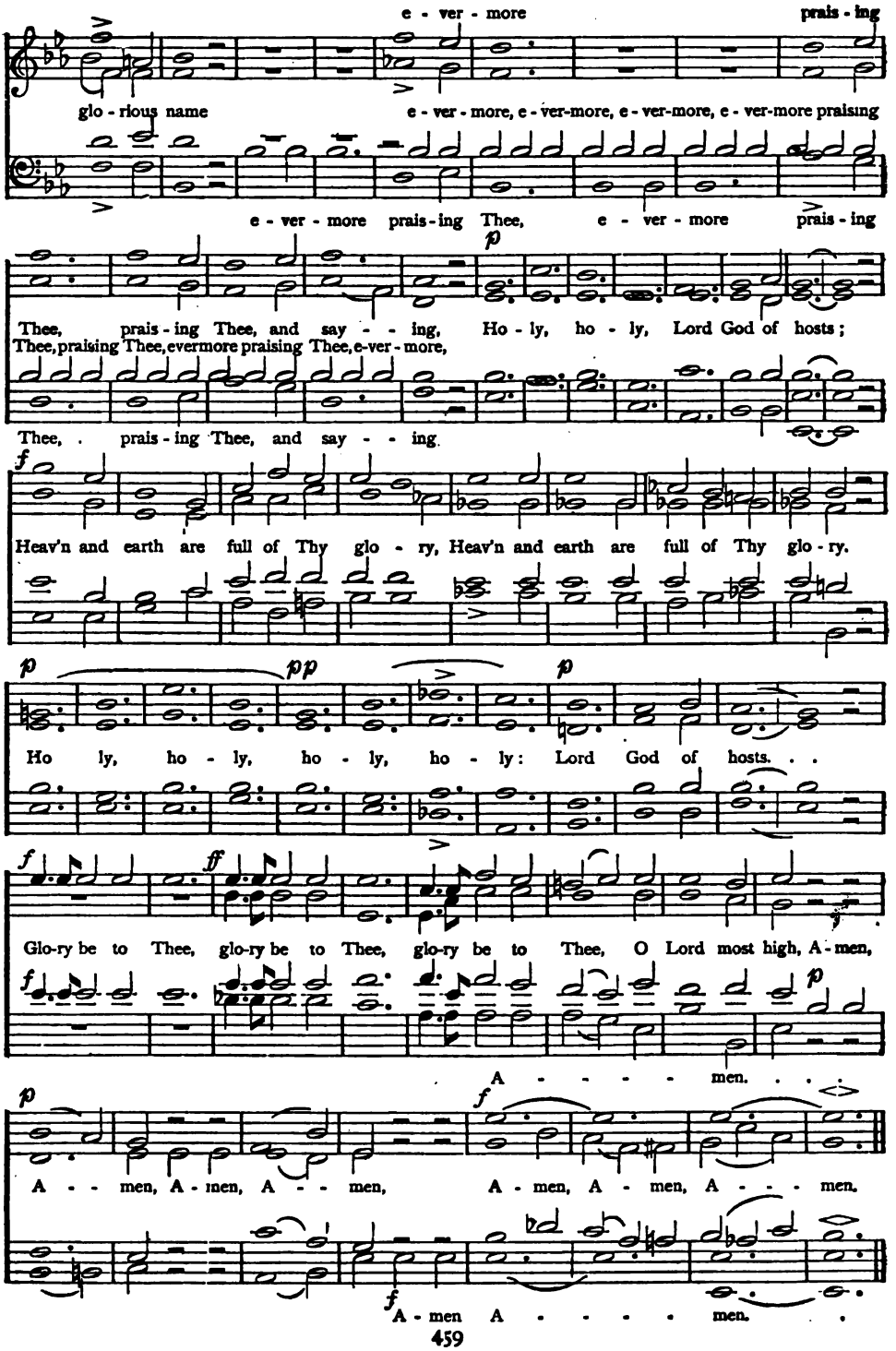
555 SANCTUS.

JOHN CAMIDGE, Mus. Doc.

556 SANCTUS.

THOMAS ATTWOOD.

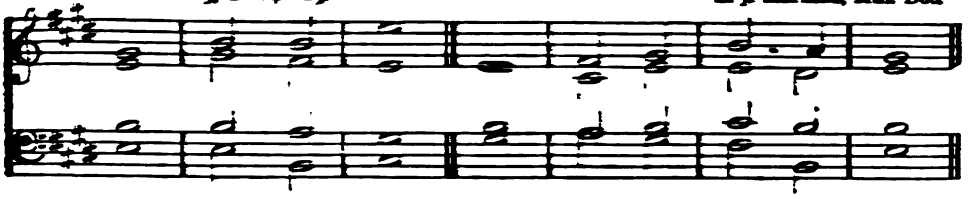


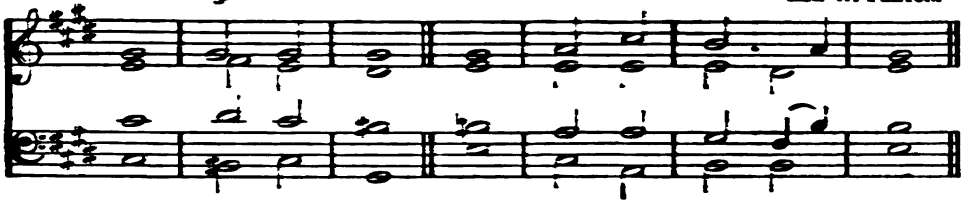
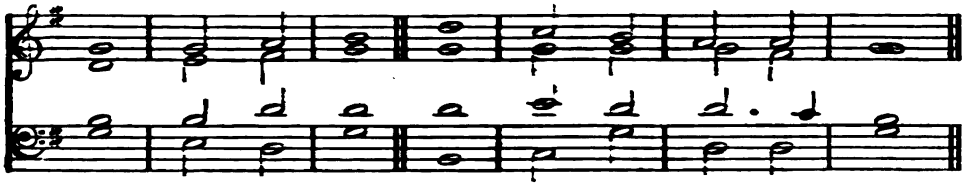
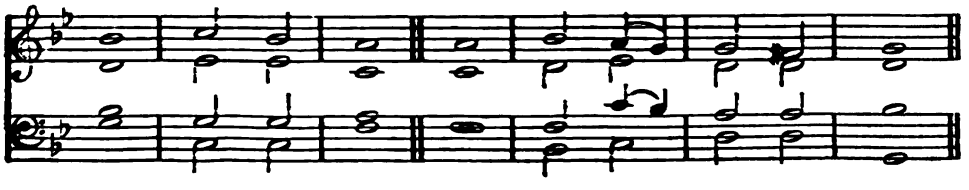
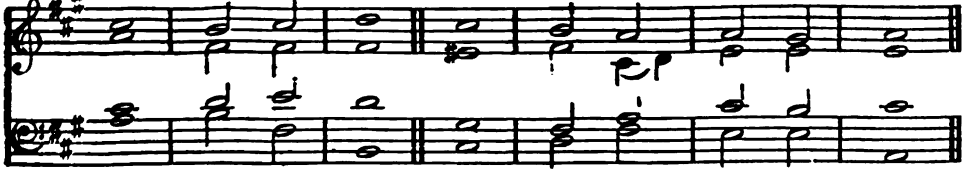
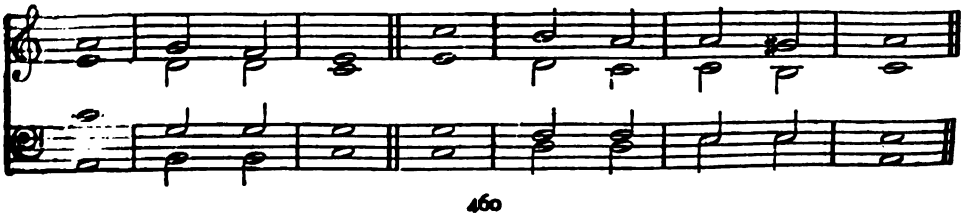
560 SANCTUS.

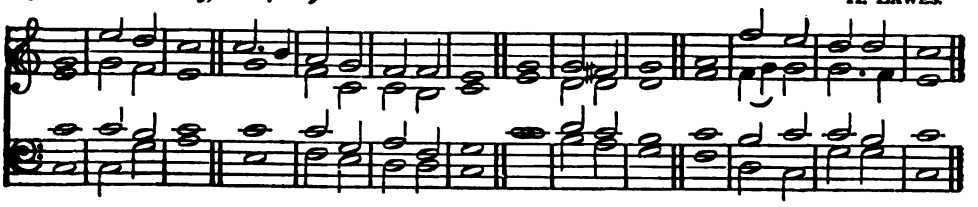
VINCENT NOVELLO.

Majestically.
mf
cres
There-fore with an - gels and arch - an - gels, and with all the com-pa-ny of
f
cres
hea - ven, we laud and mag-ni-fy, we laud and mag-ni-fy, we laud and mag - ni - fy Thy

e - ver - more
prais - ing
glo - rious name
e - ver - more, e - ver-more, e - ver-more, e - ver-more praising
e - ver - more prais - ing Thee, e - ver - more prais - ing
Thee, prais - ing Thee, and say - - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts;
Thee, praising Thee, evermore praising Thee, e-ver - more,
Thee, . prais - ing Thee, and say - - ing.
Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry.
Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly: Lord God of hosts. . .
Glo-ry be to Thee, glo-ry be to Thee, glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord most high, A - men,
A - - - - men. . .
A - - men, A - men, A - - men, A - men, A - men, A - - - men.
A - men A - - - - men. .

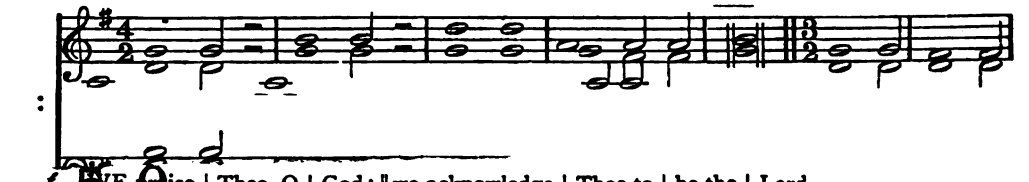
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

1 *Verses* 1—15, & 24—29. R. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.



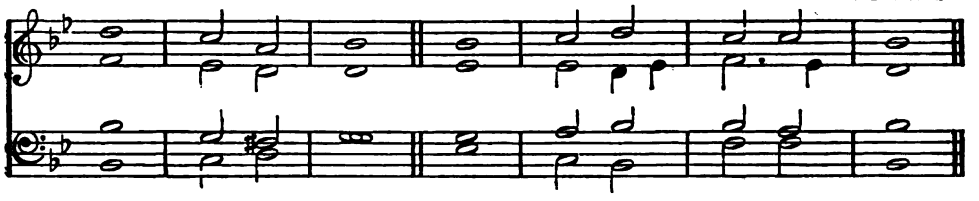
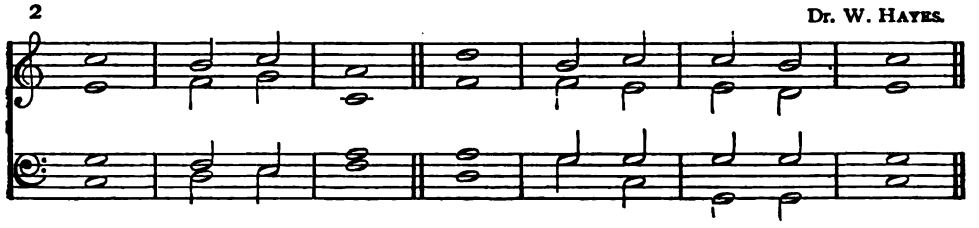
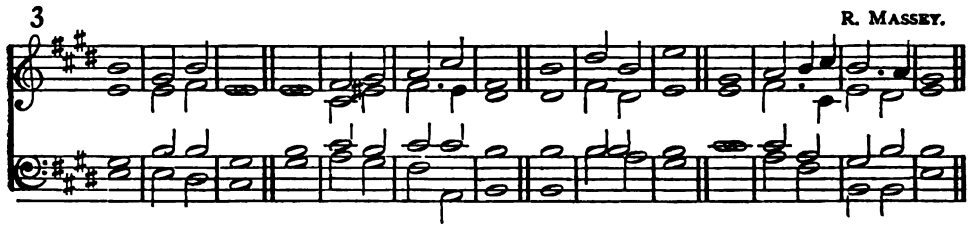
2 *Verses* 16—23. Rev. W. Felton.

3 *Verses* 1—15, & 24—29. Richard Farrant.

4 *Verses* 16—23. Thomas Tallis.

5 *Verses* 1—15, & 24—29. Dr. Aldrich.

6 *Verses* 16—23. Dr. Croft.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

7 *Verses* 1—15, & 24—29. H. LAWES.

8 *Verses* 16—23. R. COOKE.



f WE praise | Thee, O | God : ‖ we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee : ‖ the | Father | ever- | lasting.
3 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud : ‖ the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
4 To Thee cherubin, and | sera- | phin : ‖ con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
5 Holy, | holy, | holy : ‖ Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ;
6 Heaven and earth are full of the | majes- | ty : ‖ of | —Thy | glo- | ry.
7 The glorious company | of the a- | postles : ‖ praise | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly fellowship | of the | prophets : ‖ praise | — — | — — | Thee.
9 The noble | army of | martyrs : ‖ praise | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world : ‖ doth | —ac- | knowledge | Thee ;
11 The | Fa- | ther : ‖ of an | infinite | majes- | ty ;
12 Thine honour- | able, | true : ‖ and | — — | on-ly | Son ;
13 Also the | Holy | Ghost : ‖ the | — — | Comfor- | ter.
ff 14 Thou art the | King of | glory : ‖ O | — — | — — | Christ.
(*2nd half.*) 15 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son : ‖ of | —the | Fa- | ther.
p 16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man : ‖ Thou didst not ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
cres 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death : ‖ Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
f 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God : ‖ in the | glory | of the | Father.
p 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come : ‖ to | be | our | Judge.
20 We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants : ‖ whom Thou hast redeemed | with Thy | precious | blood.
21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints : ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting.
f 22 O Lord, | save Thy | people : ‖ and | bless Thine | heri- | tage.
23 Go- | vern | them : ‖ and | lift them | up for | ever.
24 Day | by | day : ‖ we | magni- | fy | Thee ;
25 And we | worship Thy | name : ‖ ever | world with- | out | end.
p 26 Vouch- | safe. O | Lord : ‖ to keep us this | day with- | out | sin.
27 O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us : ‖ have | mercy up- | on | us.
f 28 O Lord, let Thy mercy | lighten up- | on us : ‖ as our | trust is | in | Thee.
ff 29 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted : ‖ let me | never | be con- | founded.

562 St Luke i. 68—79. BENEDICTUS.

1 Dr. GREENE.

2 Dr. W. HAYES.

3 R. MASSEY.

mf BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel : ‖ for He hath visited, | and re- | deemed His | people ;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation for | us : ‖ in the | house of His | servant | David :

3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets : ‖ which have been | since the | world be- | gan ;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies : ‖ and from the | hands of | all that | hate us :

5 To perform the mercy promised to | our fore- | fathers : ‖ and to re- | member His | holy | covenant ;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our fore- | father | Abraham : ‖ that | He would | give | us :

7 That we being delivered out of the | hand of our | enemies : ‖ might | serve Him with- | out | fear :

8 In holiness and righteous- | ness be- | fore Him : ‖ all the | days of | our | life.

p 9 And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet | of the | Highest : ‖ for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord | to pre- | pare His | ways ;

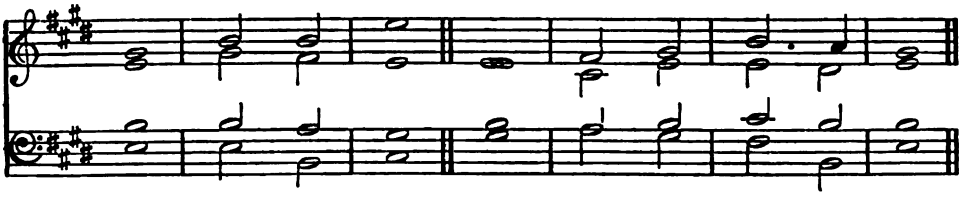
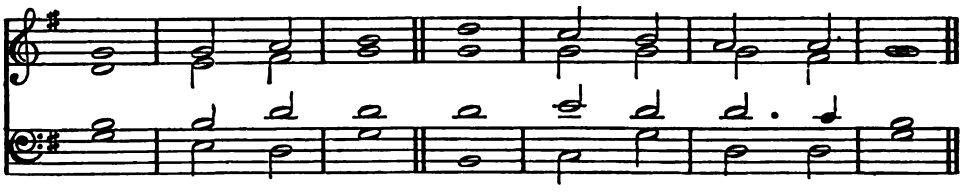
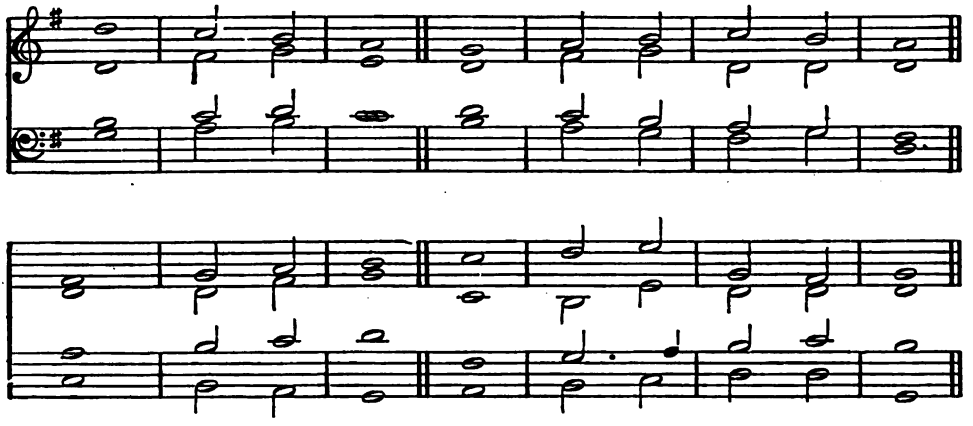
mf 10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people: ‖ for the re- | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God : ‖ whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visited | us,

p 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow of | death : ‖ and to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

563 Psalm c. JUBILATE DEO.

1 E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

2 RICHARD FARRANT.

3 J. STAFFORD SMITH.

f O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands : ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | presence | with a | song.

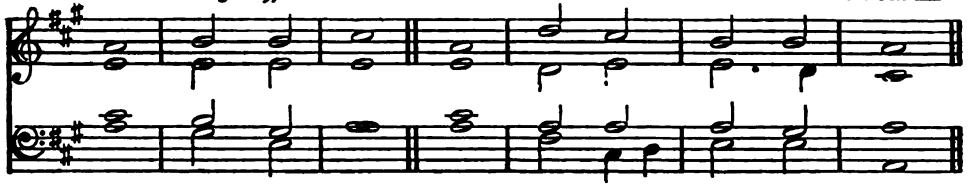
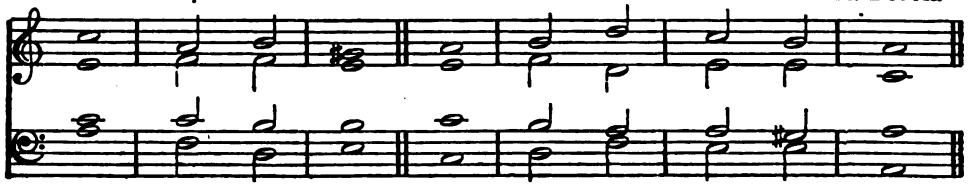
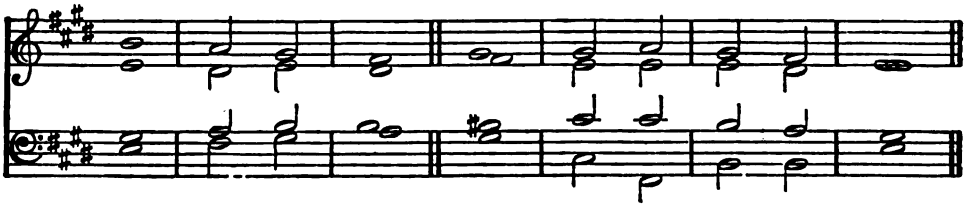
mf 2 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God : ‖ it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people, and the | sheep of | His | pasture.

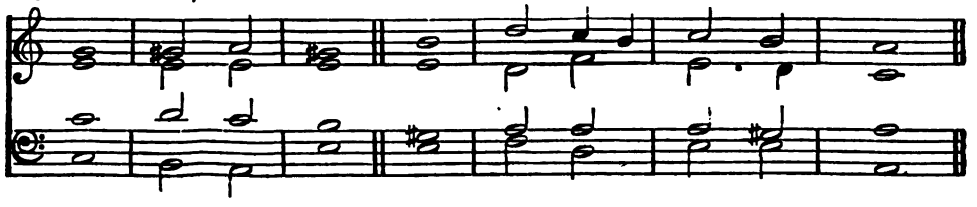
3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise : ‖ be thankful unto Him, and speak | good of | His | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ever- | lasting : ‖ and His truth endureth from gene- | ration to | gene- | ration.

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

564 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1 *For verses* 1—3 & 9, 10. Dr. TURNER.

2 *For verses* 4—8. Dr. DUPUIS.

3 *For verses* 1—3 & 9, 10. WALLACE.

4 *For verses* 4—8. H. PURCELL.



f GLORY be to | God on | high : ‖ and in earth | peace, good- | will towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee: ‖ we glorify Thee, | we give | thanks to | Thee,

3 For Thy great glory, | O Lord | God : ‖ heavenly King, God the | Father | Al- | mighty.

mf 4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ : ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son of the | Fa- | ther,

p 5 That takest away the | sins of the | world : ‖ have | mercy up- | on | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world : ‖ have | mercy up- | on | us.

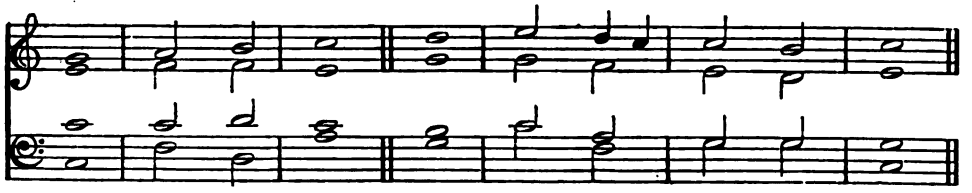
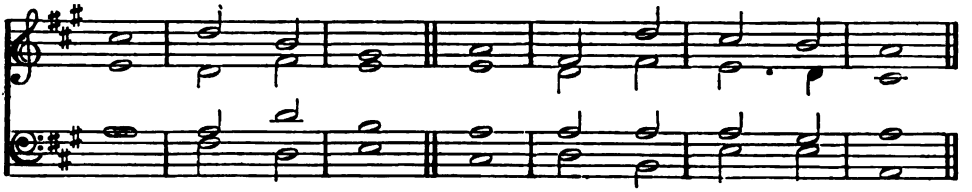
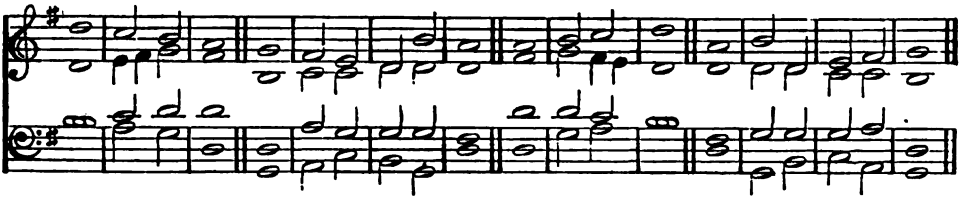
7 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world : ‖ re- | ceive | our | prayer.

cres 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father: ‖ have | mercy up- | on | us.

9 For Thou | only art | holy : ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord;

f 10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost: ‖ art most high in the glory of | God the | Father. A- | men.

565 St. Luke i. 46—55. MAGNIFICAT.

1 Dr. WOODWARD.

2 Dr. NARES.

3 Dr. CROTCH.

f MY soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord : ‖ and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

p 2 For He | hath re- | garded : ‖ the lowli- | ness of | His hand- | maiden :

mf 3 For be- | hold, from | henceforth : ‖ all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is mighty hath | magnified | me : ‖ and | holy | is His | name.

p 5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him : ‖ through- | out all | gene- | rations.

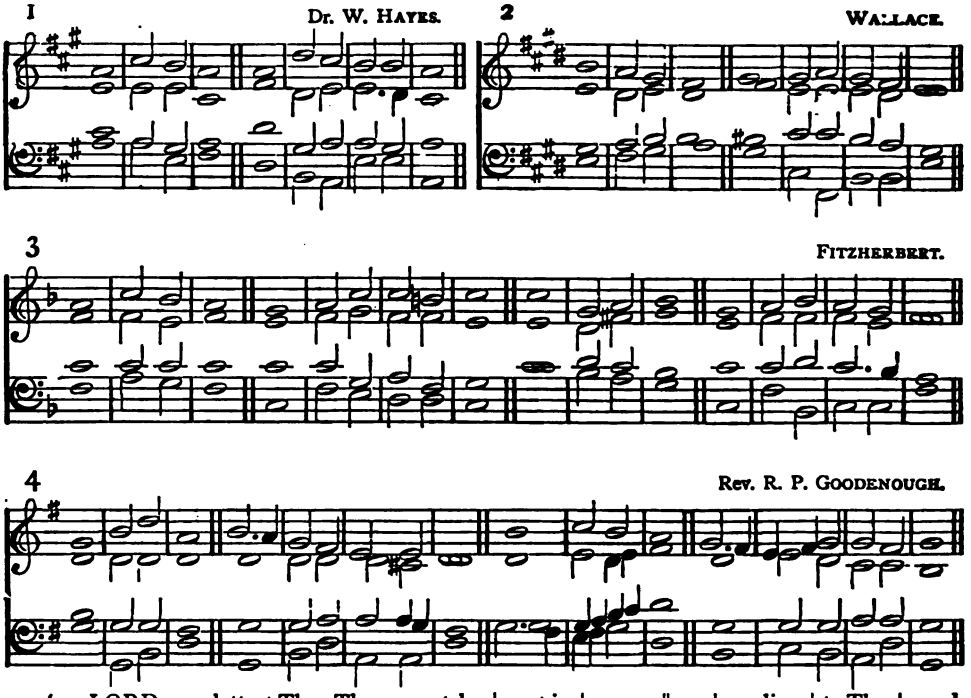
f 6 He hath shewed strength | with His | arm : ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the imagin- | ation | of their | hearts.

mf 7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat : ‖ and hath ex- | alted the | humble and | meek.

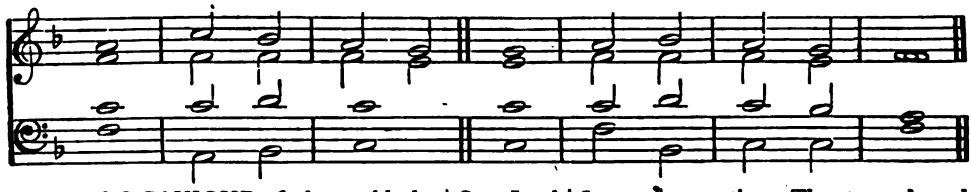
8 He hath filled the hungry with | good | things : ‖ and the rich | He hath sent | empty a- | way.

(*2nd half.*) 9 He remembering His mercy hath holpen | His servant | Israel : ‖ as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed, for | ever.

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

566 St. Luke ii. 29—32. NUNC DIMITTIS.

p LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace: ‖ ac- | cording | to Thy | word.
mf 2 For mine | eyes have | seen: ‖ Thy | —sal- | va- | tion,
3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared: ‖ before the | face of | all | people;
4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: ‖ and to be the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.
f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

567 O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.



mf O SAVIOUR of the world, the | Son, Lord | Jesus: ‖ *cres* stir up Thy strength, and help us, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

2 *p* By Thy cross and precious blood Thou | hast re- | deemed us: ‖ save us and help us, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

3 *mf* Thou didst save Thy disciples when | ready to | perish: ‖ hear us and save us, we | humbly be- | seech | Thee.

16 For Thou desirest no sacrifice, | else —, would I —, give it Thee : but Thou de- | lightest not in burnt of —, ferings.

17 *p* The sacri : fice | of —, God is a troubled spirit : A broken and contrite | heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise.

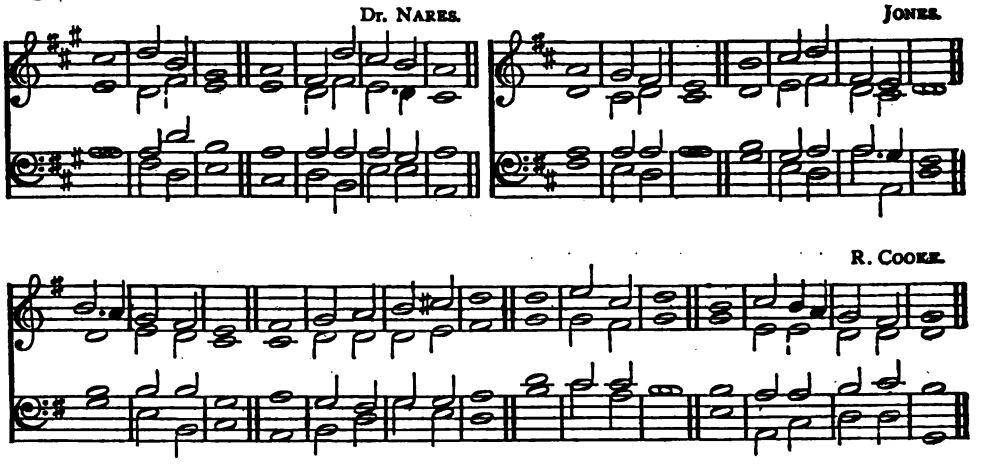
18 *f* O be favourable | and —, gracious —, unto Sion : build | Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 *mf* Then shalt Thou : be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with | the burnt of —, ferings and oblations : then shall they offer | young —, bullocks upon Thine altar.

f Glo —, ry : be | to the Father, and to the Son : and | —, —, to the Holy Ghost ;

As —, it : was in the beginning, is | now, and ev —, er shall —, be : world with- | out —, end. A —, —, —, men.

570 Psalm xcv. VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

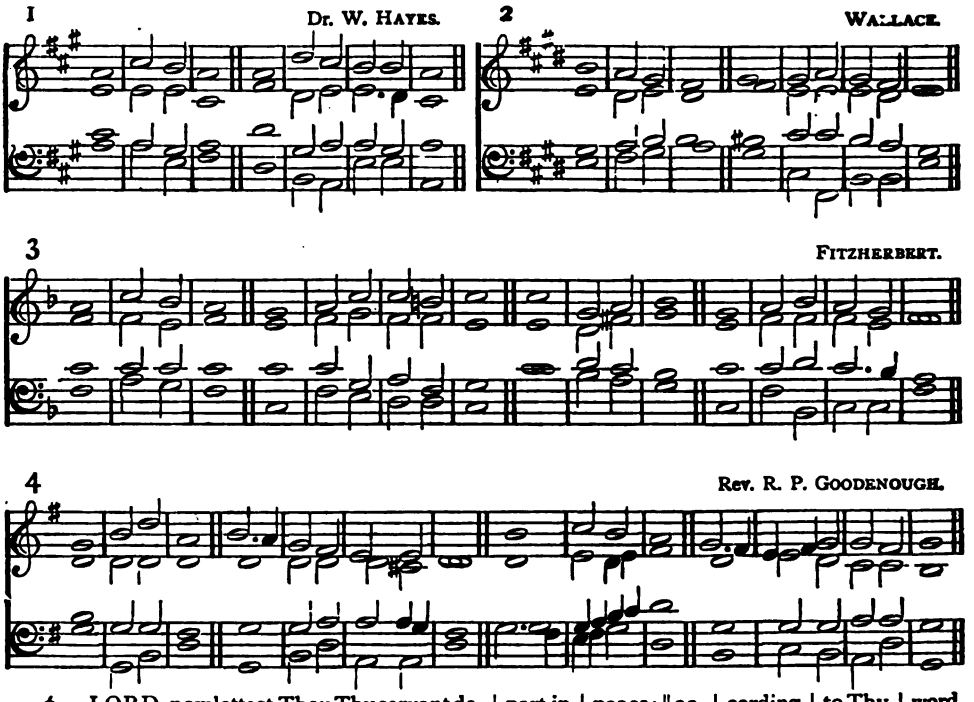


f O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord : ‖ let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks, | giving, ‖ and show ourselves | glad in |

Blessed are the	merciful: . . for they shall ob-	tain. . . .	mercy.
Blessed are the pure in . . .	heart: . . . for they	shall see . .	God.
Blessed are the	peacemakers: for they shall be called the. . .	children of .	God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' .	sake: . . . for theirs is the .	kingdom of .	heaven.
f Glory be to the Father, and to the	Son: . . . and to the . . .	Ho - ly .	Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever	shall be: . . World without .	end. A	men.

* These small notes to be used where the word after the dividing bar contains more than one syllable, and in the second half of the "Gloria Patri."

566 St. Luke ii. 29—32. NUNC DIMITTIS.

p LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part in | peace: ‖ ac- | cording | to Thy | word.
mf 2 For mine | eyes have | seen: ‖ Thy | —sal- | va- | tion,
3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared: ‖ before the | face of | all | people;
4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles: ‖ and to be the glory | of Thy | people | Israel.
f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

hast bróken —, máy rejoice.

9 *p* Turn —, —, : — | Thy —, fáce —, —, fróm my sins: and | put out áll —, my mís —, deeds.

10 Make | me a cleán —, —, heárt, O God: and renew a | right —, spírit withín —, me.

11 Cast —, —, : me | not awáy from —, Thý —, presence: and take | not Thy Hó —, ly Spírit from me.

12 *cres* O give me the | comfort óf Thy —, hélp again: and | stablish mé with Thy frée —, Spirit.

13 Then shall I : teach | Thy —, wáys un —, tó the wicked: and sinners shall | be convért- —, ed únto Thee.

14 *f* Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou that | art the Gód —, —, óf my health: and my | tongue shall síng of Thy ríghteousness.

15 Thou —, —, : shalt | —, —, ópen my líps, O Lord: and | my —, móuth shall —, shéw Thy praise.

* If unaccompanied, to be sung in *Harmony* throughout.

16 For Thou desirest no sacrifice, | else —, woúld I —, gíve it Thee : but Thou de- | lightest nót in burnt óf —, ferings.

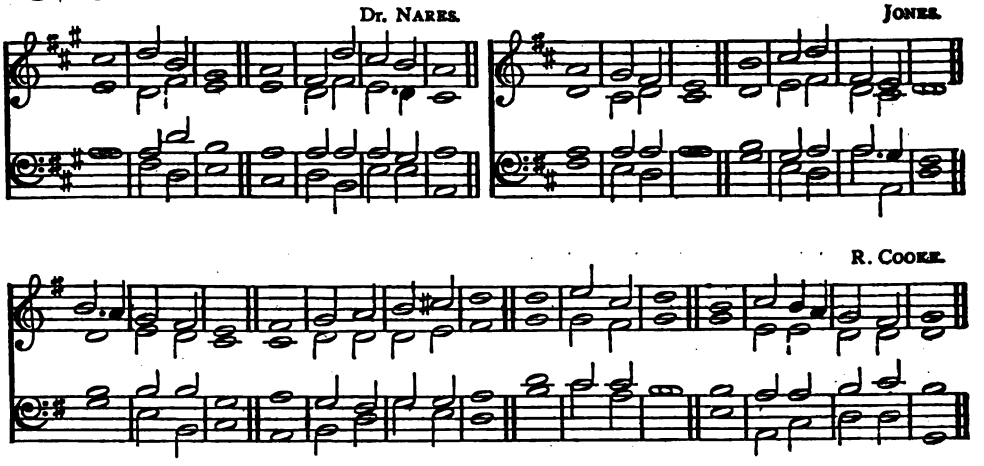
17 *p* The sacri : fice | of —, Gód is a tróubled spirit : A broken and contrite | heart, O Gód, shalt Thou nót despise.

18 *f* O be favourable | and —, grácious —, únto Sion : build | Thou the wálls of Jerúsalem.

19 *mf* Then shalt Thou : be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with | the burnt óf —, ferings ánd oblations : then shall they offer | young —, búllocks upón Thine altar.

f Glo —, ry : be | to the Fáther, and tó the Son : and | —, —, tó the Hóly Ghost ;

As —, it : was in the beginning, is | now, and év —, er shall —, be : world with- | out —, énd. A —, —, —, men.

570 Psalm xcv. VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

f O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord : ‖ let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks- | giving : ‖ and show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great | God : ‖ and a great | King above | all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the corners | of the | earth : ‖ and the strength of the | hills is | His | also.

5 The sea is His, | and He | made it : ‖ and His hands pre- | pared the | dry | land.

6 *p* O come, let us worship, and | fall | down : ‖ and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 *mf* For He is the | Lord our | God : ‖ and we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His | hand.

8 *p* To day if ye will hear His voice, harden | not your | hearts : ‖ as in the provocation, and as in the day of temp- | tation | in the | wilderness ;

9 When your fathers | tempted | Me : ‖ proved | Me, and | saw My | works.

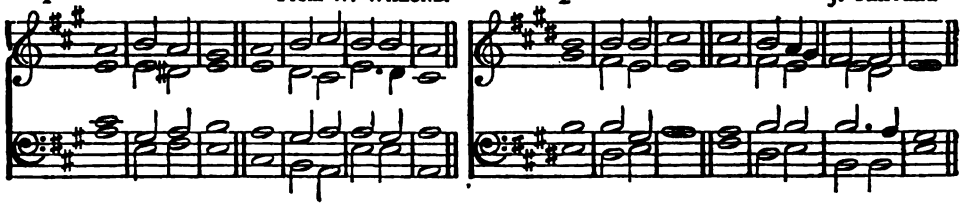
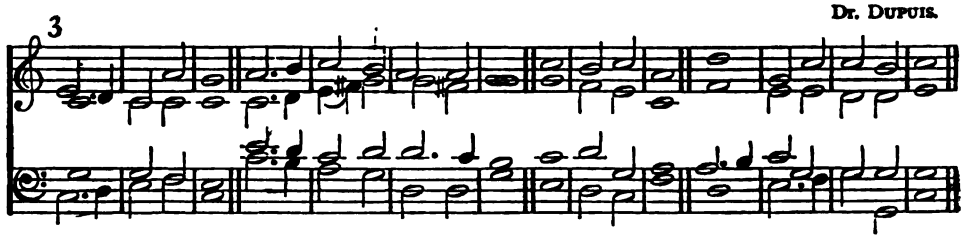
10 Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- | ration, and | said : ‖ It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they | have not | known My | ways.

11 Unto whom I sware | in My | wrath : ‖ that they should not | enter | into My | rest.

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : ‖ world without | end. A- | men.

571 Psalm xcviii. CANTATE DOMINO.

I From W. WALOND. 2 J. TRAVERS.

3 DR. DUPUIS.

f O SING unto the Lord a | new | song : ‖ for | He hath done | marvellous | things.

2 With His own right hand, and with His | holy | arm : ‖ hath He | gotten Him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord declared | His sal- | vation : ‖ His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the | sight | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel : ‖ and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands : ‖ sing, re- | joice, and | give | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp : ‖ sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.

7 With trumpets | also and | shawms : ‖ O shew yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

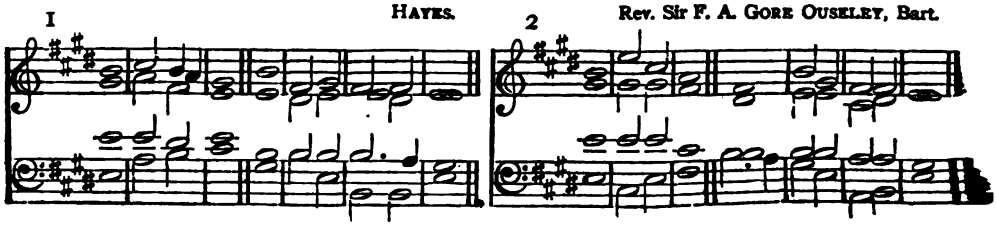
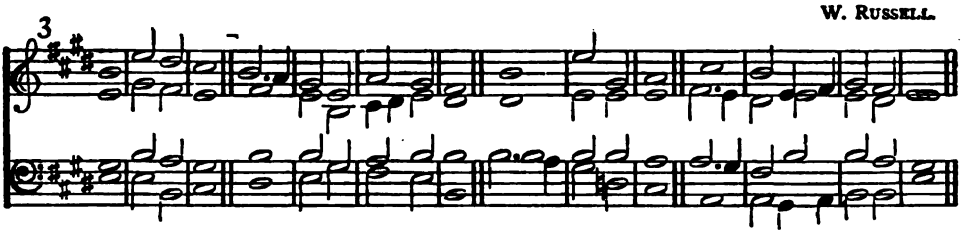
8 *ff* Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is : ‖ the round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord : ‖ for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.

10 *mf* With righteousness shall He | judge the | world : ‖ and the | people | with | equity.

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

572 Psalm lxvii. DEUS MISEREATUR.

I HAYES. 2 Rev. Sir F. A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart.

W. RUSSELL.

f GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us: ‖ and shew us the light of His countenance, and be | merciful | unto | us.

2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth: ‖ Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God: ‖ yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad: ‖ for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations up- | on | earth.

5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God: ‖ yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

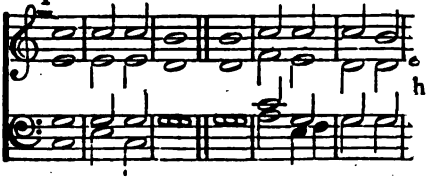
6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase: ‖ and God, even our own God, shall | give | us His | blessing.

7 God shall | bless | us: ‖ and all the ends of the | world shall | fear | Him.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: ‖ world without | end. | A- | men.

573 CHRIST[pg]

P. HUMPHREYS, [1]h!

h!

us

mf CHRIST our passover is sacri- | fice

2 Not with the old leaven, nor with [c]
unleavened bread of sin- | ceri- | ty an[d]-ply

3 *f* Christ being raised from the dead [a]h!
over | Him.

4 For in that He died, He died un
God.

5 *mf* Likewise reckon ye also you
through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord [p]roves,

6 *f* Christ is risen | from the | de[a]

7 For since by | man came | d[e]- ing,

8 *mf* For as in | Adam all | die: [e]r- more

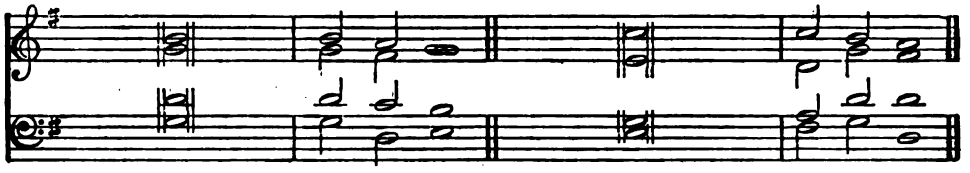
f Glory be to the Father, | and

As it was in the beginnin- - jah!
A- | *men.*

f Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
Halle - - - -	-lu - jah!
The Son and Spirit	we adore.
Halle - - -	-lu - jah!

A - men.

574

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord."

f The strain upraise of joy and praise, Halle- | -lu - - - jah!

And the choirs that . | dwell on high .

mf Ye, through the fields of | Paradise that roam,

(Unison.)
Ye planets, glittering on your | heaven - ly way,

(Harmony.)
p Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pin - ions light,

2 With ... victory. ... hil-

3 The Lord declared | His sal- | vation | sight | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth towa[rd] | of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | G[od]

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all y[e] thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp : ‖ sing to th[e]

7 With trumpets | also and | shawms : ‖ O shew [yourselves joyful] before the | King.

8 *ff* Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills [be joyful together] for He | cometh to | judge the | earth.

10 *mf* With righteousness shall He | judge the | world,

f Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : ‖ and [to the Holy Ghost :]
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, world without end.
A- | men.

To the glory of their King Let the ransomed | peo - ple sing

Swell the chorus . . | in the sky,

Ye blessèd ones, repeat through | that bright home

Ye shining constellations, | join and say

f Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, | wildly bright,

Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and | summer glow,

Join in creation's hymn, and | cry a- gain

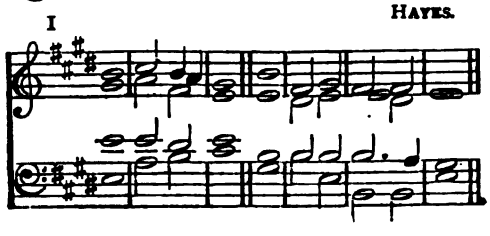
alle - - - - - - | -lu - - jah!

alle - - - - - - | -lu - - jah!

: frequent hymn be | du - ly paid,

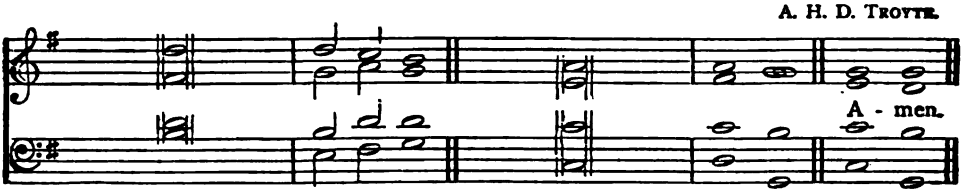
572 Psalm lxvii.

DEUS MISEREA[TUR] . . . . | -lu - - jah!

HAYES.

- - - - | -lu - - jah!

sh . . . . | to the Lord,

. . . | -lu - jah!

A. H. D. TROYTE.

Halle - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

Halle - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

Halle - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

f Halle - - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

p In sweet con - - - -sent u - nite your Halle - -lu jah!

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious fo - rests, sing *f* Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

f Halle - - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

Halle - - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

(Trebles only.)

p There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - rus Halle - - - -lu - jah!

(Trebles only.)

Ye tracts of earth and conti- -nents, re - ply Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

f Halle - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Him- -self approves, Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

(Trebles only.)

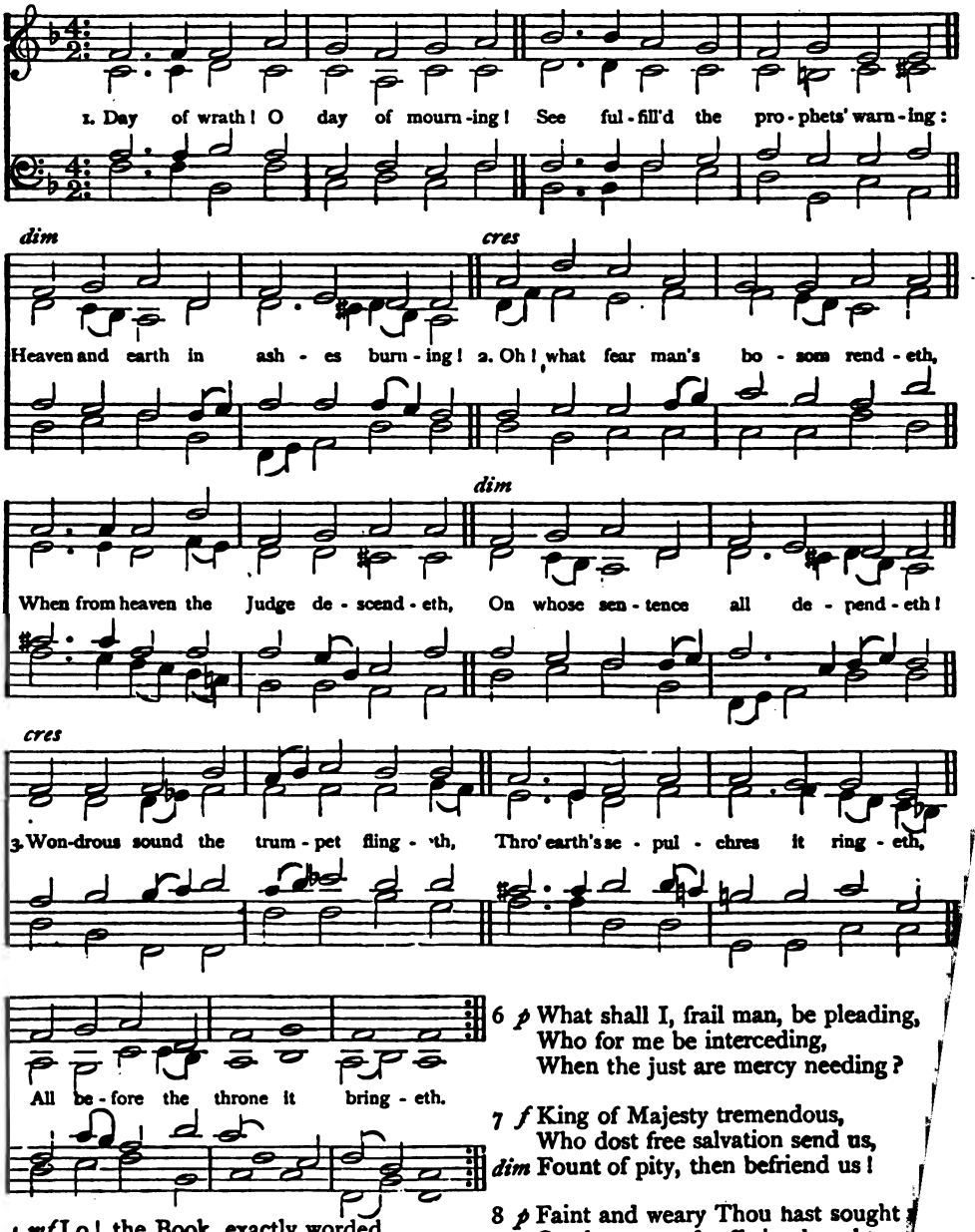
p And children's voices echo, answer mak - ing, Halle - - - - -lu - jah!

With Hallelujah - - e - ver - more The Son and Spirit we adore.

Halle - - - - - - -lu - jah! Halle - - - -lu - jah! A - men.

575

"The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

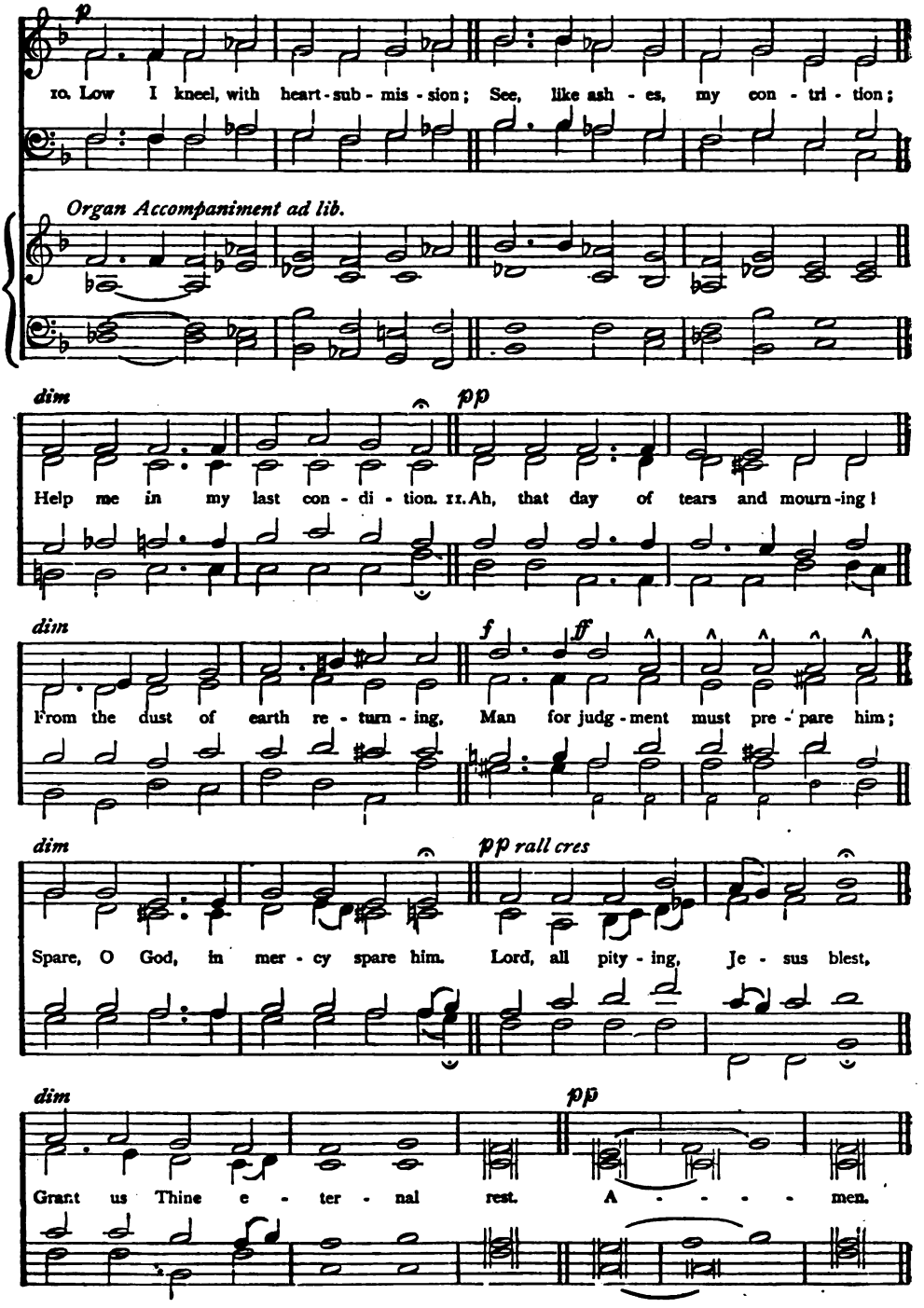
DIES IRÆ. 8.8.8. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

1. Day of wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful-fill'd the pro-phets' warn-ing:
dim
cres
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! 2. Oh! what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
dim
When from heaven the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth!
cres
3. Won-drous sound the trum-pet fling-eth, Thro' earth's se-pul-chres it ring-eth,
All be-fore the throne it bring-eth.

4 *mf* Lo! the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When His seat attaineth

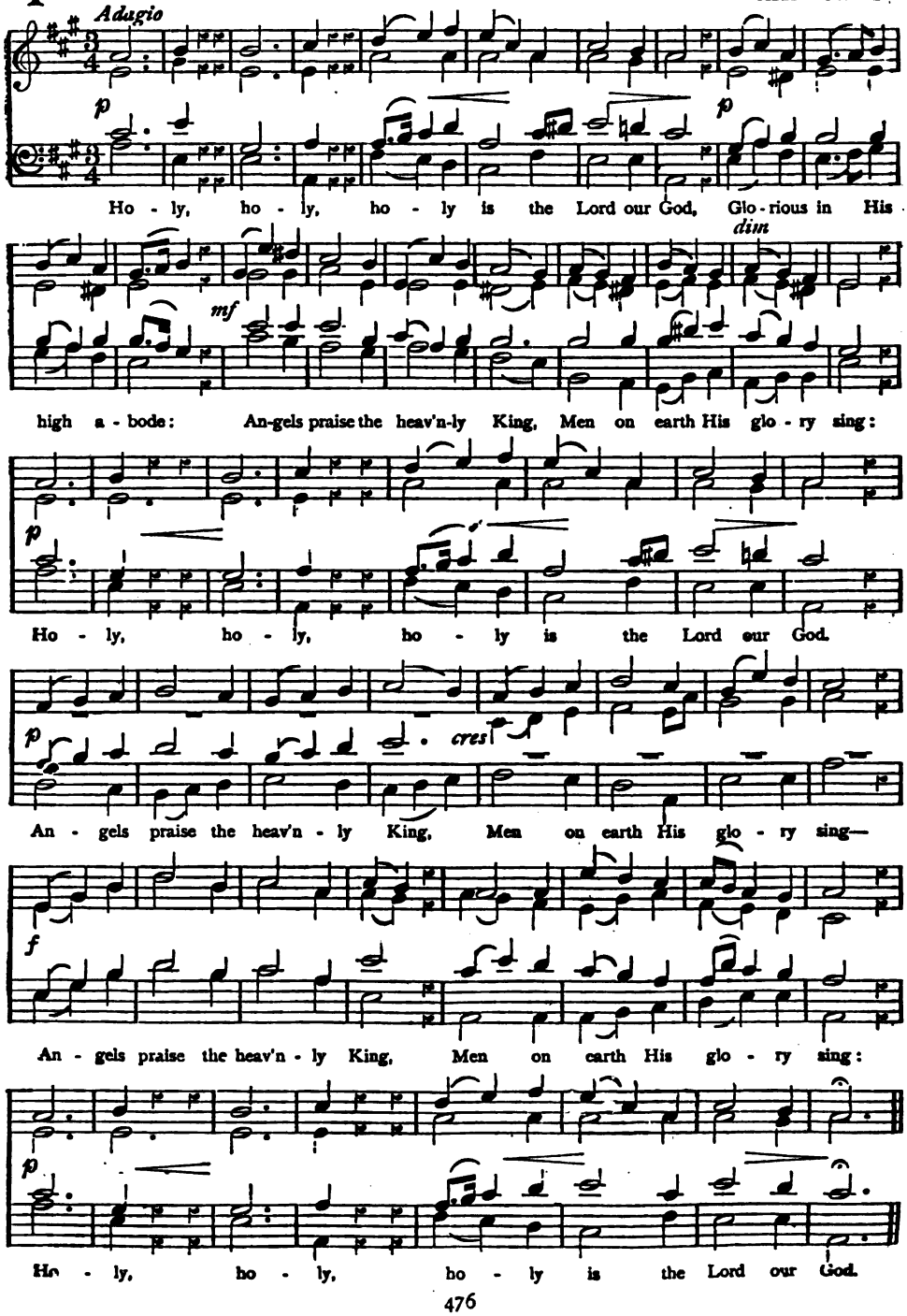
6 *p* What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

7 *f* King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
dim Fount of pity, then befriend us!

8 *p* Faint and weary Thou hast sought
On the cross of suffering bought
Shall such grace be vainly brought

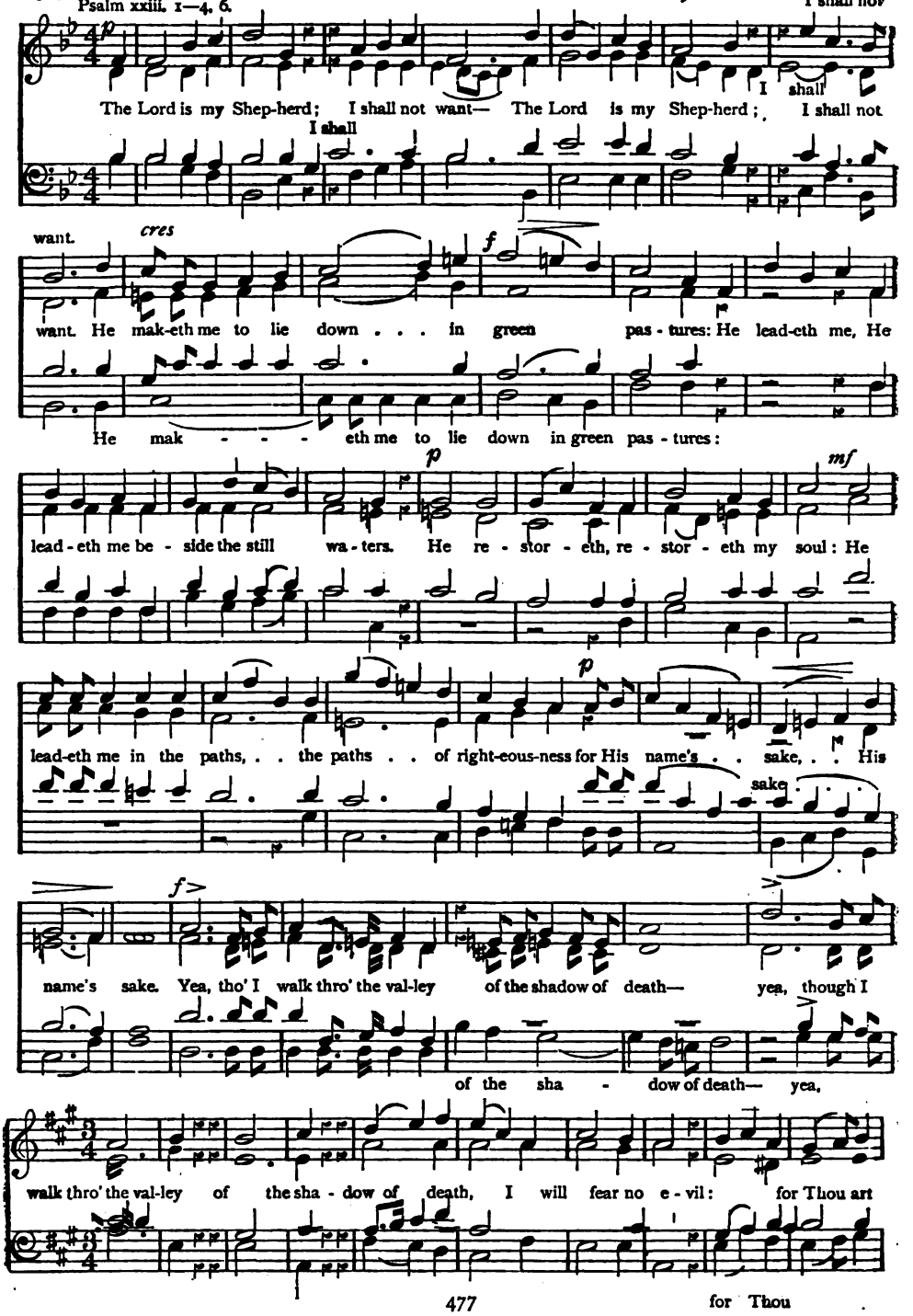
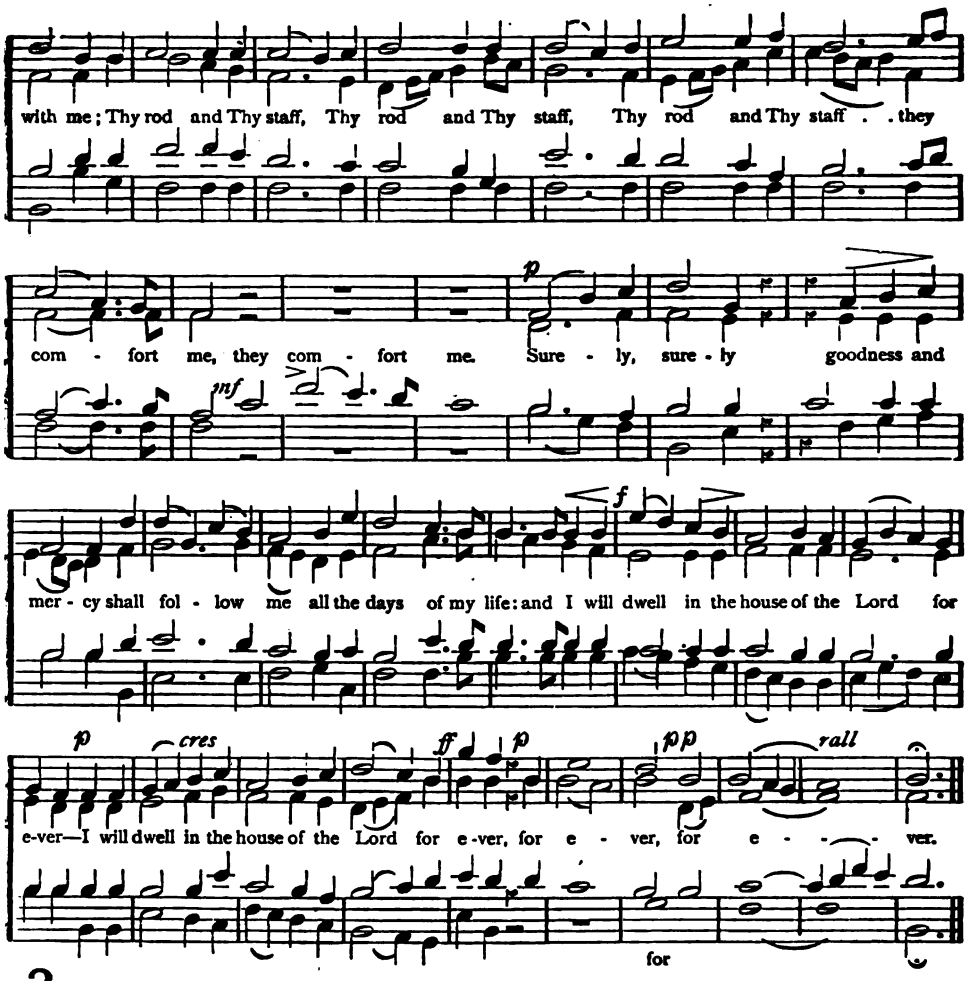
9 *p* Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning

p
10. Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion; See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion;
Organ Accompaniment ad lib.
dim
pp
Help me in my last con-di-tion. 11. Ah, that day of tears and mourn-ing!
dim
f
ff
From the dust of earth re-turn-ing, Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him;
dim
pp rall cres
Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him. Lord, all pity-ing, Je-sus blest,
dim
pp
Grant us Thine e-ter-nal rest. A-men.

XVIII.—Anthems.

1 HOLY IS THE LORD OUR GOD. ABBÉ VOGLER.

Adagio
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God, Glo - rious in His
dim
mf
high a - bode: An-gels praise the heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing:
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God.
cres
An - gels praise the heav'n - ly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing—
f
An - gels praise the heav'n - ly King, Men on earth His glo - ry sing:
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord our God.

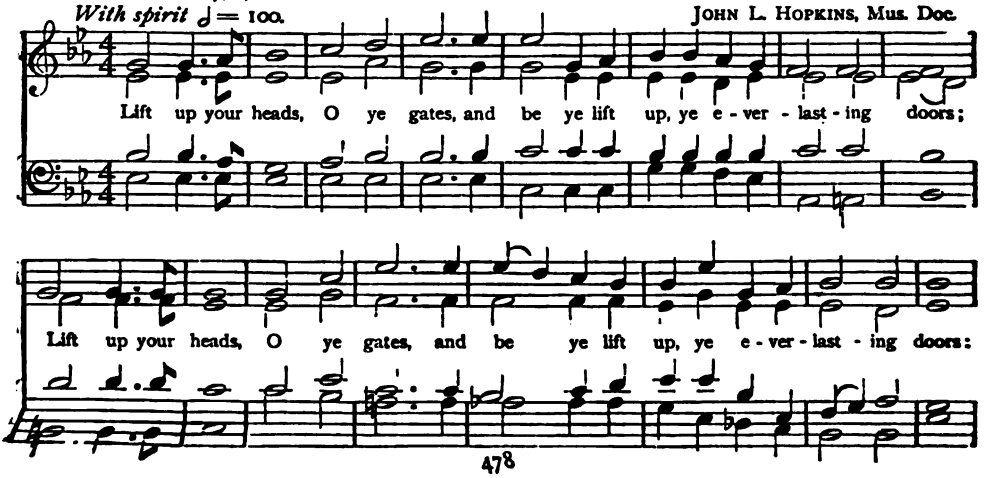
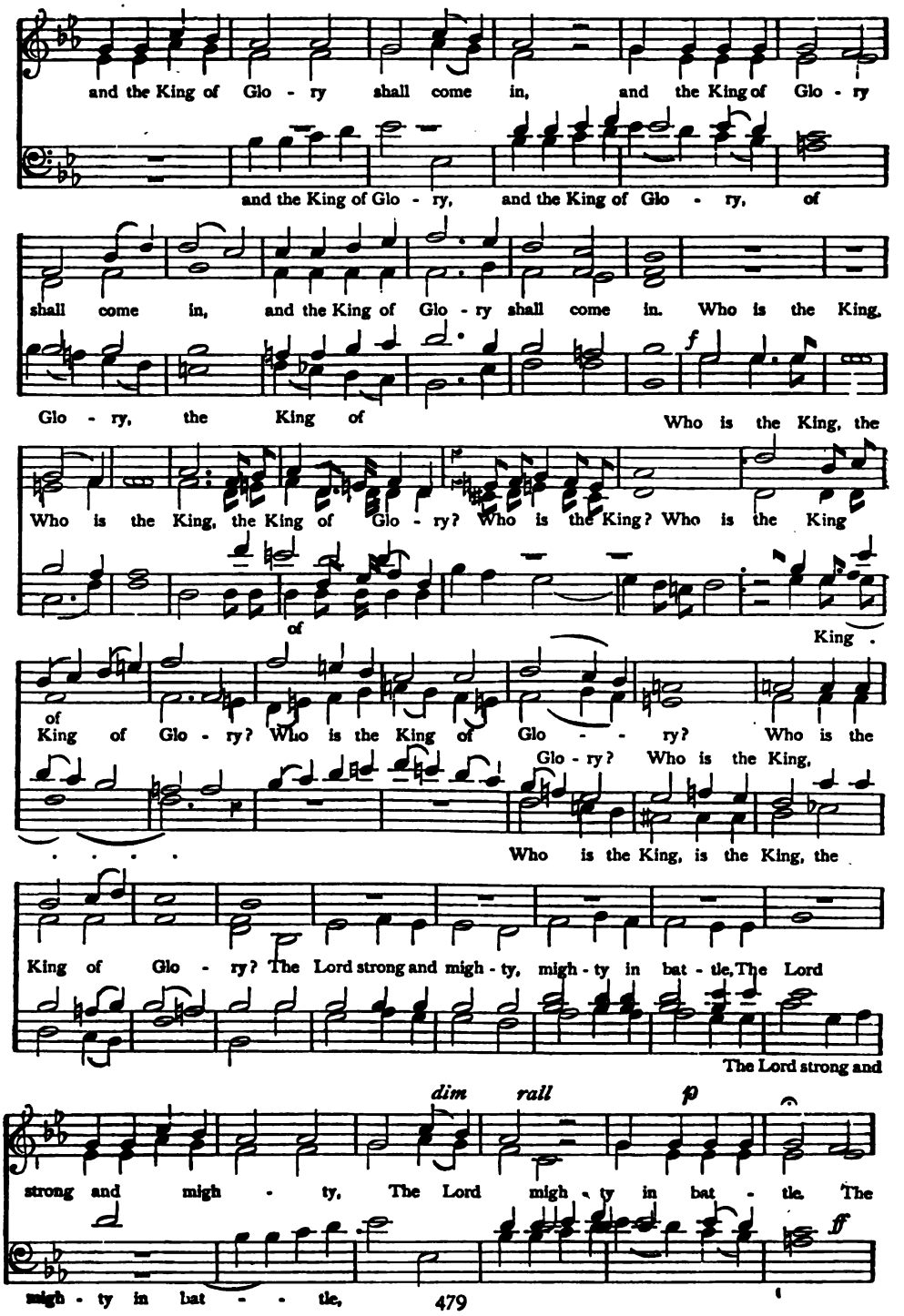
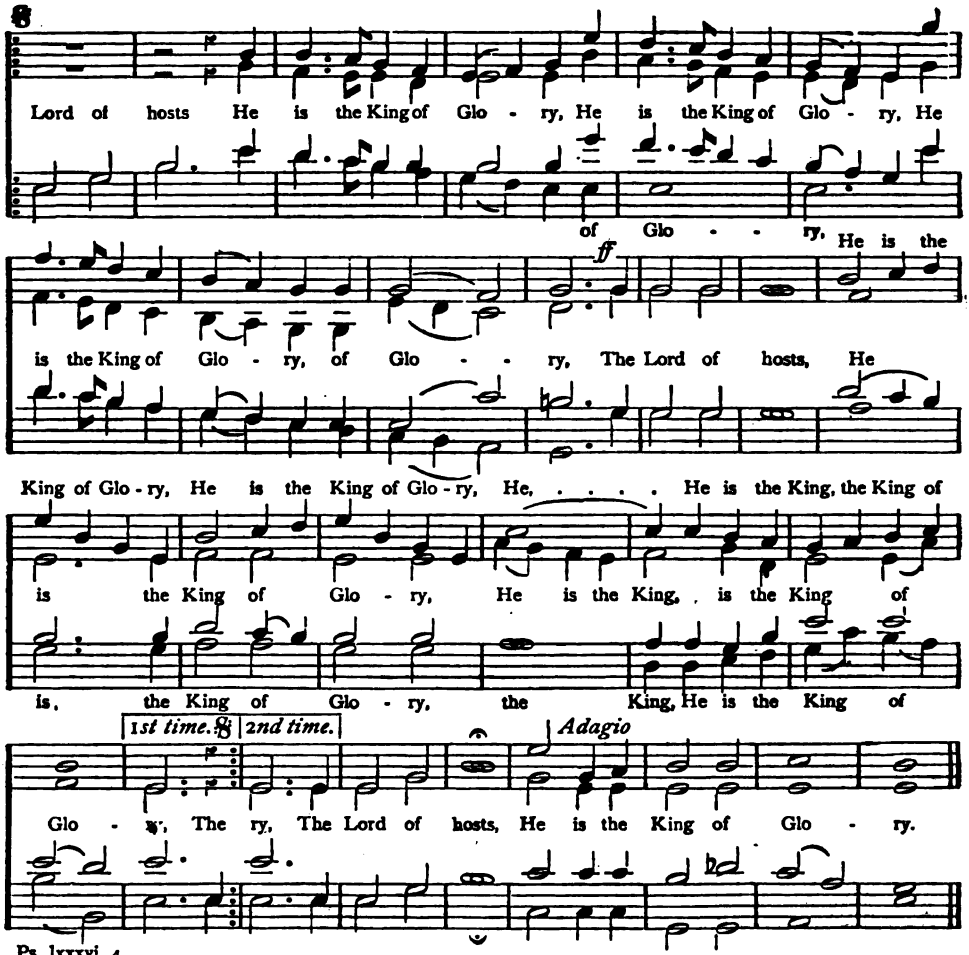
2 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Prof. G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Doc.

Psalm xxiii. 1—4. 6.

I shall not
The Lord is my Shep-herd; I shall not want— The Lord is my Shep-herd; I shall not
I shall
want.
cres
f
want. He mak-eth me to lie down . . . in green pas - tures: He lead-eth me, He
He mak - - - eth me to lie down in green pas - tures:
p
mf
lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters. He re - stor - eth, re - stor - eth my soul: He
p
lead-eth me in the paths, . . the paths . . of right-eous-ness for His name's . . sake, . . His
sake
f
name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shadow of death— yea, though I
of the sha - dow of death— yea,
walk thro' the val-ley of the sha - dow of death, I will fear no e - vil: for Thou art
for Thou

with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, Thy rod and Thy staff, Thy rod and Thy staff . . they
p
com - fort me, they com - fort me. Sure - ly, sure - ly goodness and
mf
f
mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for
p cres ff p pp rall
e-ver—I will dwell in the house of the Lord for e-ver, for e - ver, for e - - - ver.
for

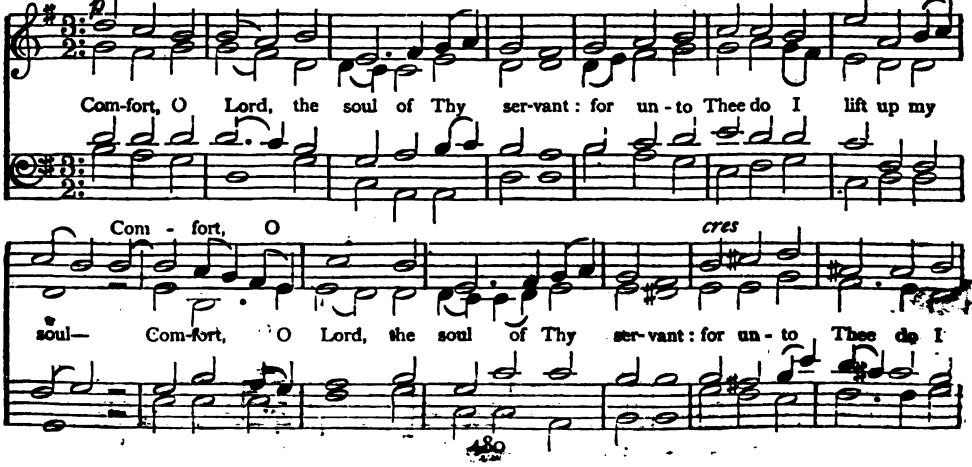
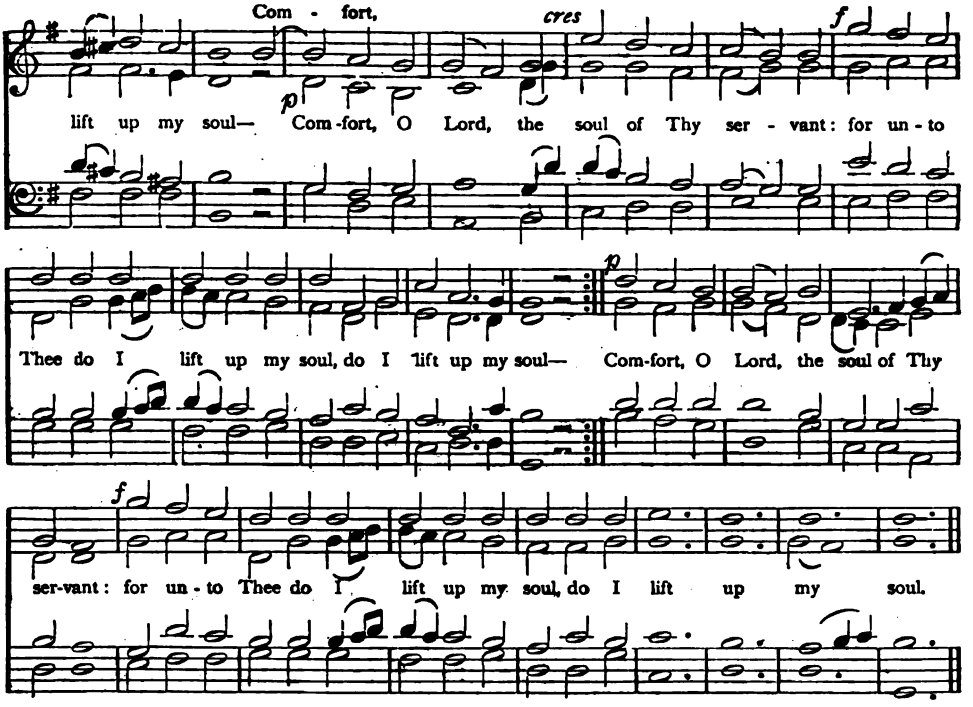
3 Psalm xxiv. 7, 8, 10. . LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

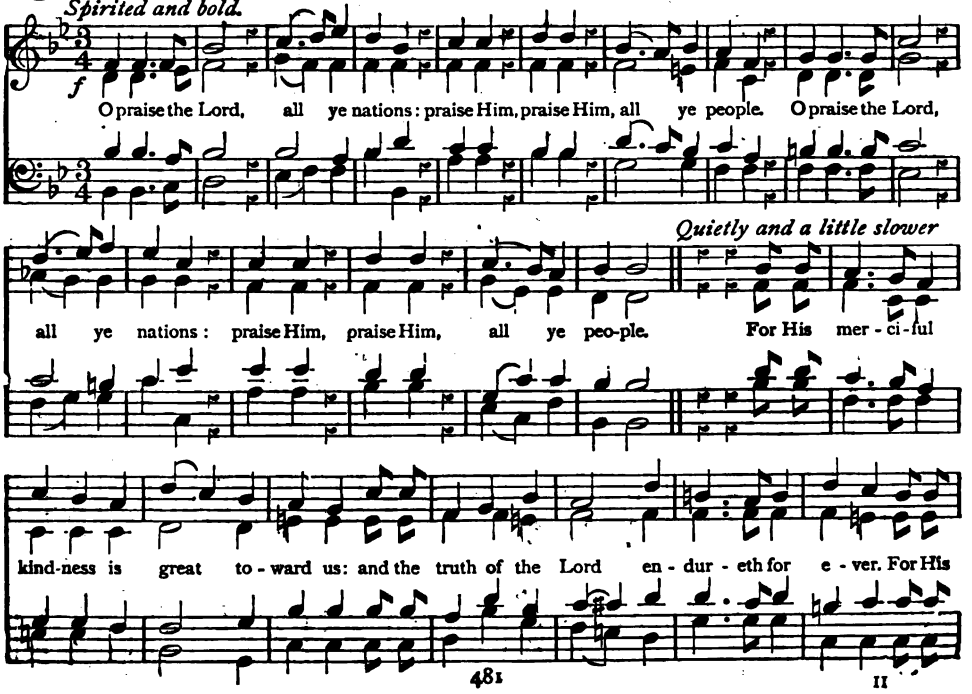
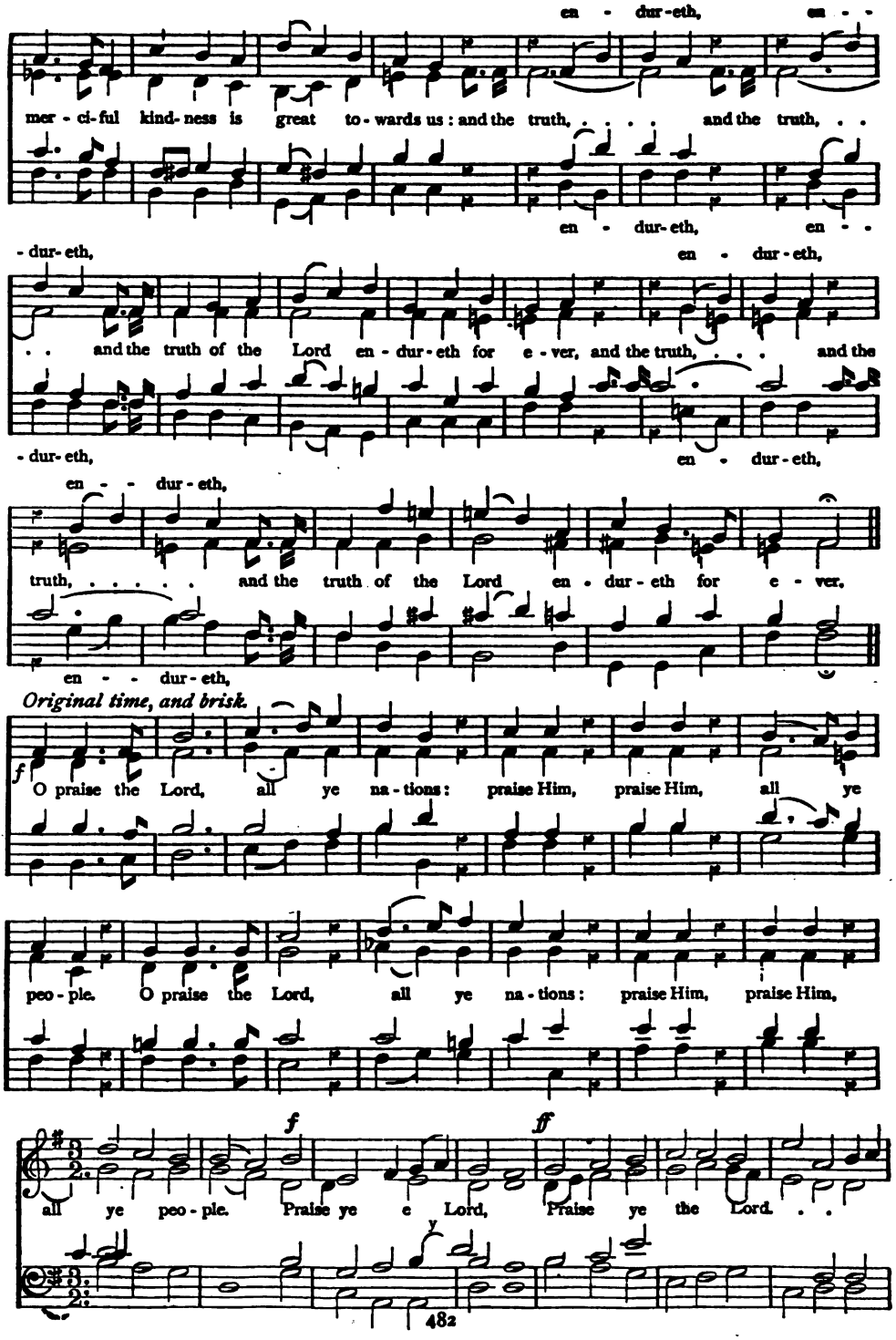
With spirit ♩ = 100. JOHN L. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.


Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye e - ver - last - ing doors;
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye e - ver - last - ing doors:

and the King of Glo - ry shall come in, and the King of Glo - ry
and the King of Glo - ry, and the King of Glo - ry, of
shall come in, and the King of Glo - ry shall come in. Who is the King,
Glo - ry, the King of
f
Who is the King, the
Who is the King, the King of Glo - ry? Who is the King? Who is the King
of
King.
of
King of Glo - ry? Who is the King of Glo - ry? Who is the
Glo - ry? Who is the King,
Who is the King, is the King, the
King of Glo - ry? The Lord strong and migh - ty, migh - ty in bat - tle, The Lord
The Lord strong and
dim
rall
p
strong and migh - ty, The Lord migh - ty in bat - tle. The
ff
migh - ty in bat - - tle,

8
Lord of hosts He is the King of Glo - ry, He is the King of Glo - ry, He
of Glo - - ry, He is the
ff
is the King of Glo - ry, of Glo - - ry, The Lord of hosts, He
King of Glo - ry, He is the King of Glo - ry, He, ... He is the King, the King of
is the King of Glo - ry, He is the King, is the King of
is the King of Glo - ry, the King, He is the King of
1st time.
2nd time.
Adagio
Glo - ry, The ry, The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glo - ry.

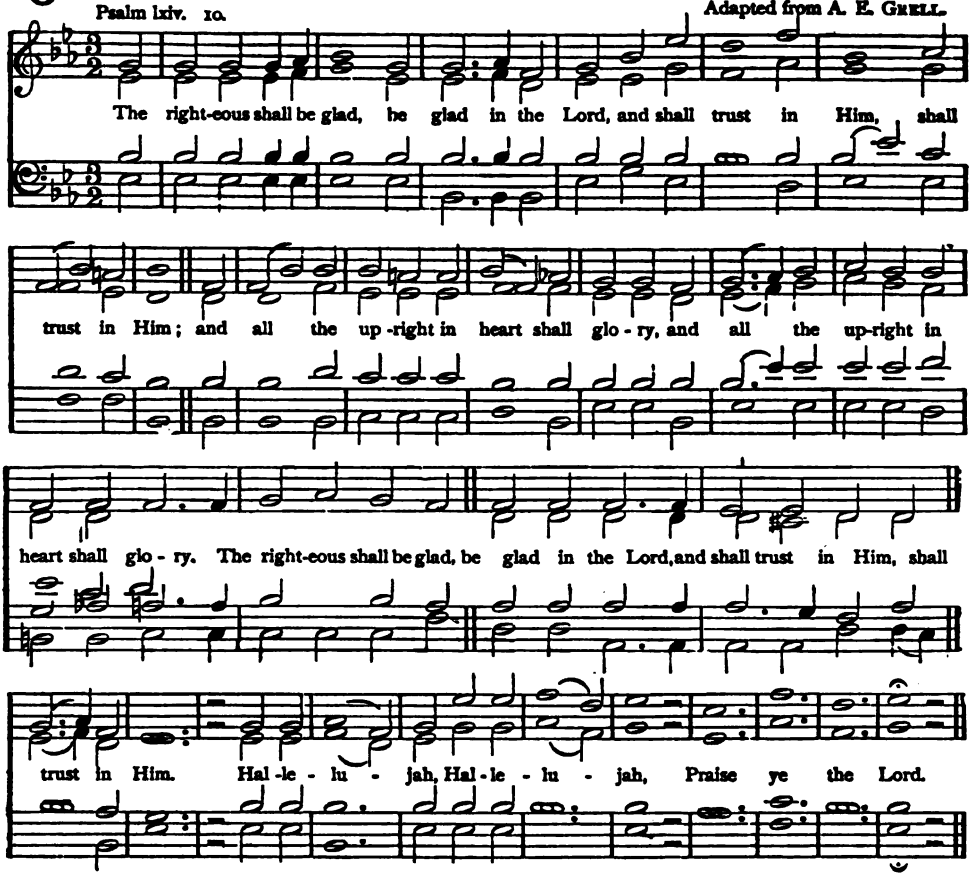
Ps. lxxxvi. 4.

4 COMFORT THE SOUL OF THY SERVANT.

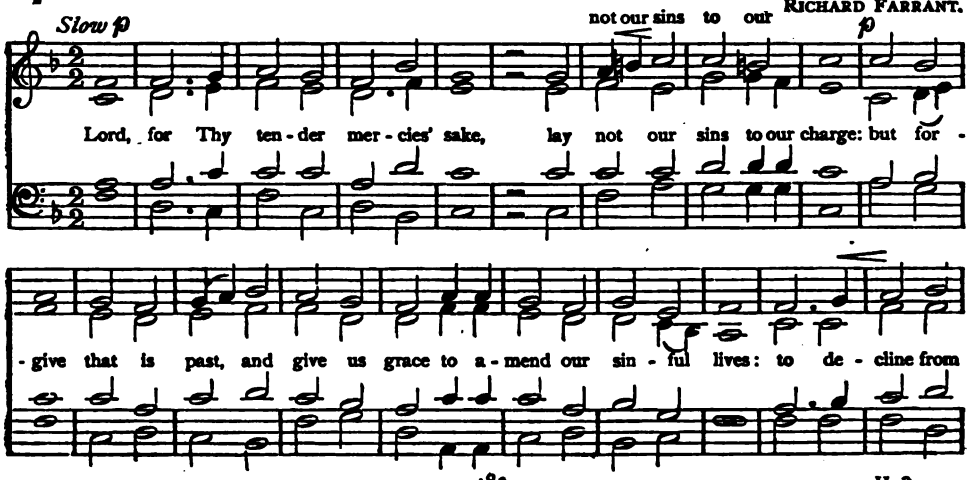
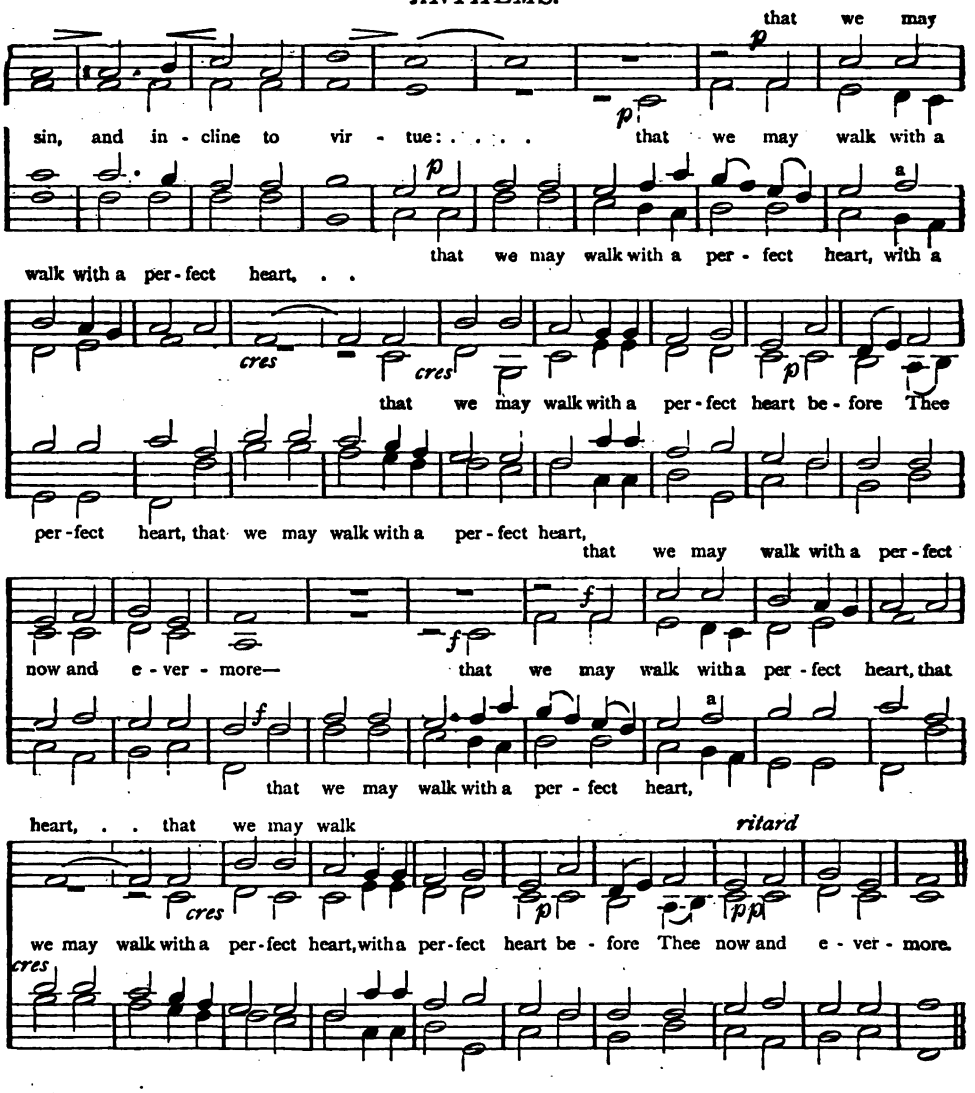
Andante. Treble Solo or Verse. Repeat in Chorus. WILLIAM CROTCH, Mus. Doc.

p
Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy ser-vant: for un-to Thee do I lift up my
Com - fort, O
cres
soul— Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy ser-vant: for un-to Thee do I

Com - fort, cres
lift up my soul— Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy ser - vant: for un - to
Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul— Com-fort, O Lord, the soul of Thy
ser-vant: for un - to Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul.

5 Psalm cxvii. **O PRAISE THE LORD.** E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Spirited and bold.
O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, praise Him, all ye people. O praise the Lord,
Quietly and a little slower
all ye nations: praise Him, praise Him, all ye peo-ple. For His mer - ci - ful
kind-ness is great to - ward us: and the truth of the Lord en - dur - eth for e - ver. For His

en - dur-eth, en - -
mer - ci-ful kind-ness is great to-wards us: and the truth, ... and the truth, . .
en - dur-eth, en - -
- dur-eth, en - dur-eth,
. . and the truth of the Lord en - dur-eth for e - ver, and the truth, . . . and the
- dur-eth, en - dur-eth,
en - - dur-eth,
truth, ... and the truth of the Lord en - dur-eth for e - ver.
en - - dur-eth,
Original time, and brisk.
f
O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions: praise Him, praise Him, all ye
peo-ple. O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions: praise Him, praise Him,
f
ff
all ye peo-ple. Praise ye e Lord, Praise ye the Lord. .

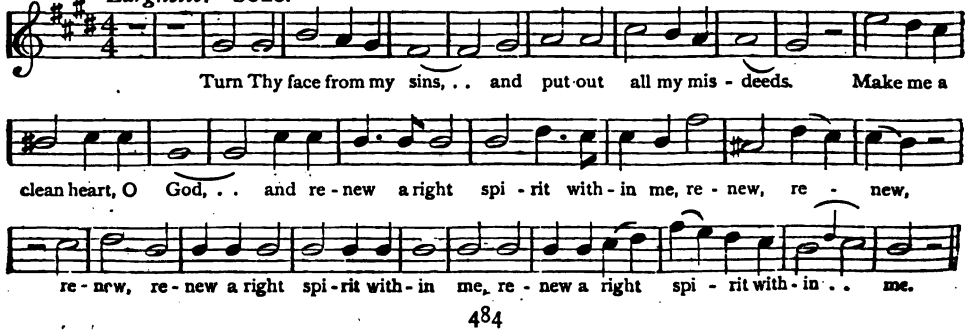
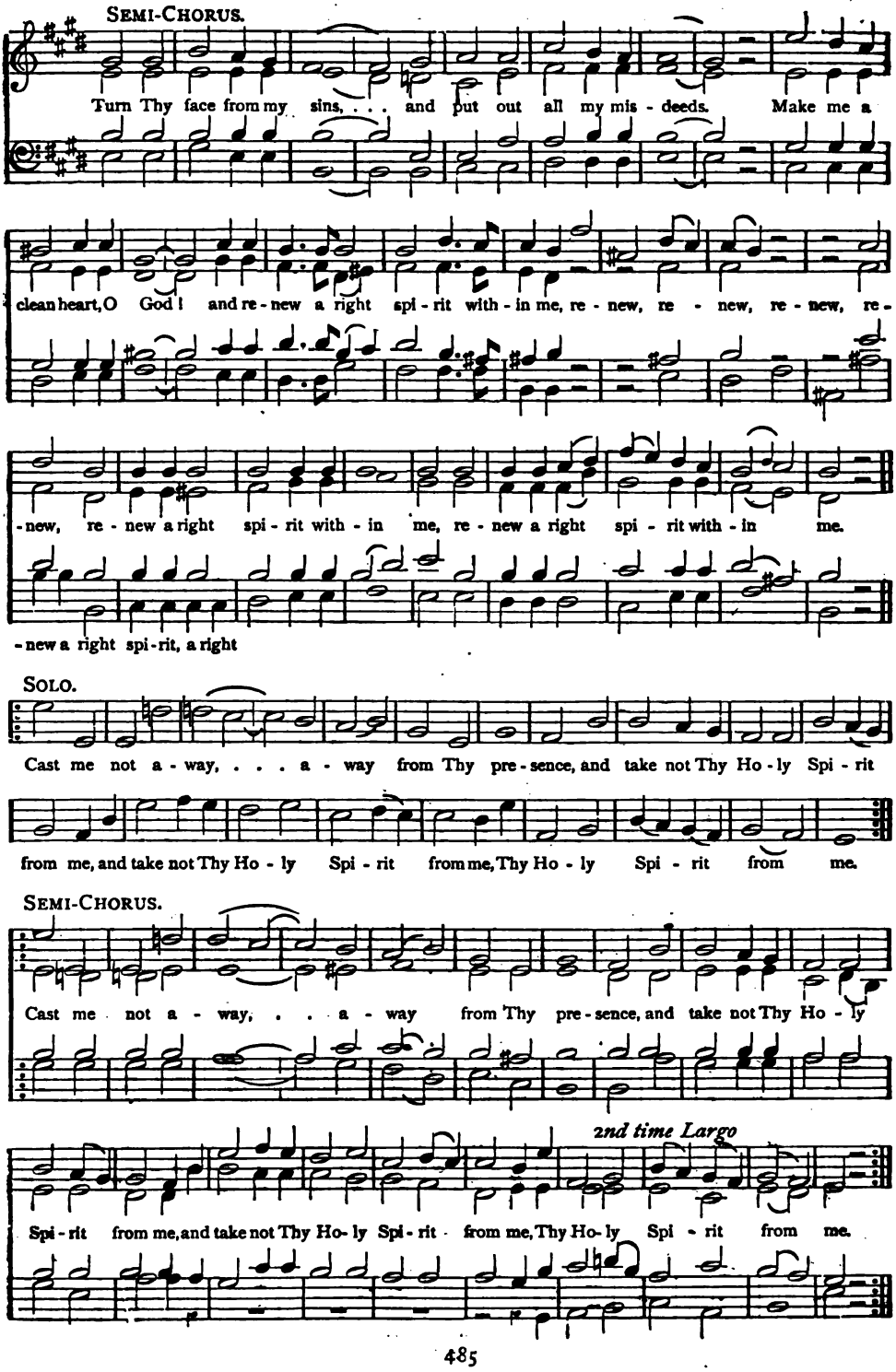
6 THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE GLAD.

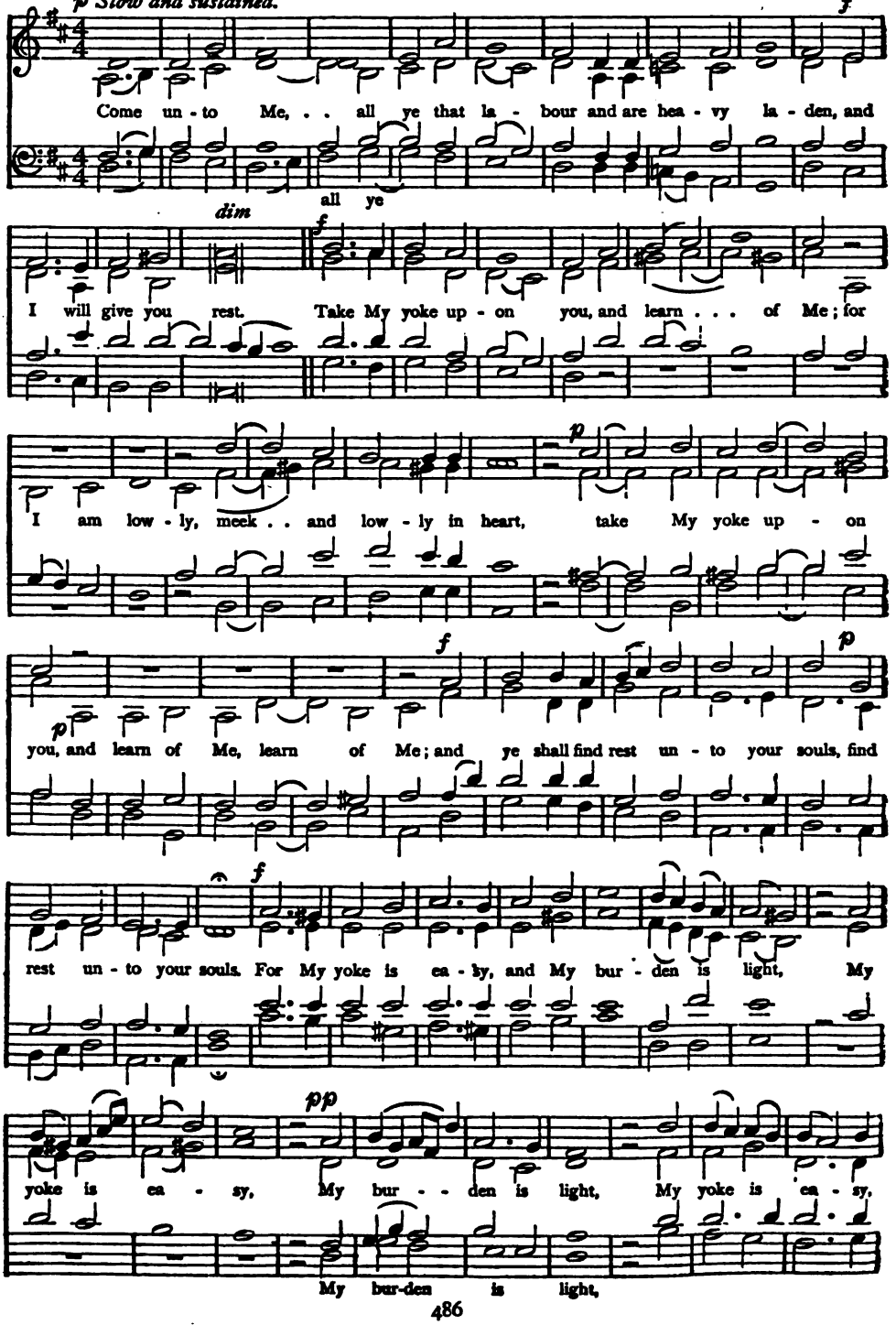
Psalm lxiv. 10. Adapted from A. E. GRELL.

The right-eous shall be glad, be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, shall
trust in Him; and all the up-right in heart shall glo-ry, and all the up-right in
heart shall glo-ry. The right-eous shall be glad, be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, shall
trust in Him. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

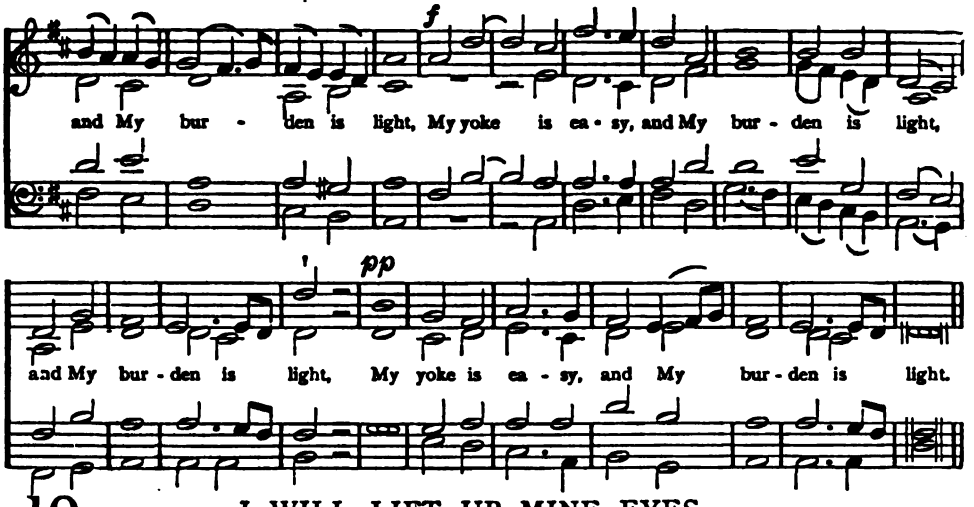
7 LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

RICHARD FARRANT.

Slow p
not our sins to our
p
Lord, for Thy ten-der mer-cies' sake, lay not our sins to our charge: but for-
-give that is past, and give us grace to a-mend our sin-ful lives: to de-cline from

that we may
sin, and in - cline to vir - tue: . . . . that we may walk with a
that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a
walk with a per - fect heart, . .
cres
cres
that we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee
per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart,
that we may walk with a per - fect
now and e - ver - more— that we may walk with a per - fect heart, that
that we may walk with a per - fect heart,
heart, . . that we may walk
ritard
cres
we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and e - ver - more.
cres

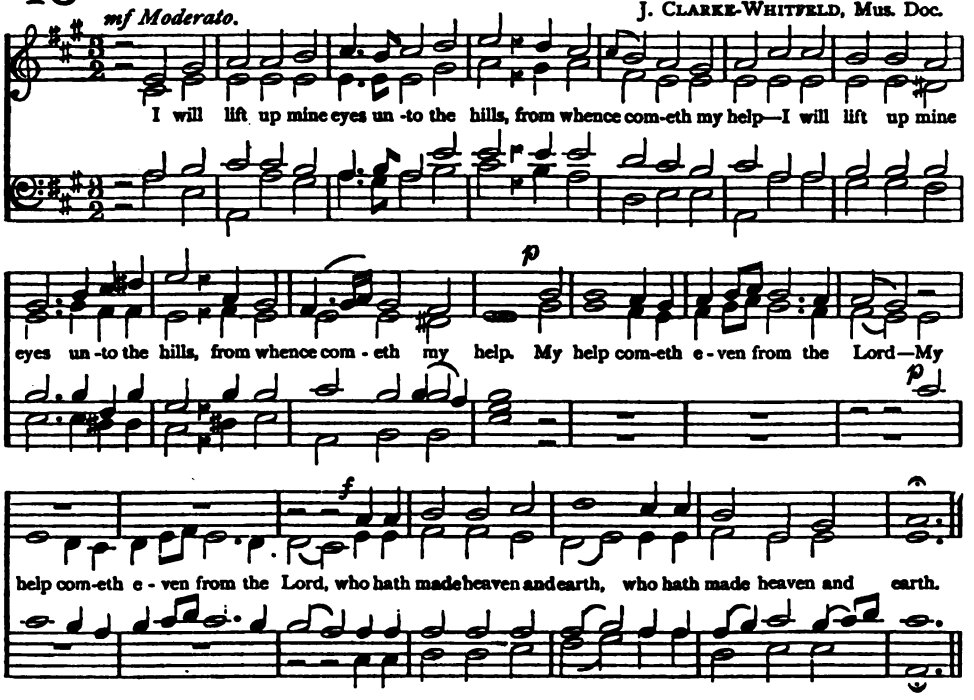
8 Psalm li. 9—11. TURN THY FACE FROM MY SINS.

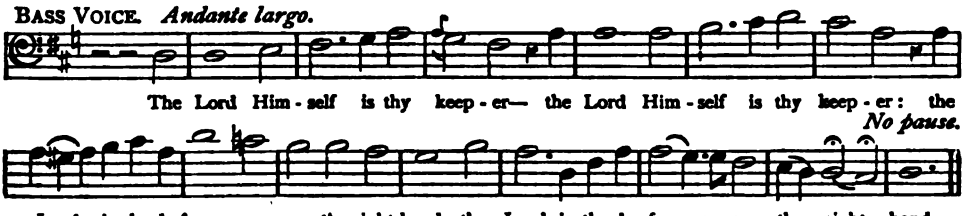
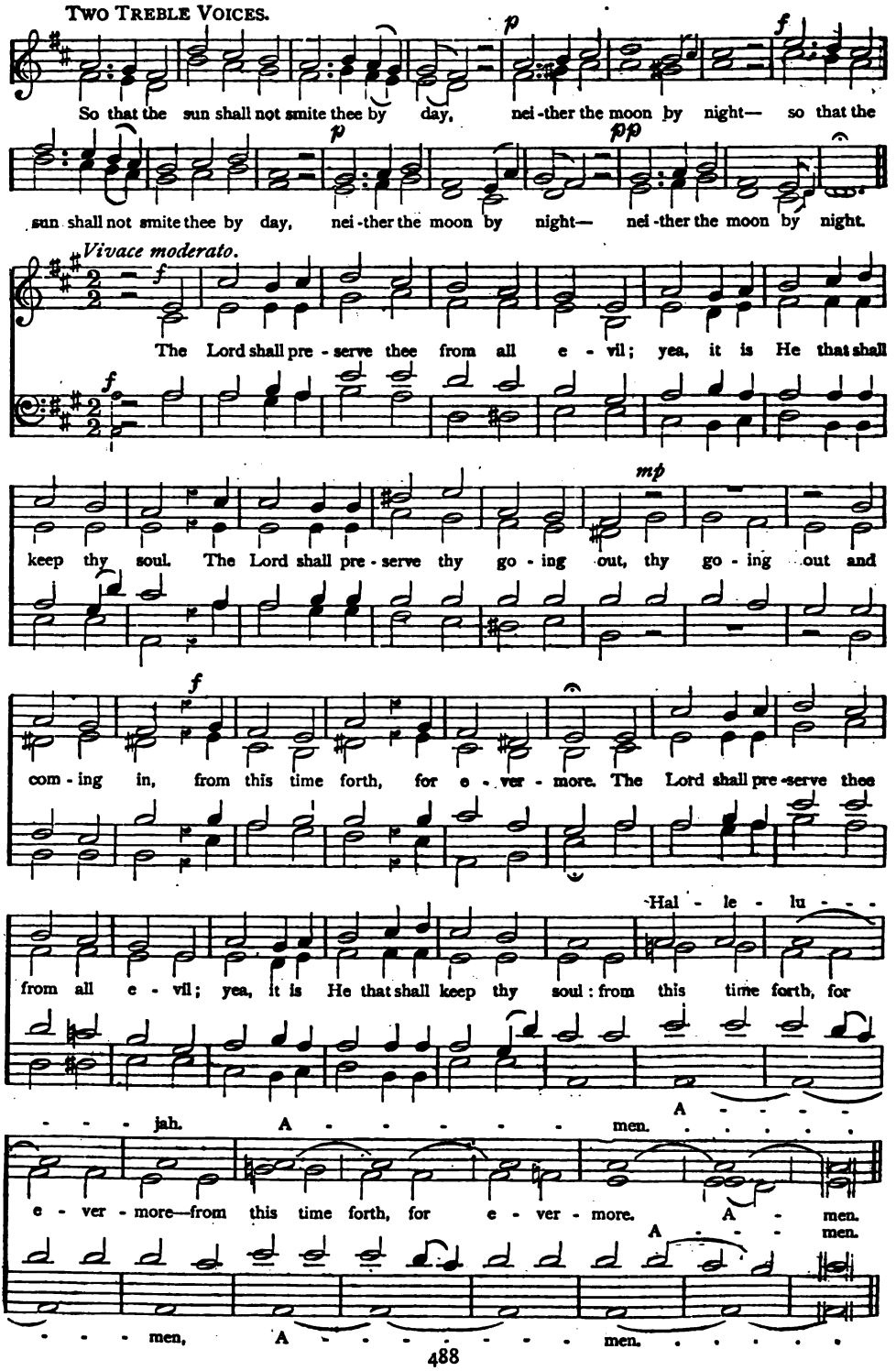
Larghetto. SOLO. THOMAS ATTWOOD.

Turn Thy face from my sins, . . and put out all my mis - deeds. Make me a
clean heart, O God, . . and re - new a right spi - rit with - in me, re - new, re - new,
re - new, re - new a right spi - rit with - in me, re - new a right spi - rit with - in . . me.

SEMI-CHORUS.
Turn Thy face from my sins, . . . and put out all my mis - deeds. Make me a
clean heart, O God! and re - new a right spi - rit with - in me, re - new, re - new, re - new, re -
- new, re - new a right spi - rit with - in me, re - new a right spi - rit with - in me.
- new a right spi - rit, a right
SOLO.
Cast me not a - way, . . . a - way from Thy pre - sence, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit
from me, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from me, Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from me.
SEMI-CHORUS.
Cast me not a - way, . . . a - way from Thy pre - sence, and take not Thy Ho - ly
2nd time Largo
Spi - rit from me, and take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from me, Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from me.

9 St. Matthew xi. 28—30. **COME UNTO ME.** JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

p Slow and sustained.
f
Come un - to Me, . . all ye that la - bour and are hea - vy la - den, and
all ye
dim
f
I will give you rest. Take My yoke up - on you, and learn . . . of Me; for
p
I am low - ly, meek . . and low - ly in heart, take My yoke up - on
f
p
p
you, and learn of Me, learn of Me; and ye shall find rest un - to your souls, find
f
rest un - to your souls. For My yoke is ea - sy, and My bur - den is light, My
pp
yoke is ea - sy, My bur - - den is light, My yoke is ea - sy,
My bur-den is light,



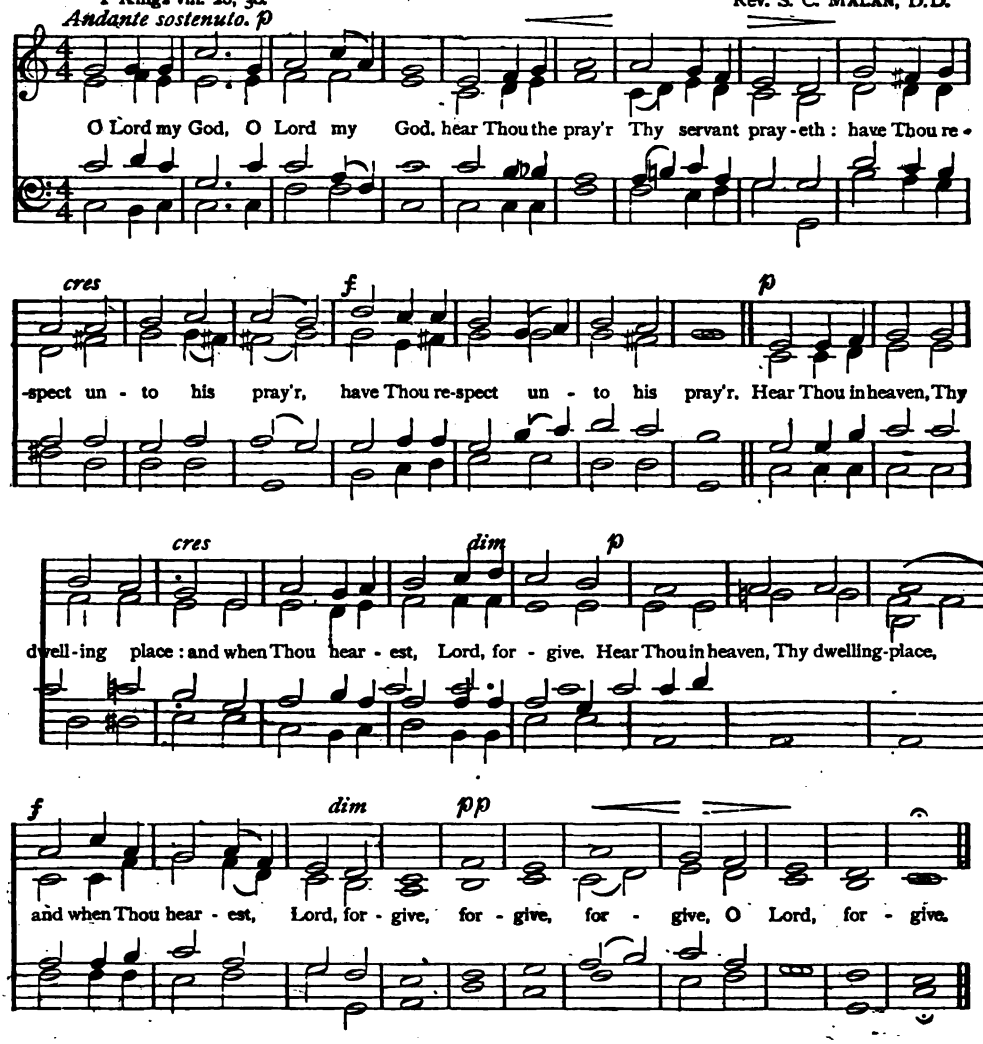
10 Psalm cxxi. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

J. CLARKE-WHITFELD, Mus. Doc.

mf Moderato.
I will lift up mine eyes un -to the hills, from whence com-eth my help—I will lift up mine
p
eyes un -to the hills, from whence com - eth my help. My help com-eth e - ven from the Lord—My
p
f
help com-eth e - ven from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth, who hath made heaven and earth.


BASS VOICE. Andante largo.
The Lord Him - self is thy keep - er— the Lord Him - self is thy keep - er: the
No pause.
Lord is thy de-fence up - on thy right hand—the Lord is thy de - fence up-on thy right hand.

TWO TREBLE VOICES.
So that the sun shall not smite thee by day, nei-ther the moon by night— so that the
sun shall not smite thee by day, nei-ther the moon by night— nei-ther the moon by night.
Vivace moderato.
The Lord shall pre-serve thee from all e-vil; yea, it is He that shall
keep thy soul. The Lord shall pre-serve thy go-ing out, thy go-ing out and
com-ing in, from this time forth, for e-ver-more. The Lord shall pre-serve thee
from all e-vil; yea, it is He that shall keep thy soul: from this time forth, for
Hal-le-lu-jah. A-men.
e-ver-more—from this time forth, for e-ver-more. A-men.
A-men.
A-men.

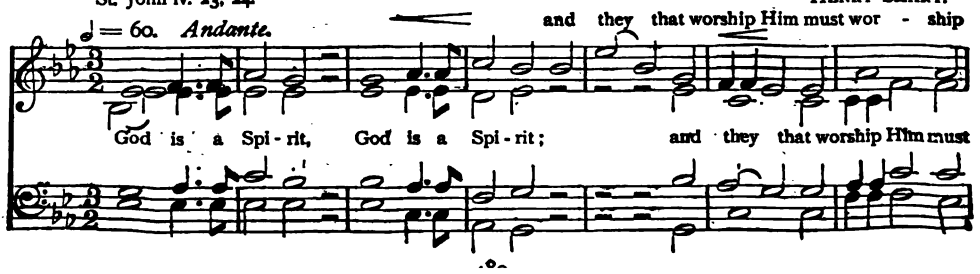
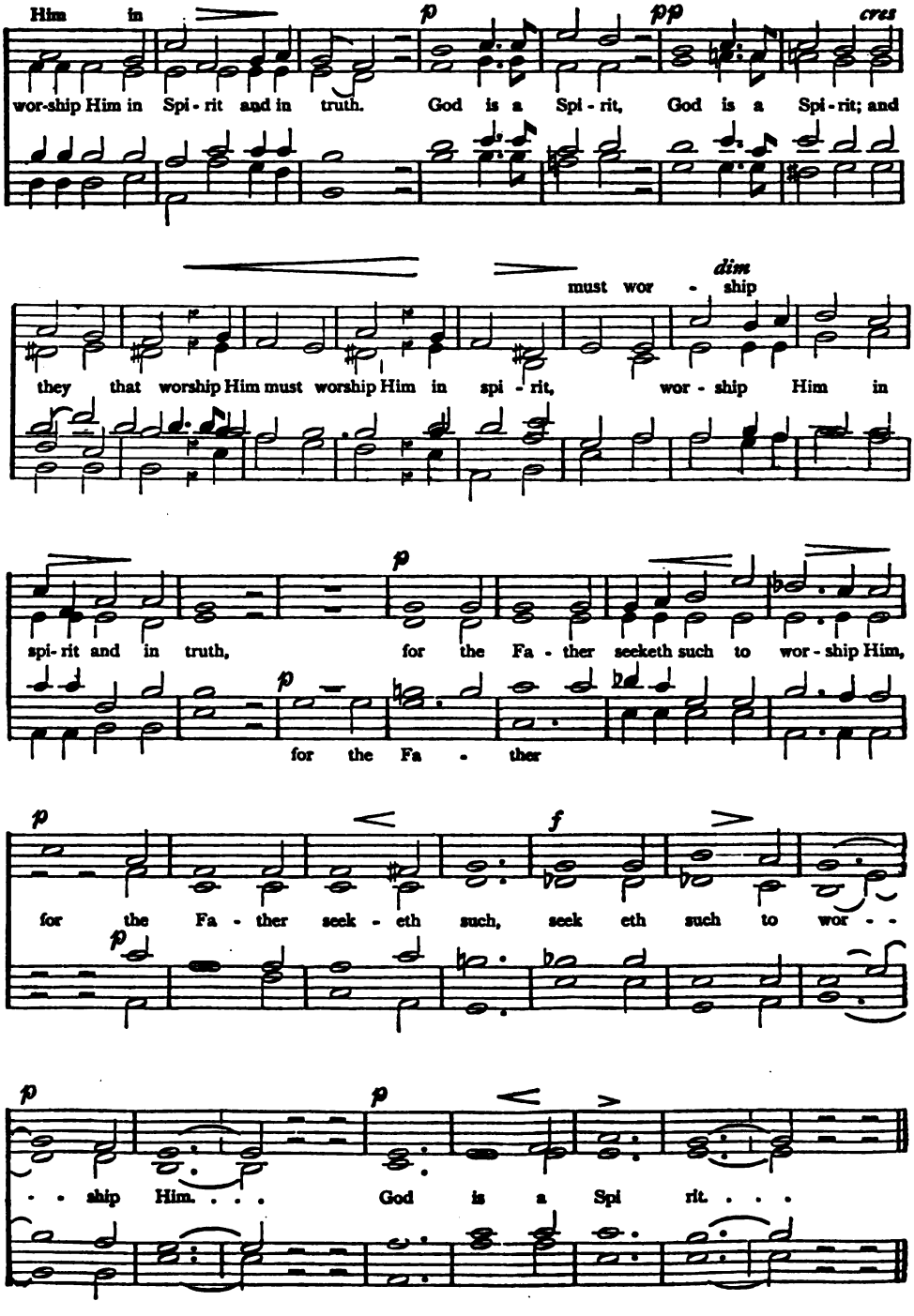
11 O LORD MY GOD.

1 Kings viii. 28, 30.

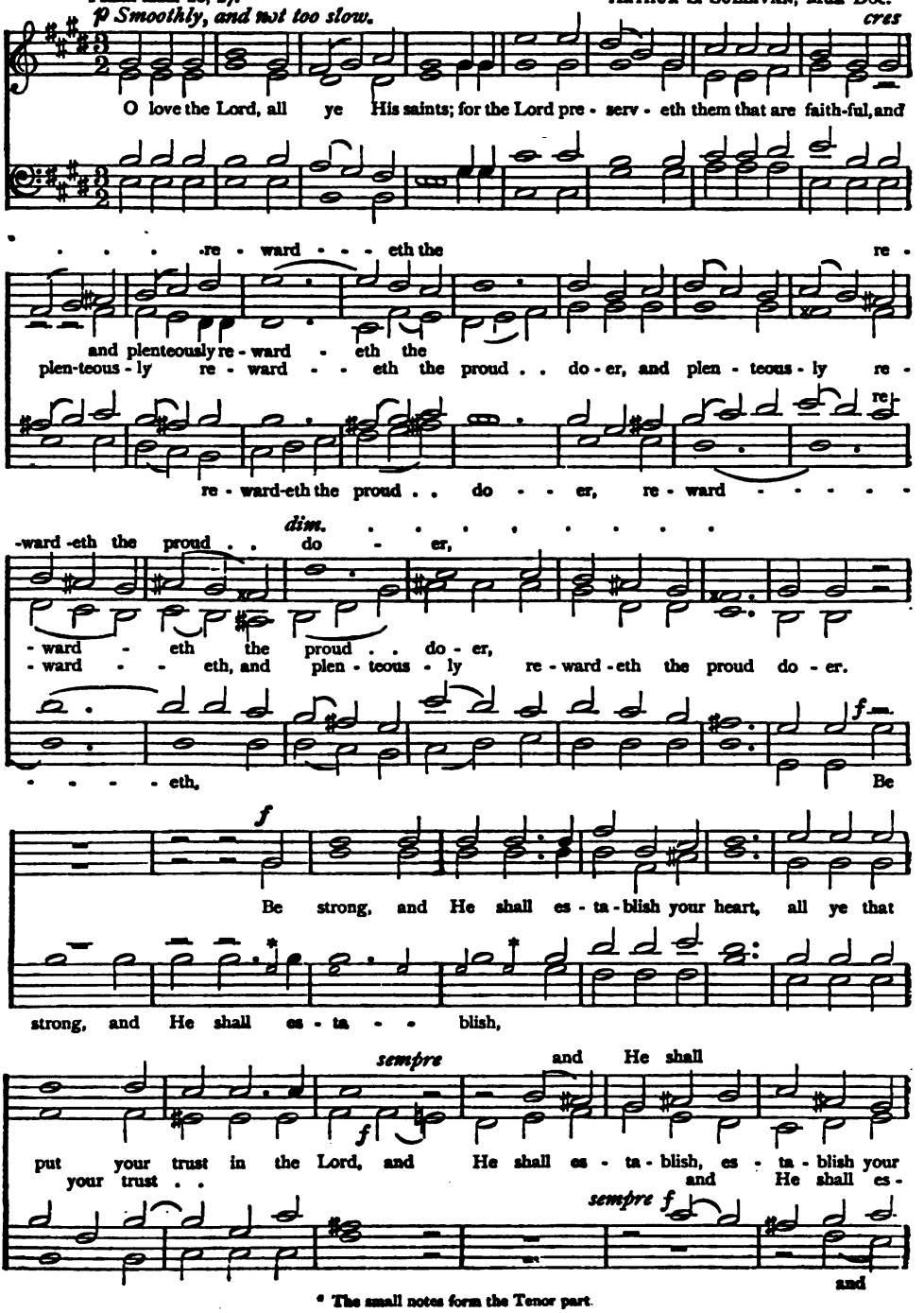
Rev. S. C. MALAN, D.D.

Andante sostenuto. p
O Lord my God, O Lord my God, hear Thou the pray'r Thy servant pray-eth: have Thou re-
cres
f
p
-spect un-to his pray'r, have Thou re-spect un-to his pray'r. Hear Thou in heaven, Thy
cres
dim
p
dwell-ing place: and when Thou hear-est, Lord, for-give. Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
f
dim
pp
and when Thou hear-est, Lord, for-give, for-give, for-give, O Lord, for-give.

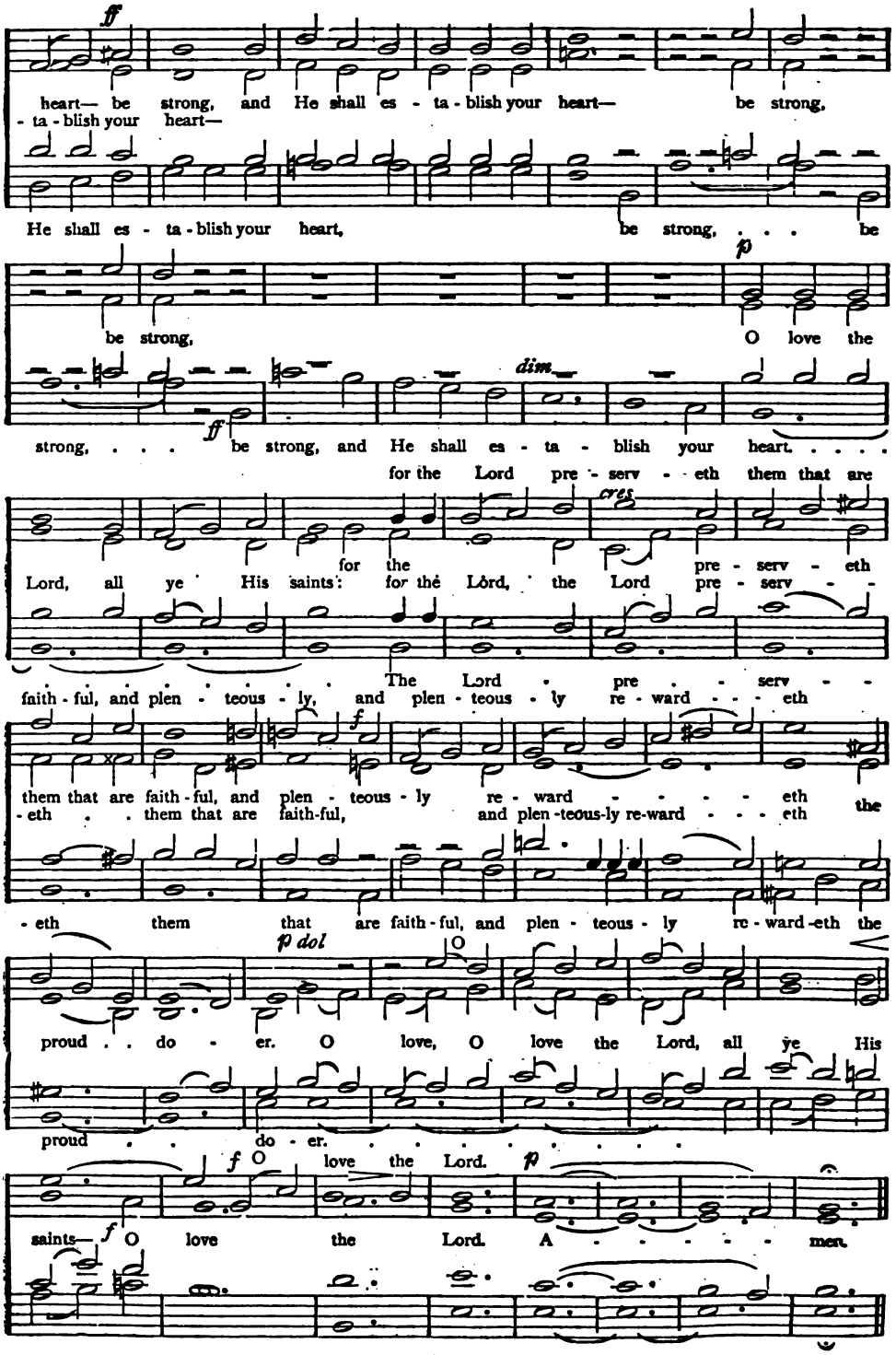
12 GOD IS A SPIRIT.

St. John iv. 23, 24.

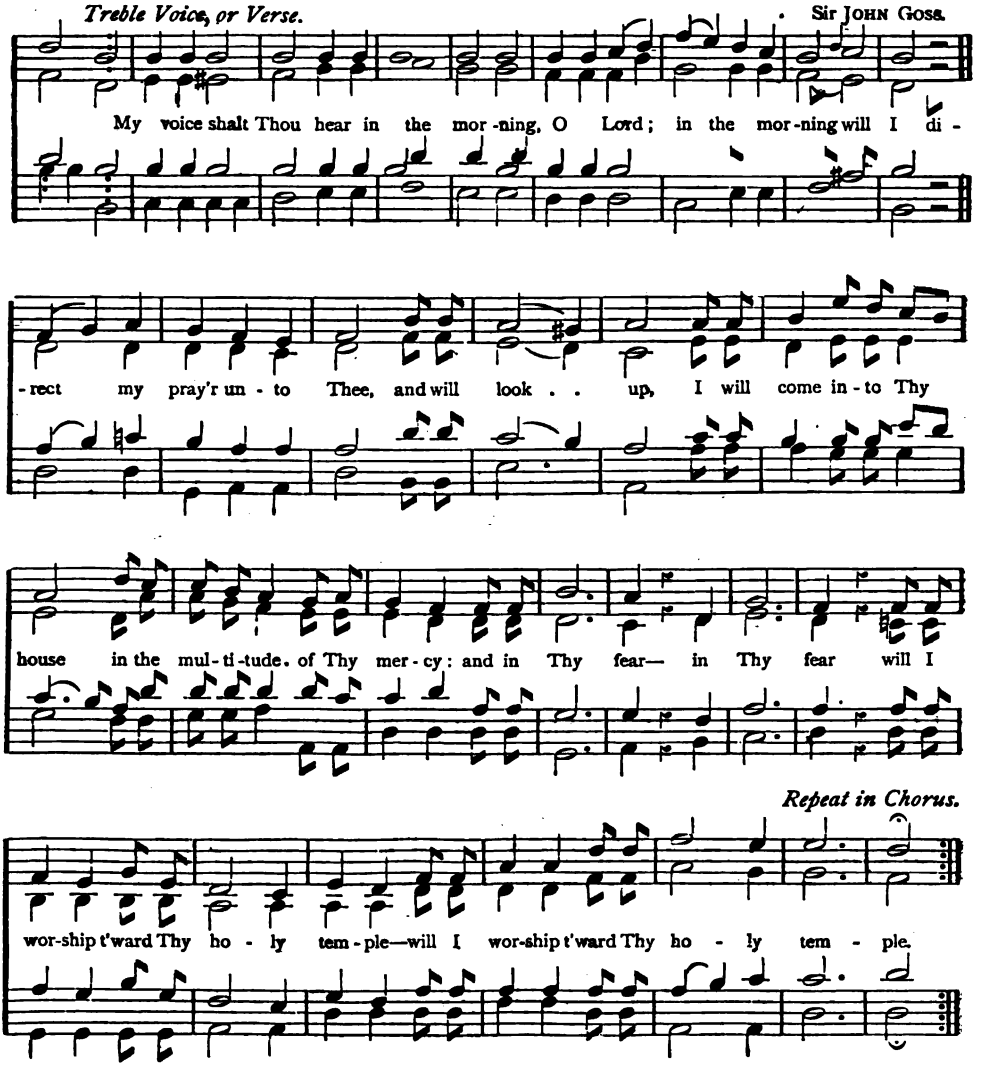
HENRY SMART.

Him in
wor-ship Him in Spi - rit and in truth. God is a Spi - rit, God is a Spi - rit; and
must wor - ship
they that worship Him must worship Him in spi - rit, wor - ship Him in
spi- rit and in truth, for the Fa - ther seeketh such to wor - ship Him,
for the Fa - ther
for the Fa - ther seek - eth such, seek eth such to wor - -
- - ship Him. . . . God is a Spi rit. . . .

13 O LOVE THE LORD.

Psalm xxxi. 26, 27. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

p Smoothly, and not too slow.
cres
O love the Lord, all ye His saints; for the Lord pre - serv - eth them that are faith-ful, and
re - ward - - - eth the re -
and plenteously re - ward - eth the
plen-teous - ly re - ward - - eth the proud . . do - er, and plen - teous - ly re -
re - ward-eth the proud . . do - - er, re - ward - - - - -
dim.
-ward-eth the proud . . do - er,
- ward - eth the proud . . do - er,
- ward - - eth, and plen - teous - ly re - ward - eth the proud do - er.
- - - - eth,
f
Be
f
Be strong, and He shall es - ta - blish your heart, all ye that
strong, and He shall es - ta - - blish,
sempre
and He shall
f
put your trust in the Lord, and He shall es - ta - blish, es - ta - blish your
your trust . .
and He shall es -
sempre f
and

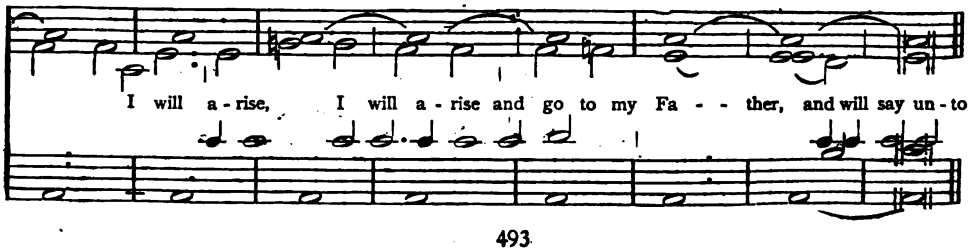
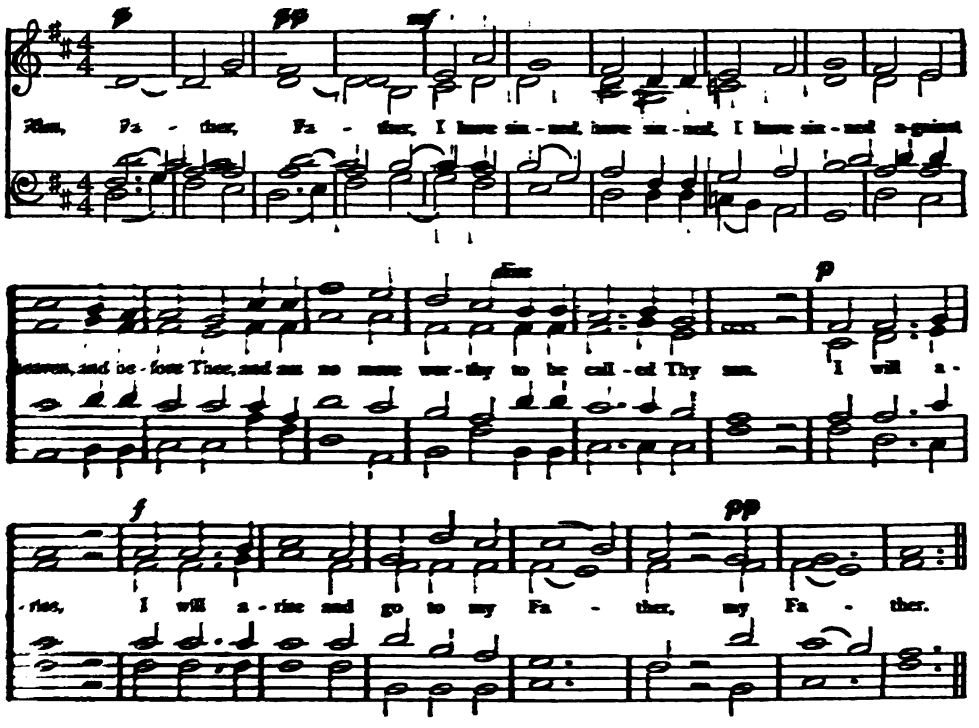
* The small notes form the Tenor part.

heart— be strong, and He shall es - ta - blish your heart— be strong,
- ta - blish your heart—
He shall es - ta - blish your heart, be strong, . . . be
be strong, O love the
strong, . . . be strong, and He shall es - ta - blish your heart. . . . .
for the Lord pre - serv - eth them that are
Lord, all ye His saints: for the Lord, the Lord pre - serv - eth
The Lord pre - serv -
faith - ful, and plen - teous - ly, and plen - teous - ly re - ward - - - eth
them that are faith - ful, and plen - teous - ly re - ward - - - - - eth
- eth . . them that are faith-ful, and plen - teous-ly re-ward - - - eth the
- eth them that are faith - ful, and plen - teous - ly re - ward - eth the
proud . . do - er. O love, O love the Lord, all ye His
proud . . do - er. . . . . .
love the Lord.
saints— O love the Lord. A - - - - - men.

14 Psalm v. 3, 7. MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR.

Treble Voice, or Verse. Sir JOHN GOSS.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the mor-ning, O Lord; in the mor-ning will I di-
-rect my pray'r un-to Thee, and will look . . up, I will come in-to Thy
house in the mul-ti-tude. of Thy mer-cy: and in Thy fear— in Thy fear will I
Repeat in Chorus.
wor-ship t'ward Thy ho-ly tem-ple—will I wor-ship t'ward Thy ho-ly tem-ple.

15 I WILL ARISE.

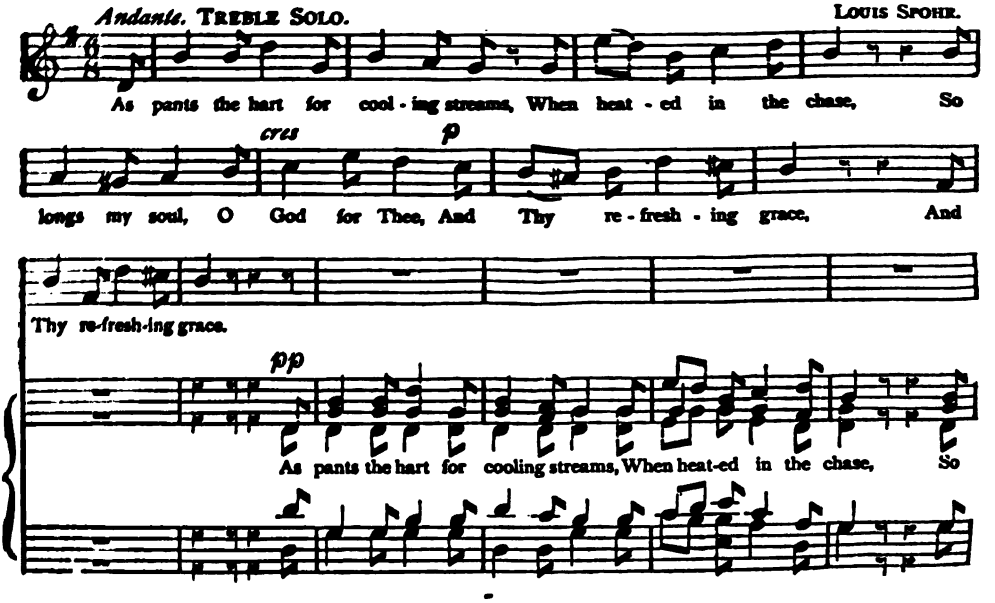
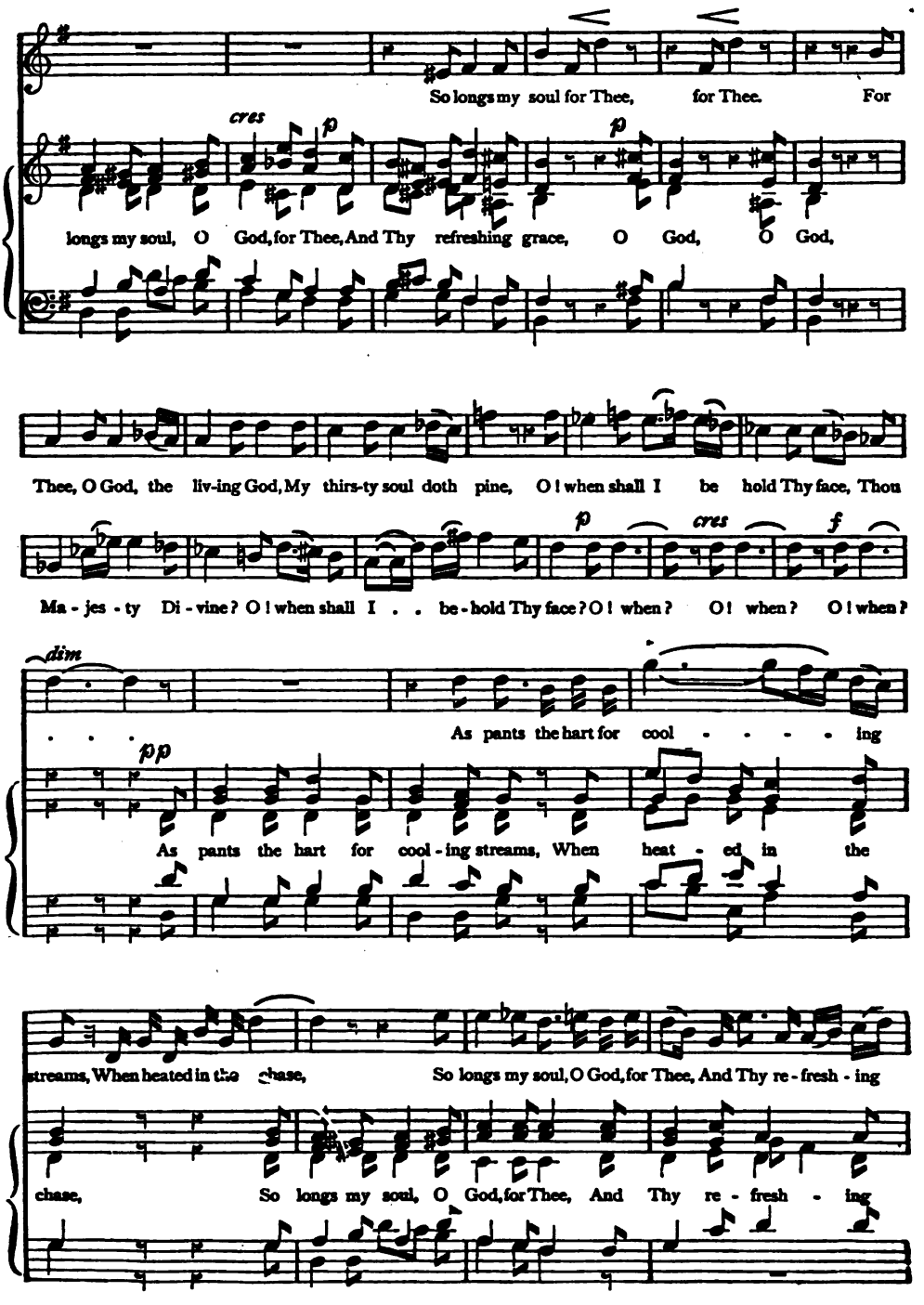
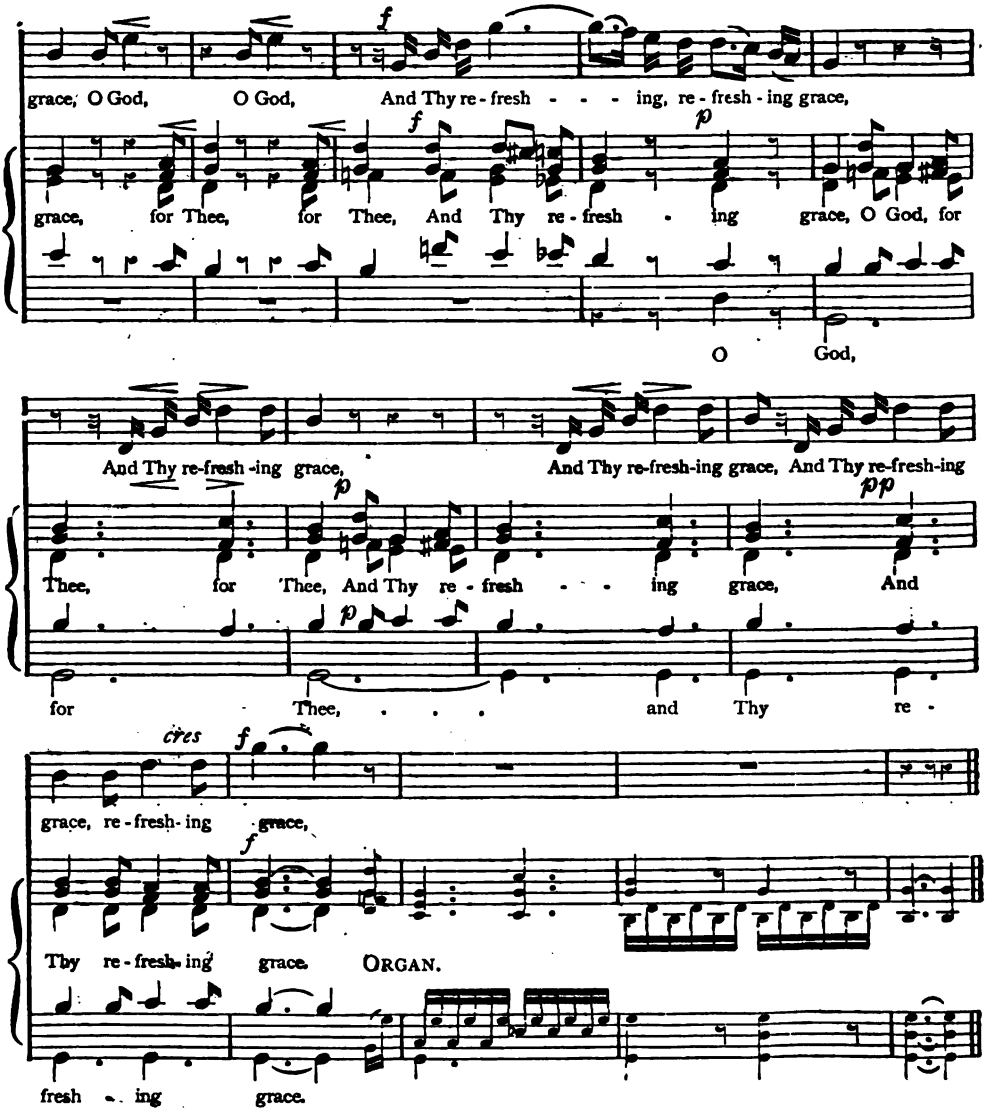
Luke xv. 18, 19. Rev. R. CECIL.



p
pp
mf
Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a-gainst
dim
p
heaven, and be - fore Thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed Thy son. I will a -
f
pp
- rise, I will a - rise and go to my Fa - ther, my Fa - ther.

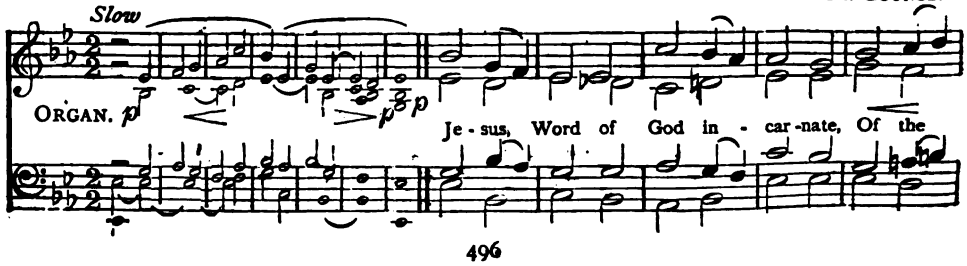
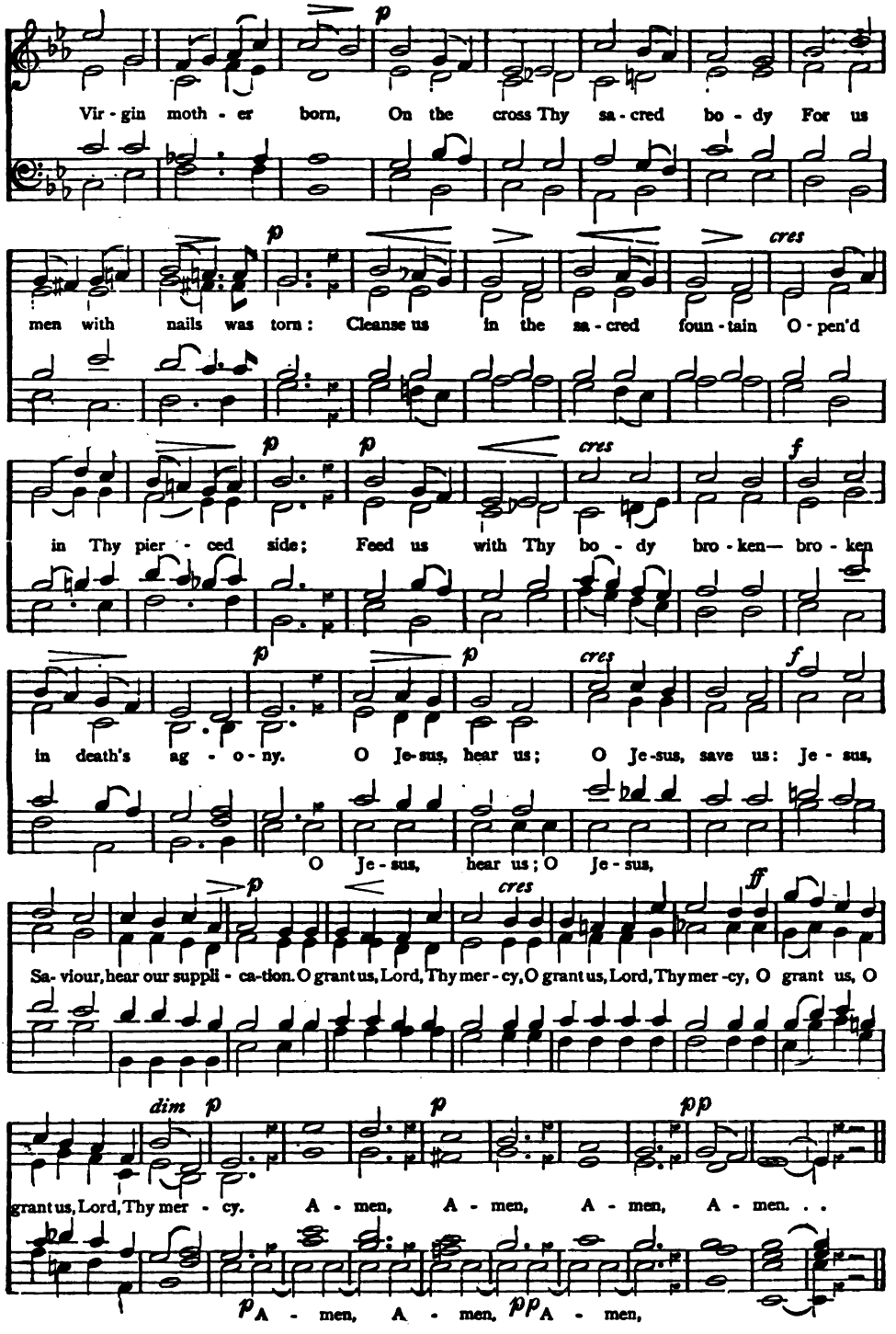
16 AS PANTS THE HART.

(Anthem for Six Voices.)

Andante. TREBLE SOLO. LOUIS SPOHR.

As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase, So
cres
p
longs my soul, O God for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, And
Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
pp
As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heat-ed in the chase, So

So longs my soul for Thee, for Thee. For
cres
p
p
longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace, O God, O God,
Thee, O God, the liv-ing God, My thirs-ty soul doth pine, O! when shall I be hold Thy face, Thou
p
cres
f
Ma - jes - ty Di - vine? O! when shall I . . be - hold Thy face? O! when? O! when? O! when?
dim
pp
. . . As pants the hart for cool - - - - ing
As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the
streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing
chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing

grace, O God, O God, And Thy re - fresh - - - ing, re - fresh - ing grace,
grace, for Thee, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, O God, for
O God,
And Thy re-fresh-ing grace, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace, And Thy re-fresh-ing
Thee, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - - - ing grace, And
for Thee, . . . and Thy re -
cres
grace, re - fresh - ing grace,
Thy re - fresh - ing grace. ORGAN.
fresh - ing grace.

17 JESUS, WORD OF GOD INCARNATE.

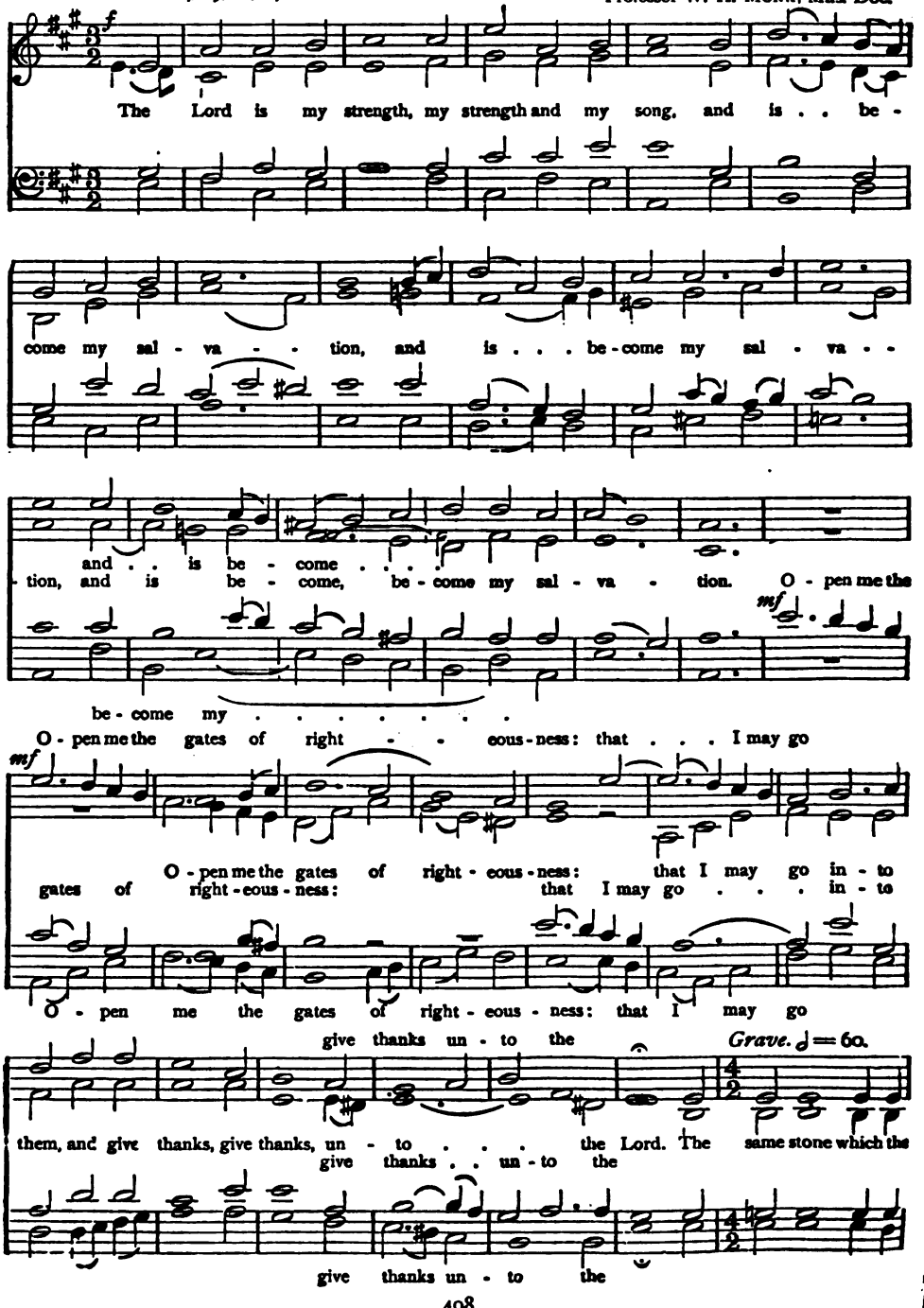
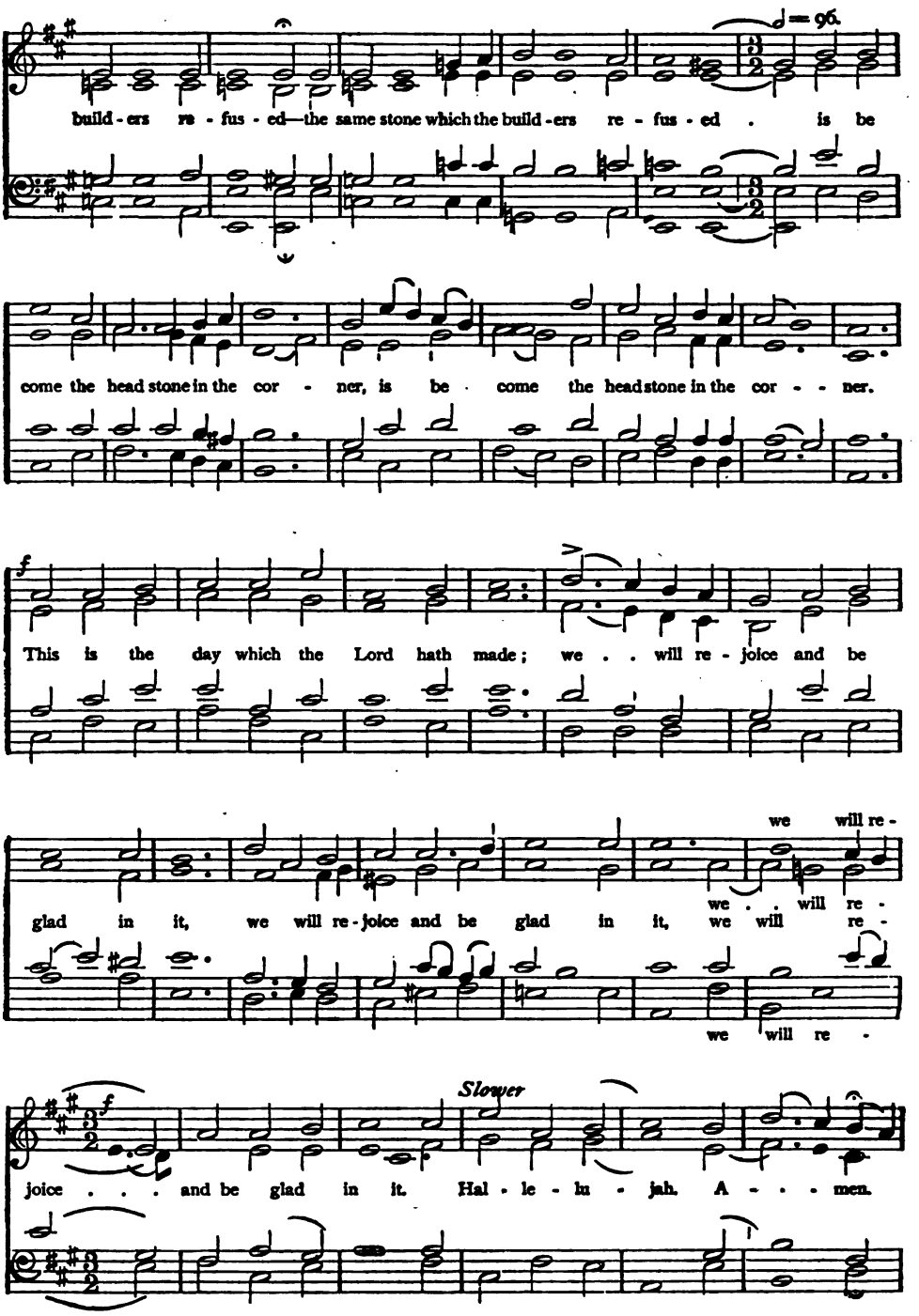
CH. GOUNOD.



Vir - gin moth - er born, On the cross Thy sa - cred bo - dy For us
men with nails was torn: Cleanse us in the sa - cred foun - tain O - pen'd
in Thy pier - ced side; Feed us with Thy bo - dy bro - ken— bro - ken
in death's ag - o - ny. O Je-sus, hear us; O Je-sus, save us: Je - sus,
O Je - sus, hear us; O Je - sus,
Sa- viour, hear our suppli - ca-tion. O grant us, Lord, Thy mer - cy, O grant us, Lord, Thy mer -cy, O grant us, O
grant us, Lord, Thy mer - cy. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men. . .
A - men, A - men, A - men,

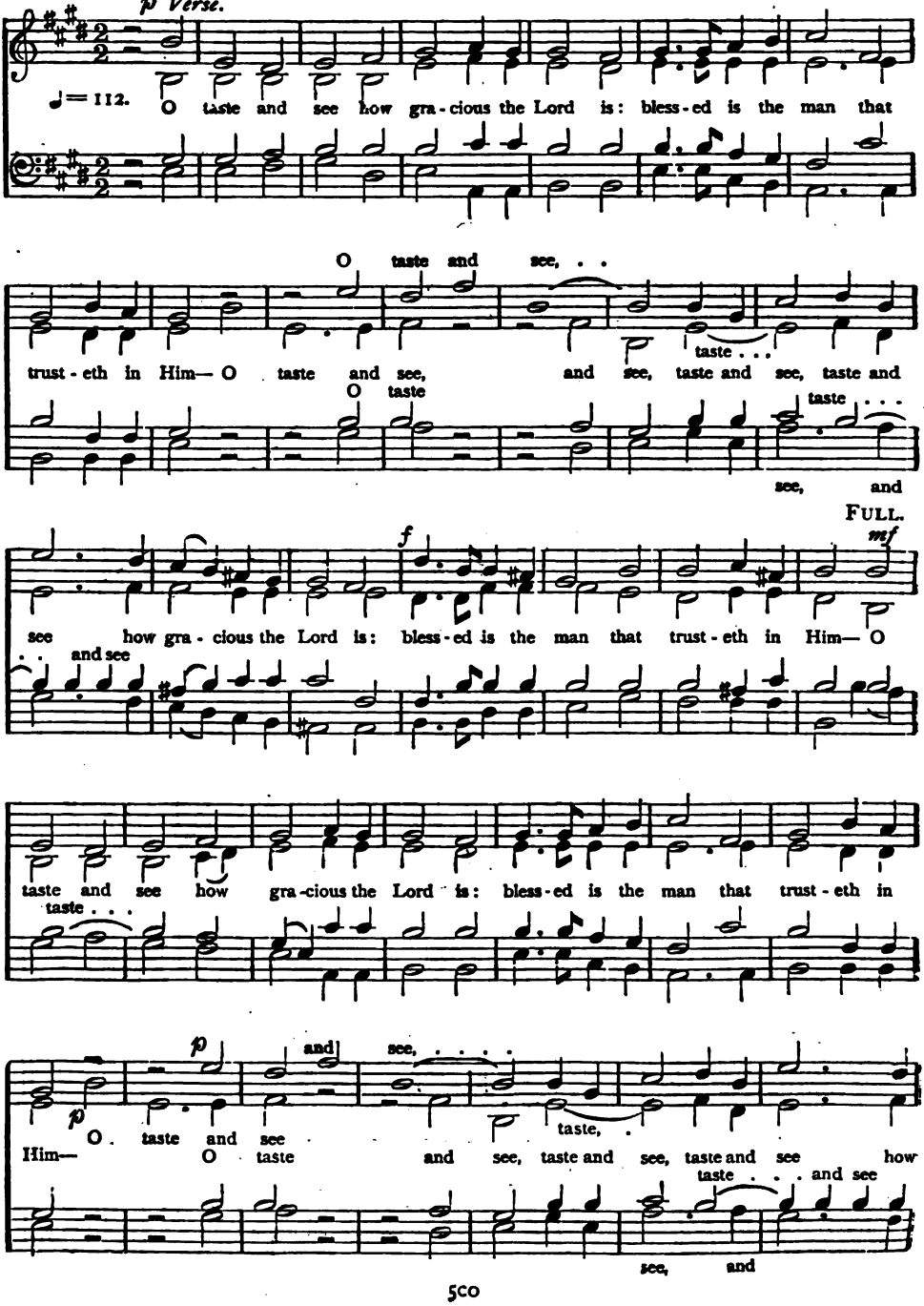
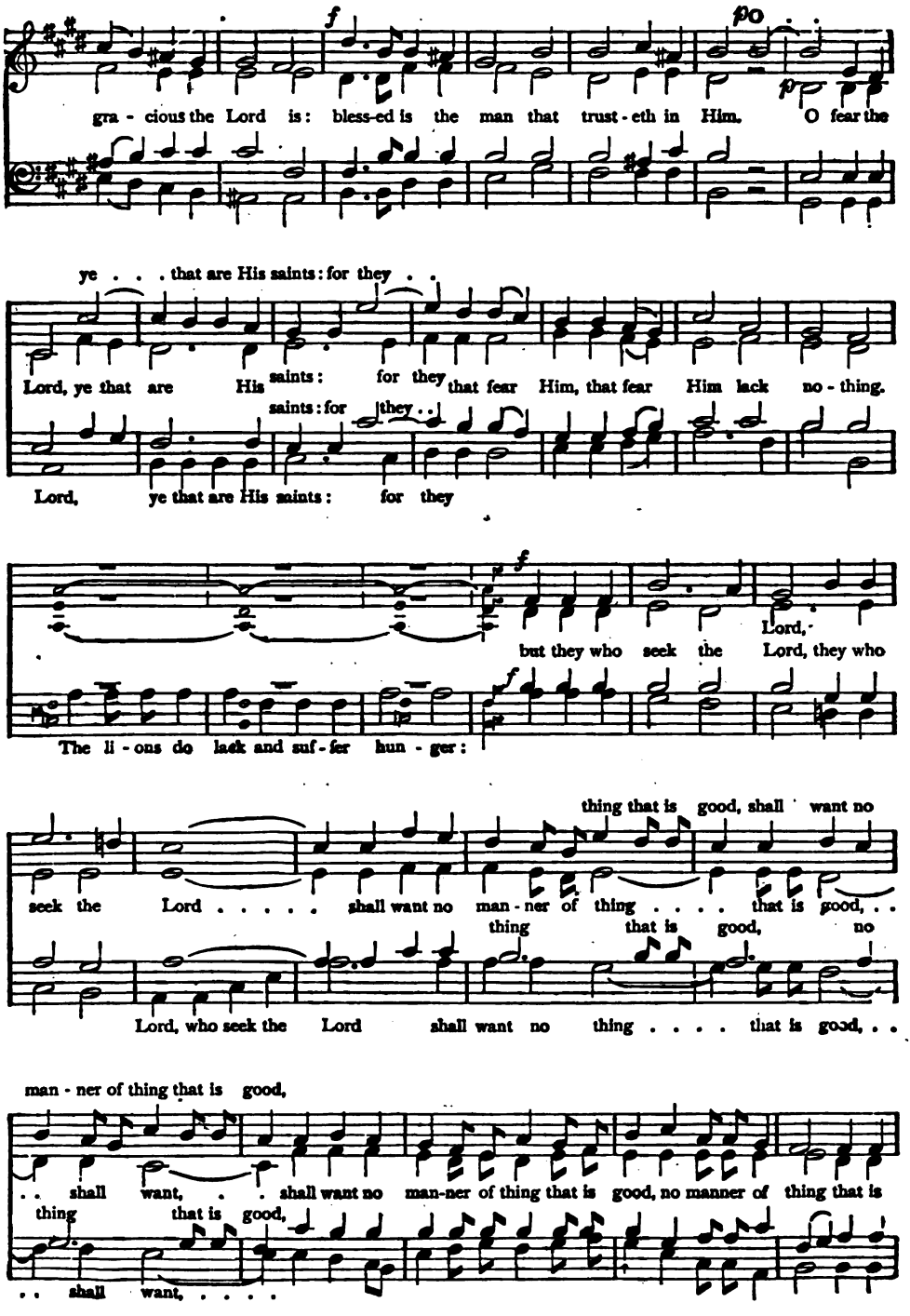
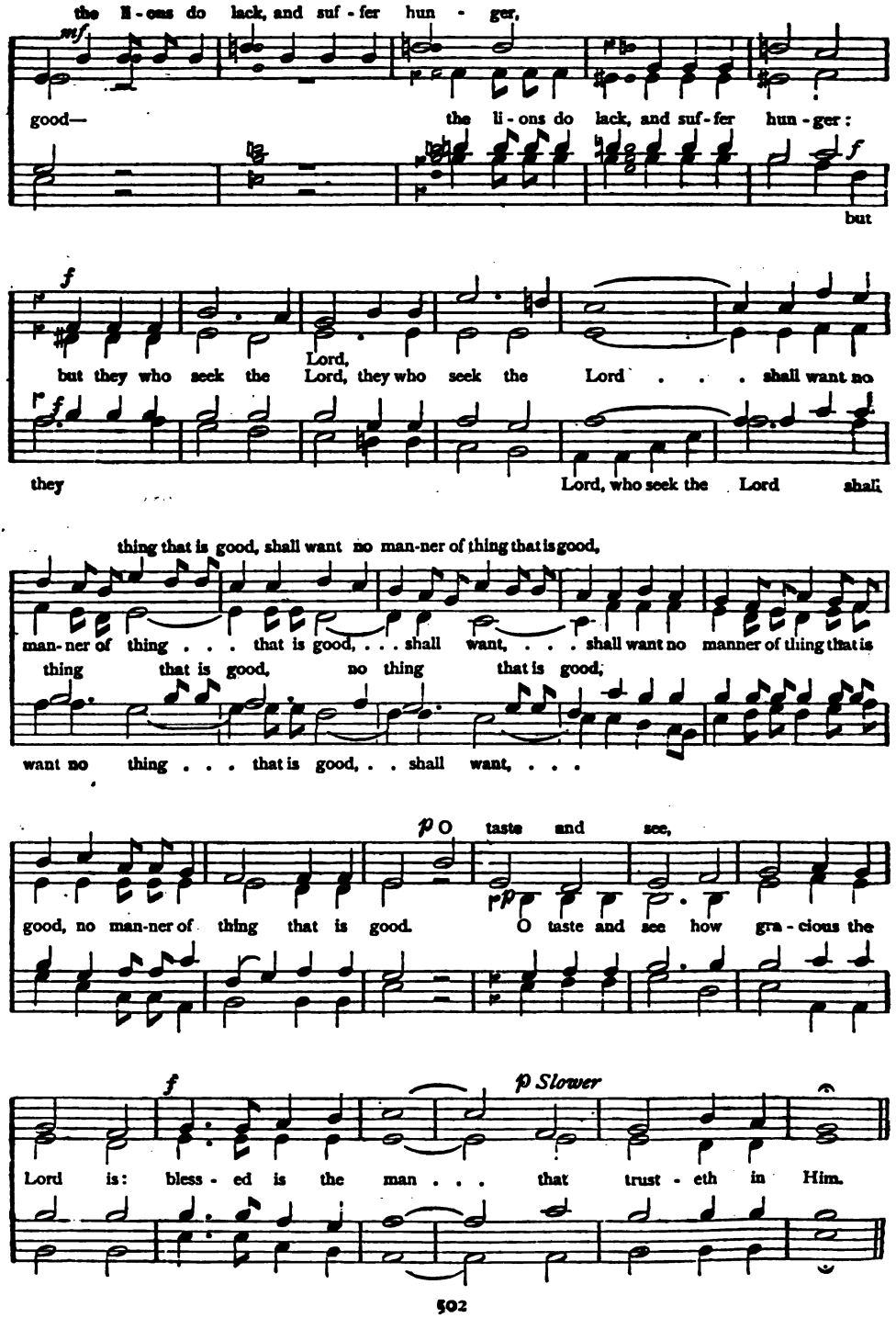
18 THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH.

Ps. cxviii. 14, 19, 22, 24.

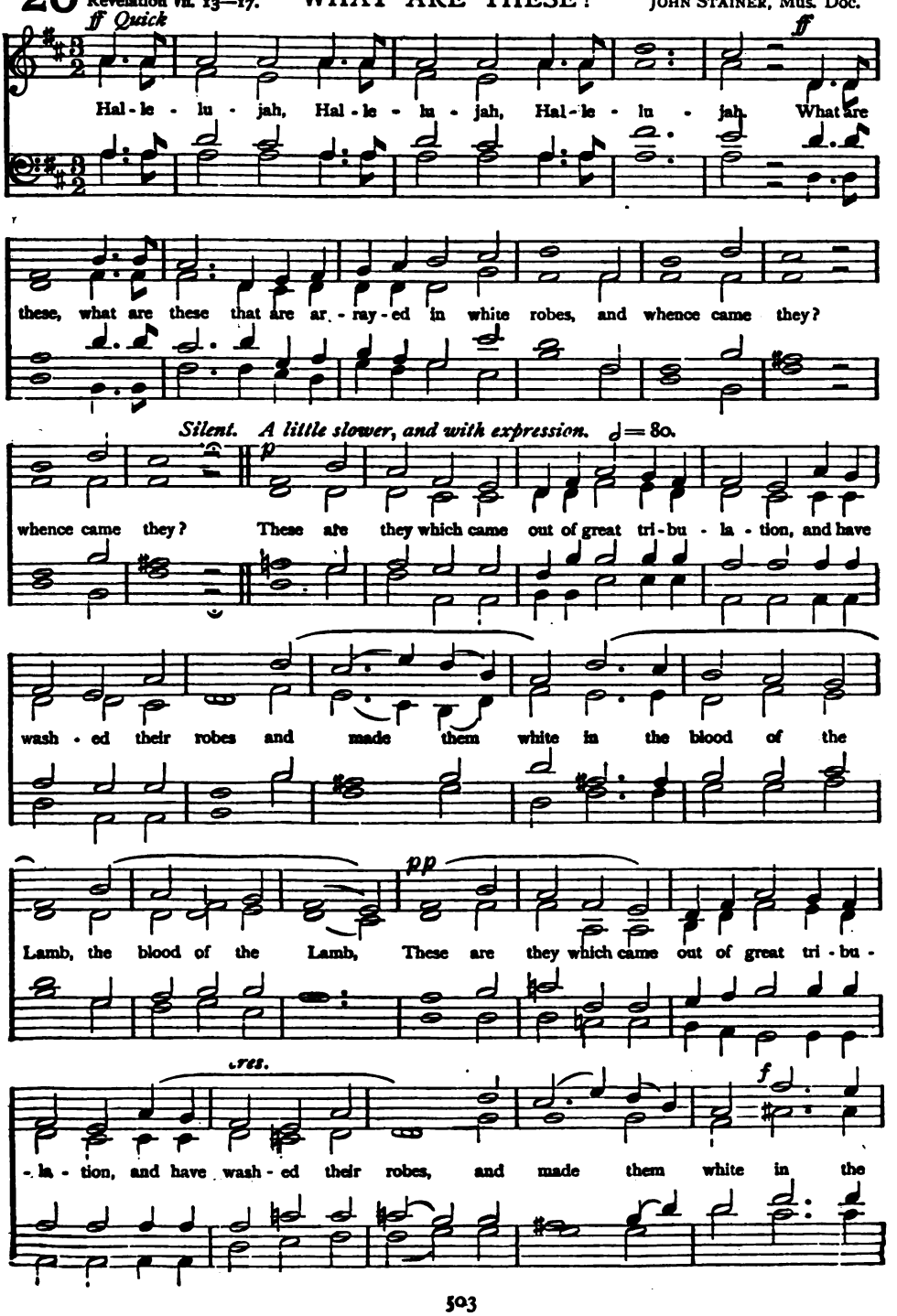
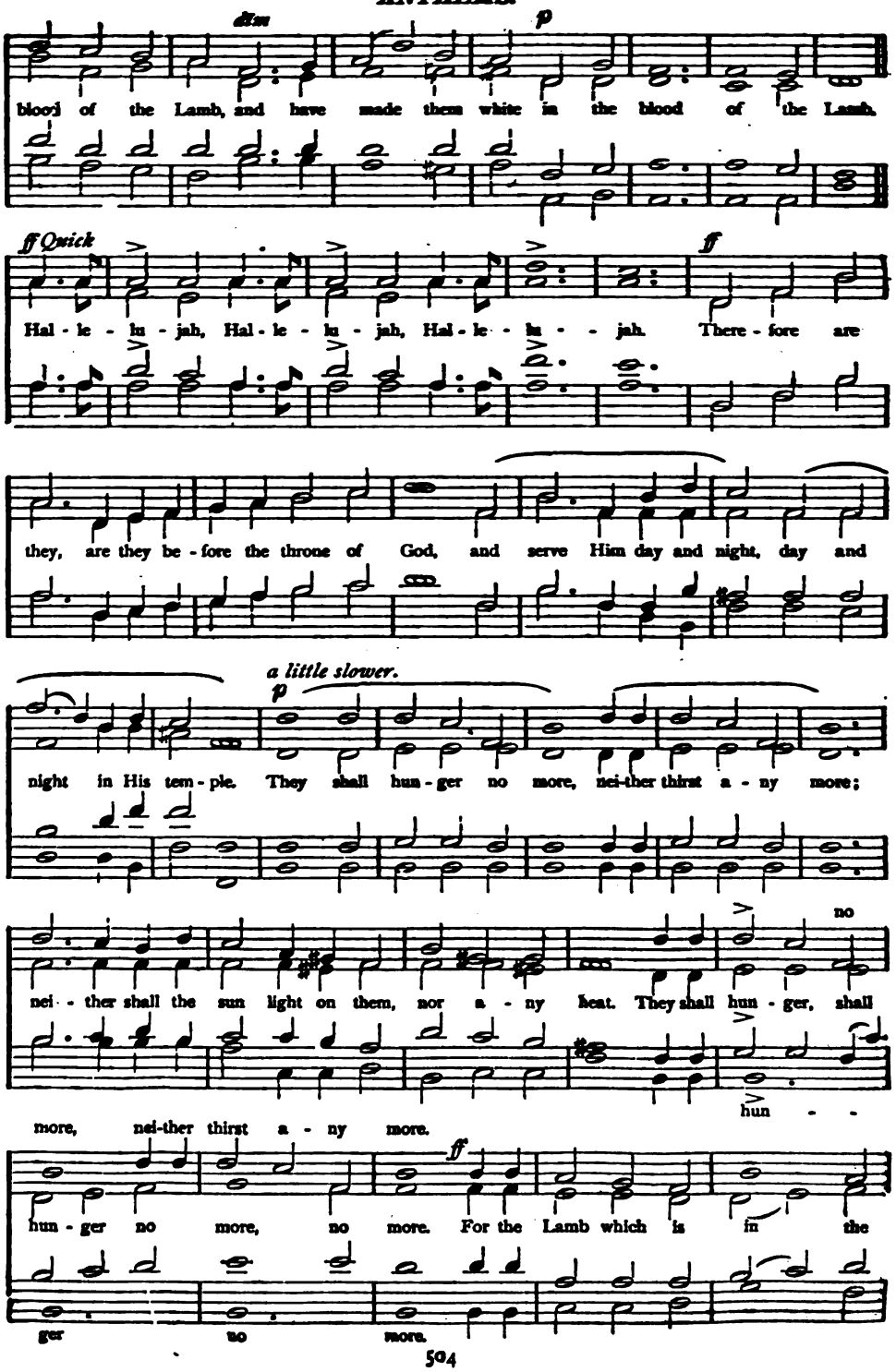
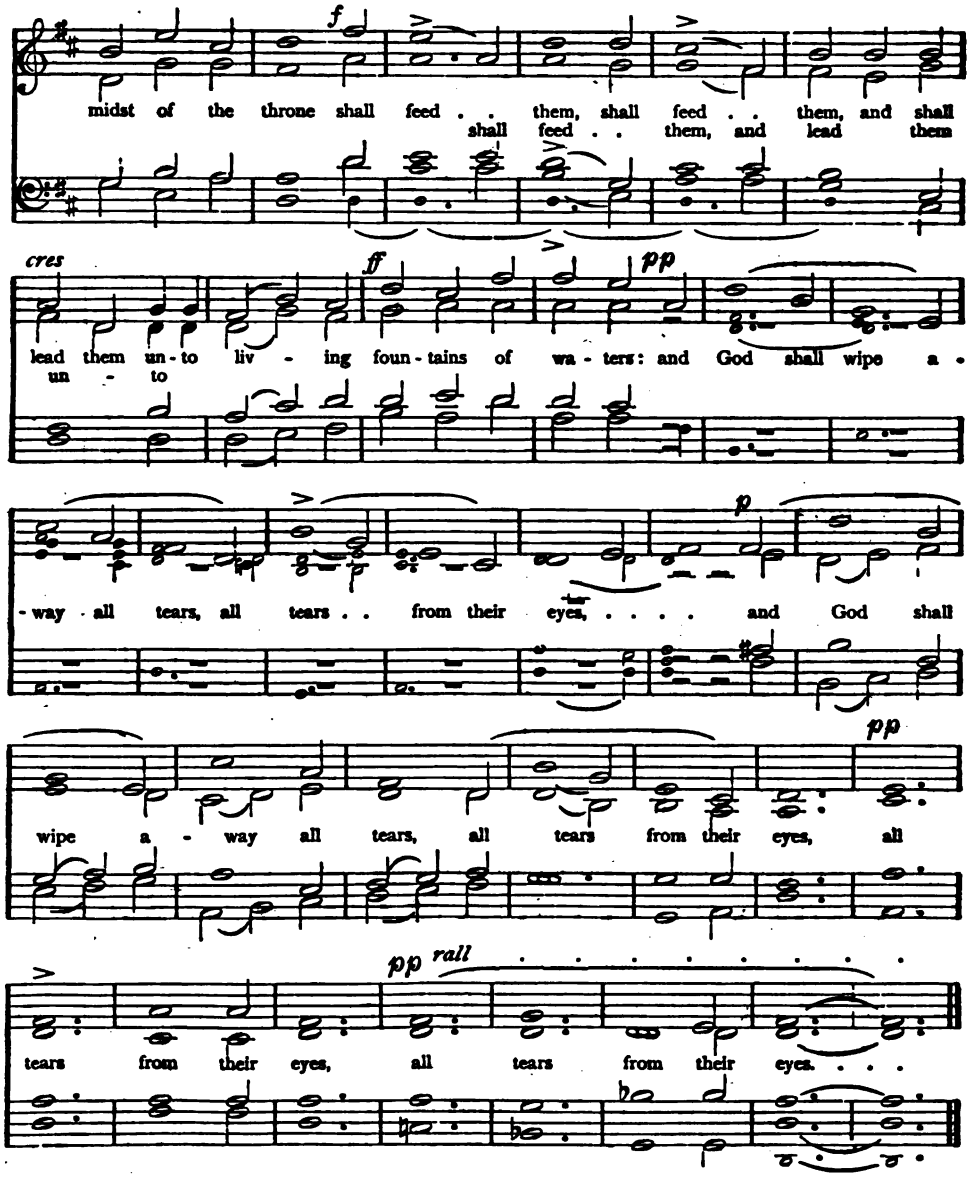
Professor W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

f
The Lord is my strength, my strength and my song, and is . . be -
come my sal - va - - tion, and is . . . be - come my sal - va - -
and . . is be - come . . . .
- tion, and is be - come, be - come my sal - va - tion. O - pen me the
be - come my . . . . . .
mf
O - pen me the gates of right - - eous - ness: that . . . I may go
mf
O - pen me the gates of right - eous - ness: that I may go in - to
gates of right - eous - ness: that I may go . . . in - to
O - pen me the gates of right - eous - ness: that I may go
give thanks un - to the
Grave. ♩ = 60.
them, and give thanks, give thanks, un - to . . . . the Lord. The same stone which the
give thanks . . un - to the
give thanks un - to the

♩ = 96.
build - ers re - fus - ed—the same stone which the build - ers re - fus - ed . is be
come the head stone in the cor - ner, is be - come the head stone in the cor - - ner.
f
This is the day which the Lord hath made; we . . will re - joice and be
we will re -
glad in it, we will re - joice and be glad in it, we will re -
we . . will re -
we will re -
Slower
f
joice . . . and be glad in it. Hal - le - lu - jah. A - - - men.

19 Psalm xxxiv. 8—10. O TASTE AND SEE.

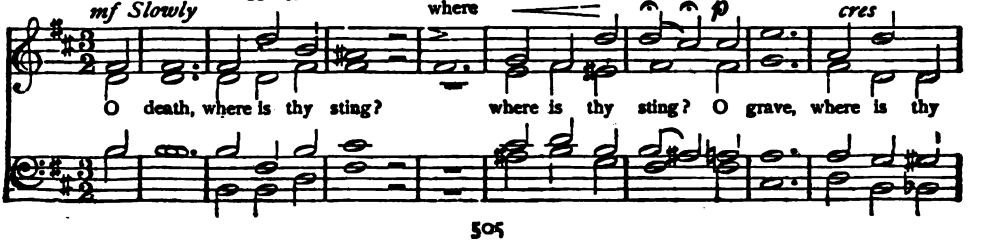
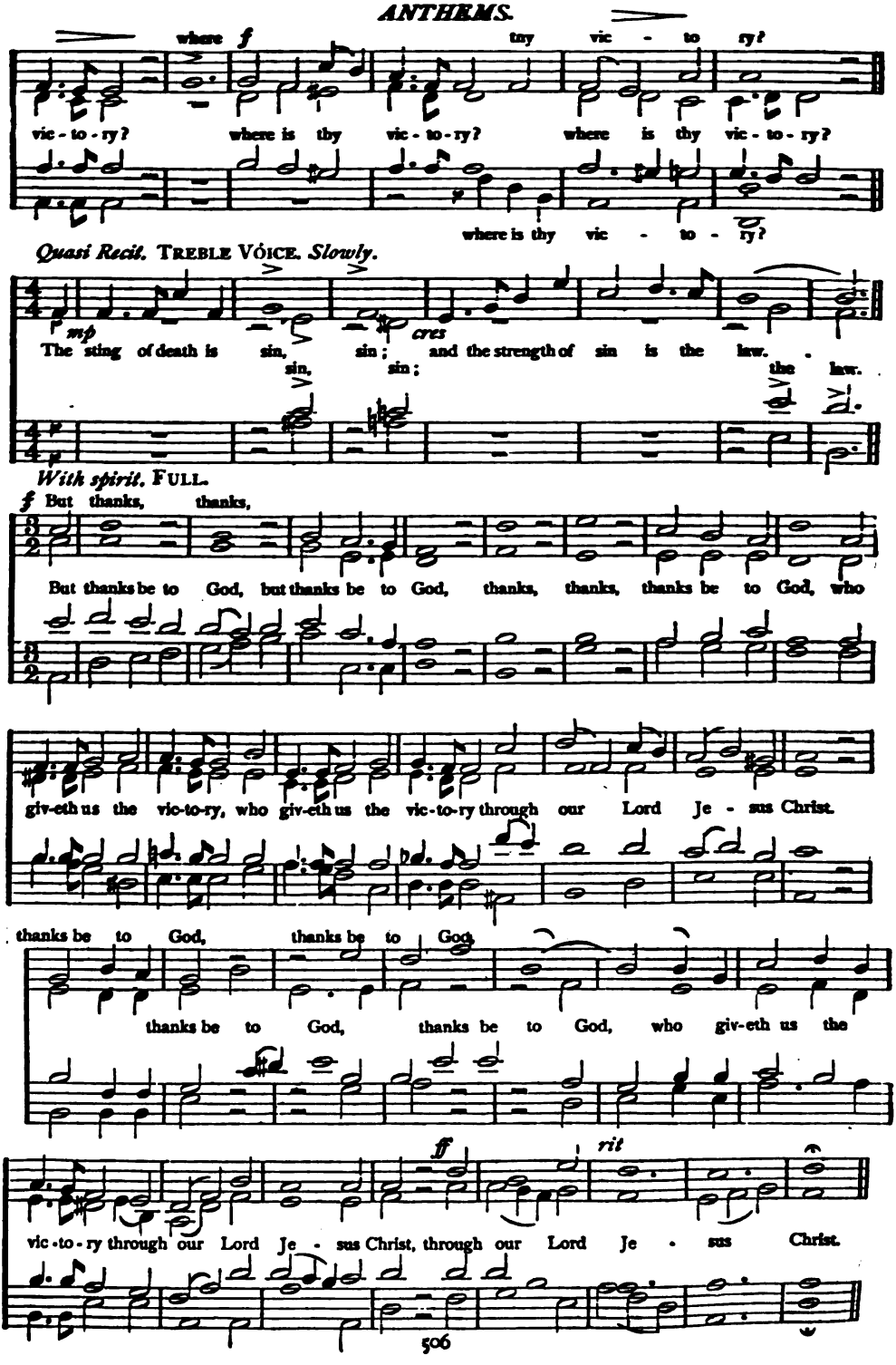
Andante, e con espressione. Sir JOHN GOSS.

p Verse.

♩= 112.
O taste and see how gra-cious the Lord is: bless-ed is the man that
O taste and see,
trust-eth in Him— O taste and see, and see, taste and see, taste and
taste . . .
O taste
taste
see, and
FULL.
mf
f
see how gra-cious the Lord is: bless-ed is the man that trust-eth in Him— O
and see
taste and see how gra-cious the Lord is: bless-ed is the man that trust-eth in
taste . . .
p
and see,
p
O taste and see
taste,
Him— O taste and see, taste and see, taste and see how
taste . . . and see
see, and

gra - cious the Lord is: bless-ed is the man that trust-eth in Him. O fear the
ye . . . that are His saints: for they . .
Lord, ye that are His saints: for they that fear Him, that fear Him lack no - thing.
saints: for they . .
Lord, ye that are His saints: for they
Lord,
but they who seek the Lord, they who
The li - ons do lack and suf - fer hun - ger:
thing that is good, shall want no
seek the Lord . . . . . shall want no man - ner of thing . . . . that is good, . .
thing that is good, no
Lord, who seek the Lord shall want no thing . . . . that is good, . .
man - ner of thing that is good,
. . shall want, . . shall want no man-ner of thing that is good, no manner of thing that is
thing that is good,
. . shall want, ...

the li - ons do lack, and suf - fer hun - ger,
mf
good—
the li - ons do lack, and suf - fer hun - ger:
f
but
f
but they who seek the Lord, they who seek the Lord . . . shall want no
Lord,
they
Lord, who seek the Lord shall
thing that is good, shall want no man-ner of thing that is good,
man- ner of thing . . . that is good, . . . shall want, . . . shall want no manner of thing that is
thing that is good, no thing that is good,
want no thing . . . that is good, . . shall want, . . .
p O taste and see,
good, no man-ner of thing that is good. O taste and see how gra - cious the
f
p Slower
Lord is: bless - ed is the man . . . that trust - eth in Him.

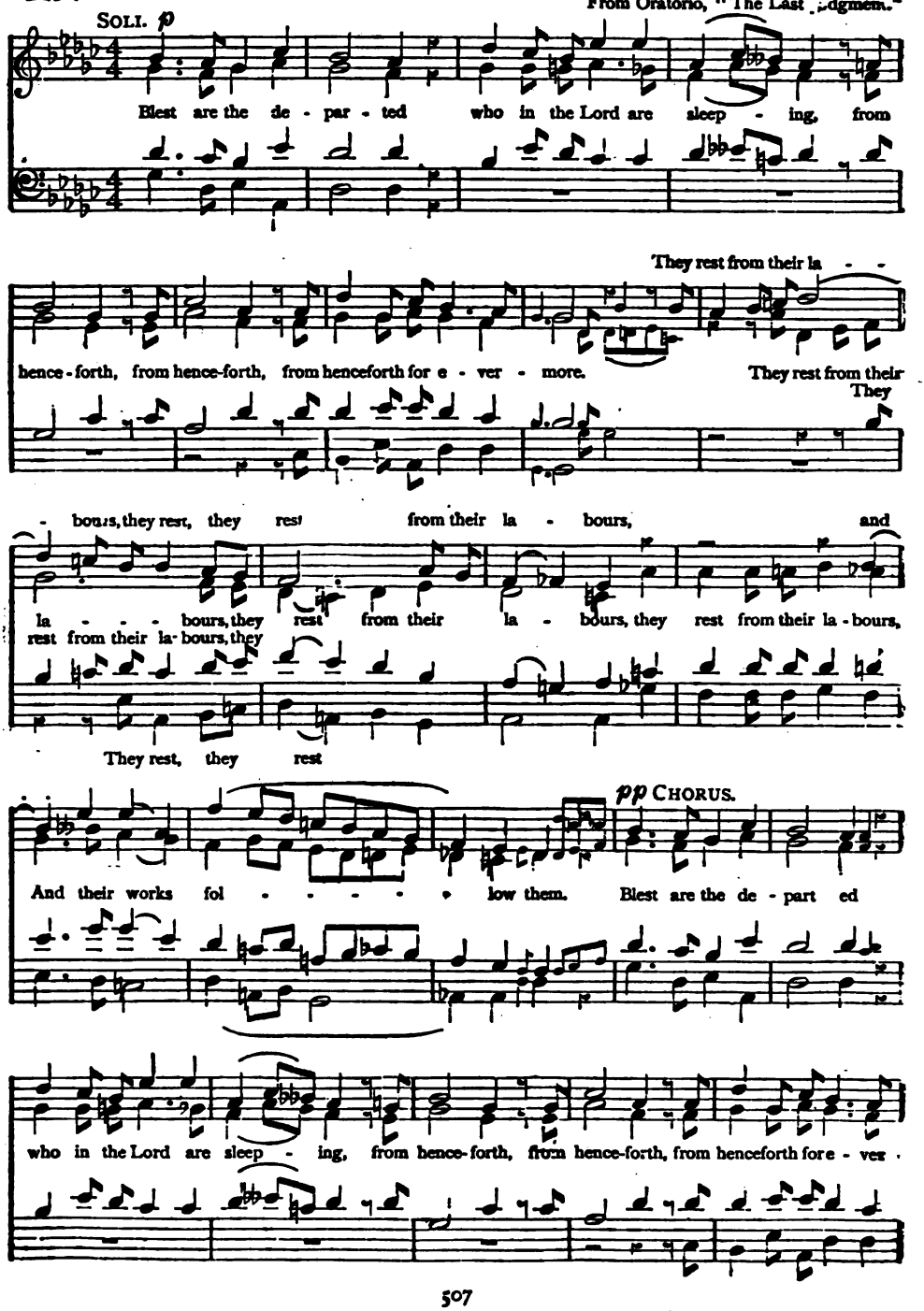
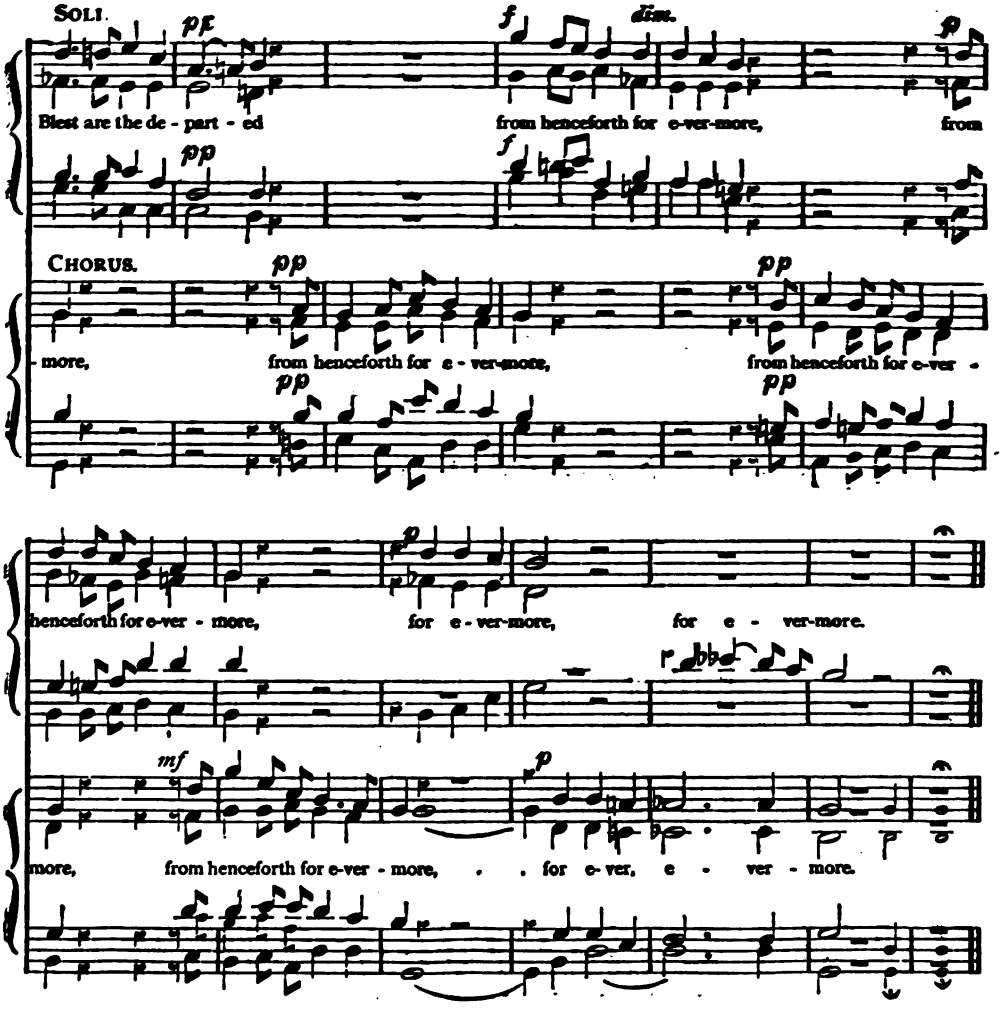
20 WHAT ARE THESE?

Revelation vii. 13—17. JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

ff Quick
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. What are
ff
these, what are these that are ar - ray - ed in white robes, and whence came they?
Silent. A little slower, and with expression. ♩= 80.
p
whence came they? These are they which came out of great tri - bu - la - tion, and have
wash - ed their robes and made them white in the blood of the
pp
Lamb, the blood of the Lamb, These are they which came out of great tri - bu -
cres.
f
- la - tion, and have wash - ed their robes, and made them white in the

dim
p
blood of the Lamb, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
ff Quick
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - - jah. There - fore are
they, are they be - fore the throne of God, and serve Him day and night, day and
a little slower.
p
night in His tem - ple. They shall hun - ger no more, nei-ther thirst a - ny more;
nei - ther shall the sun light on them, nor a - ny heat. They shall hun - ger, shall no
more, nei-ther thirst a - ny more.
hun - -
ff
hun - ger no more, no more. For the Lamb which is in the
ger no more.

f
midst of the throne shall feed . . them, shall feed . . them, and shall
shall feed . . them, and lead them
cres
ff
pp
lead them un - to liv - ing foun - tains of wa - ters: and God shall wipe a -
un - to
p
- way all tears, all tears . . from their eyes, ... and God shall
pp
wipe a - way all tears, all tears from their eyes, all
pp rall
tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes. . . .

21 O DEATH WHERE IS THY STING?

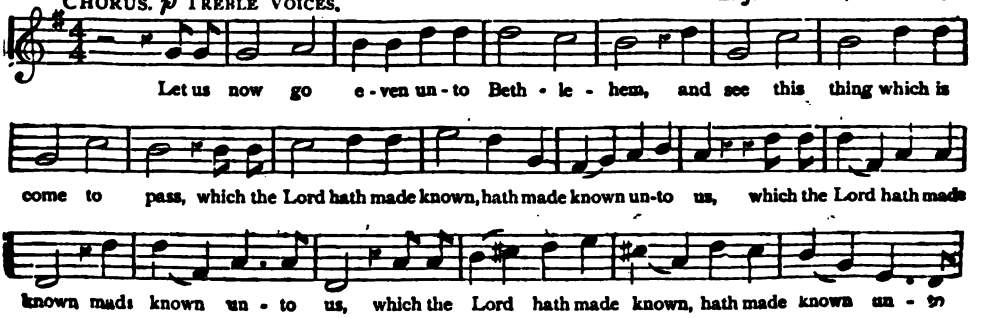
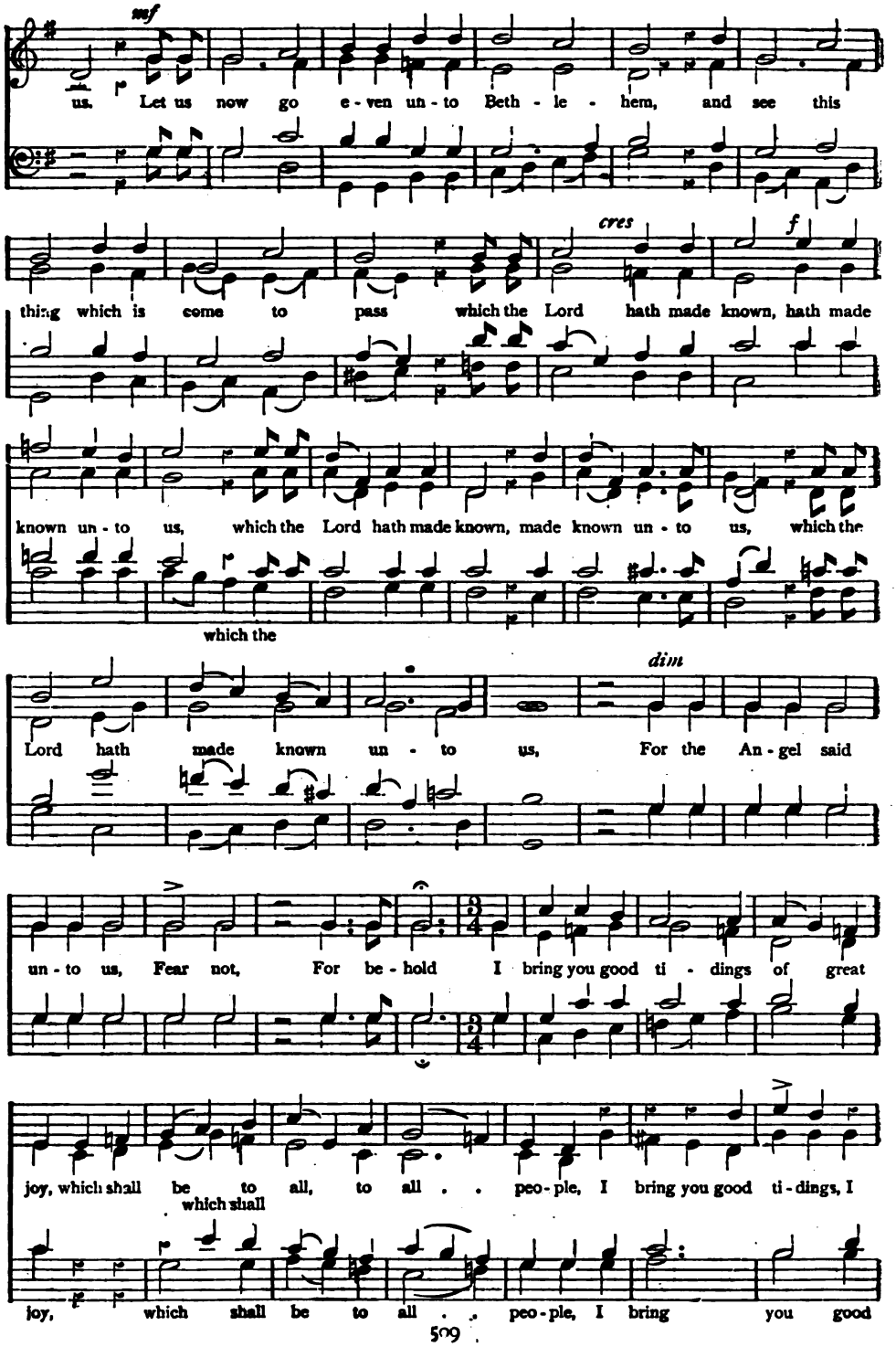
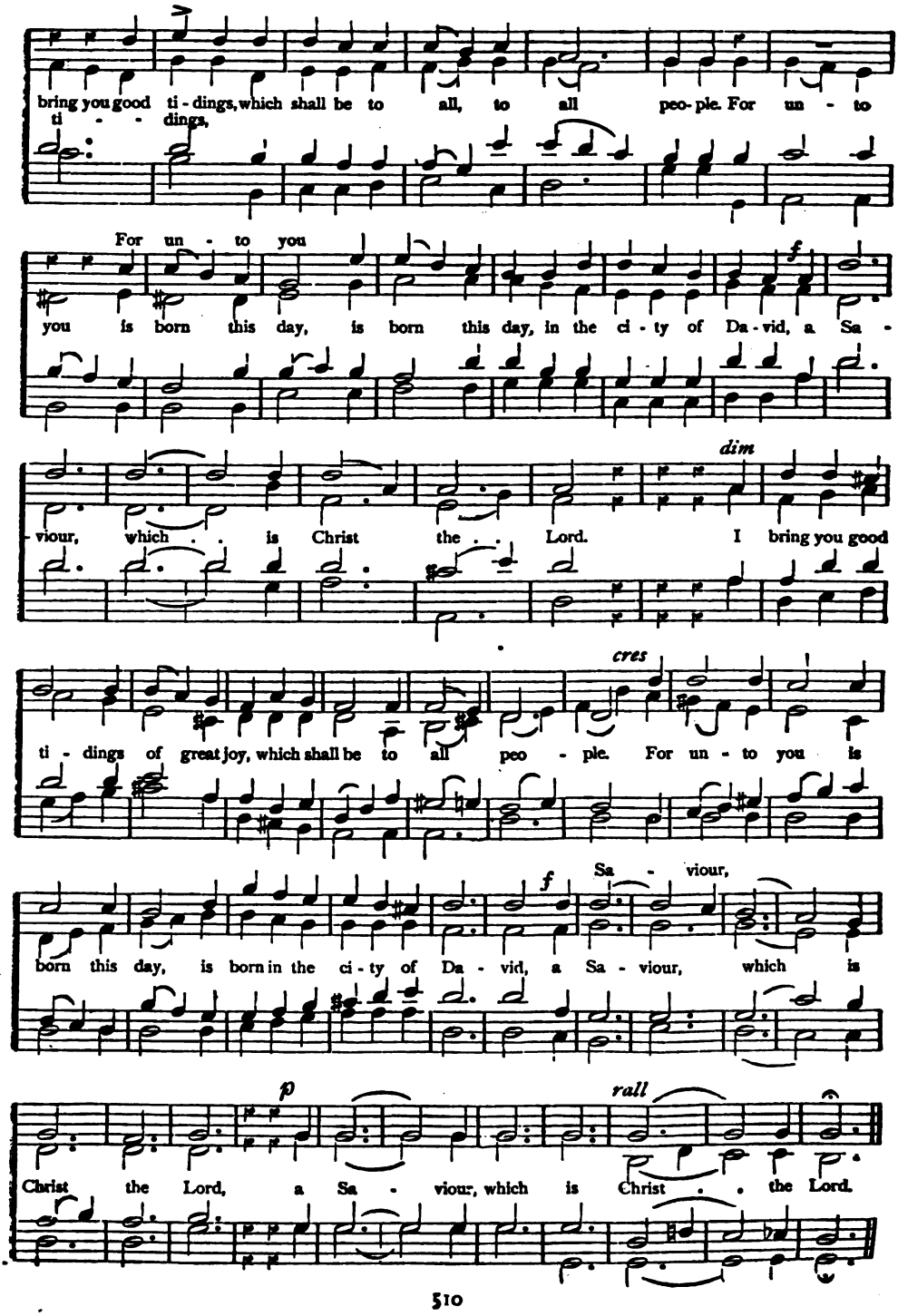
1 Corinthians xv. 55—57. ARTHUR H. BROWN.

where
f
thy vic - to - ry?
vic - to - ry? where is thy vic - to - ry? where is thy vic - to - ry?
where is thy vic - to - ry?
Quasi Recit. TREBLE VOICE. Slowly.
mp
cres
The sting of death is sin, sin; and the strength of sin is the law.
sin, sin; the law.
With spirit. FULL.
f But thanks, thanks,
But thanks be to God, but thanks be to God, thanks, thanks, thanks be to God, who
giv-eth us the vic-to-ry, who giv-eth us the vic-to-ry through our Lord Je - sus Christ.
thanks be to God, thanks be to God,
thanks be to God, thanks be to God, who giv-eth us the
ff
rit
vic-to-ry through our Lord Je - sus Christ, through our Lord Je - sus Christ.

22 BLEST ARE THE DEPARTED.

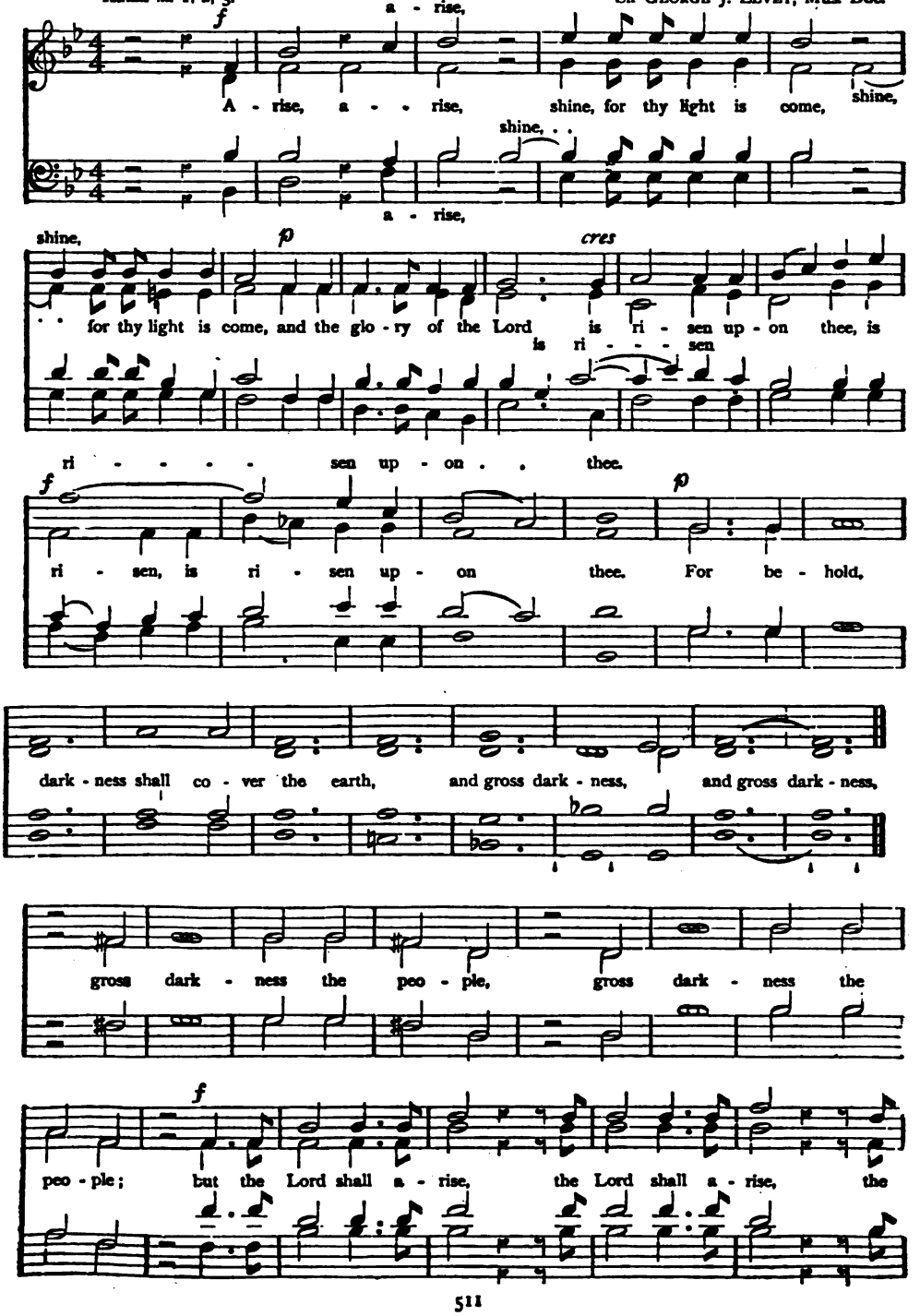
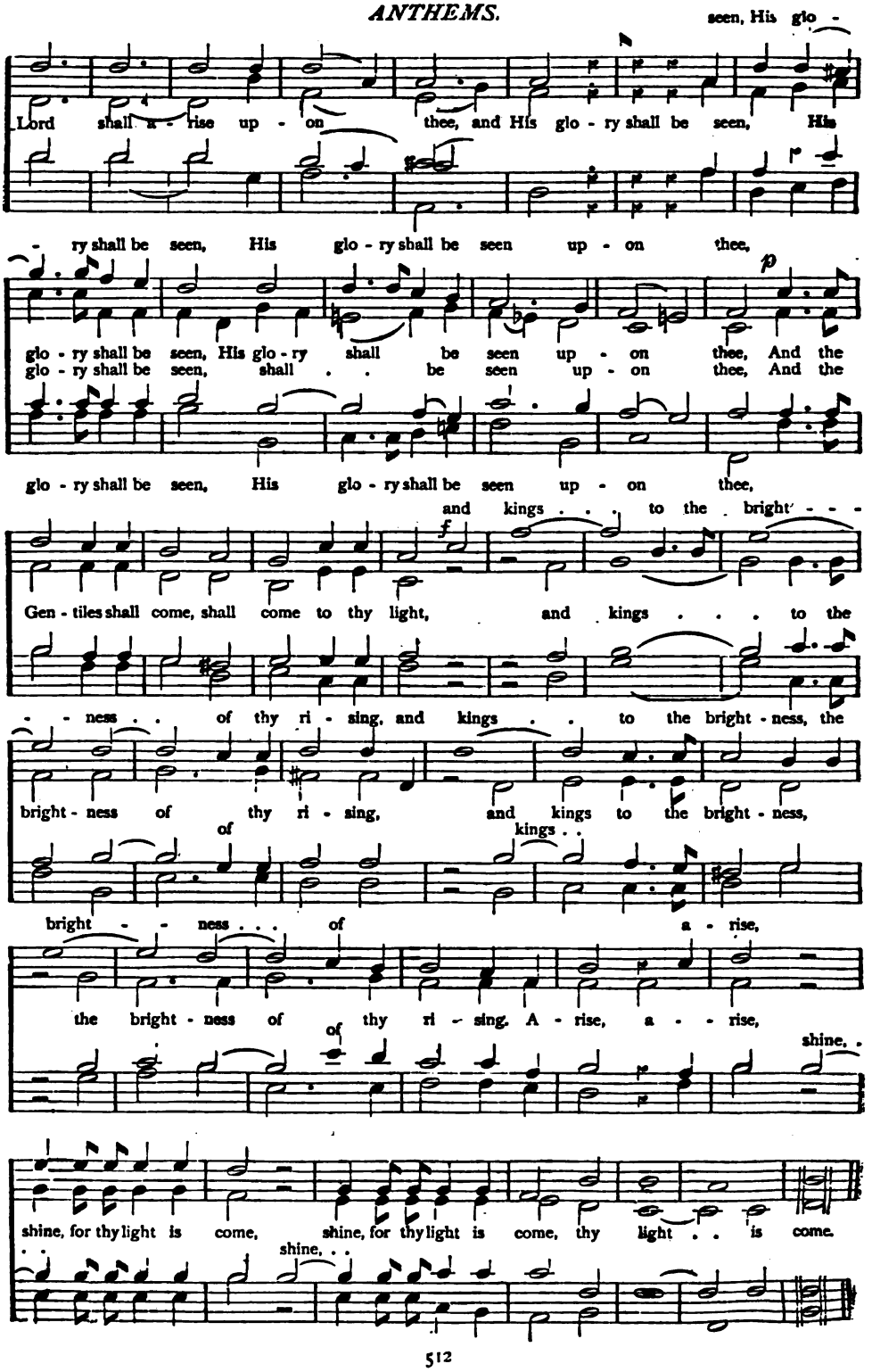
L. SPOHR,
From Oratorio, "The Last Judgment."

SOLI. p
Blest are the de - par - ted who in the Lord are sleep - ing, from
They rest from their la - -
hence-forth, from hence-forth, from henceforth for e - ver - more.
They rest from their
They
- bours, they rest, they rest from their la - bours, and
la - - - - bours, they rest from their la - bours, they rest from their la-bours,
rest from their la-bours, they
They rest, they rest
pp CHORUS.
And their works fol - - - - - low them. Blest are the de - part ed
who in the Lord are sleep - ing, from hence-forth, from hence-forth, from henceforth for e - ver

23 LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM.

Luke ii., v. 15, 10, 11.

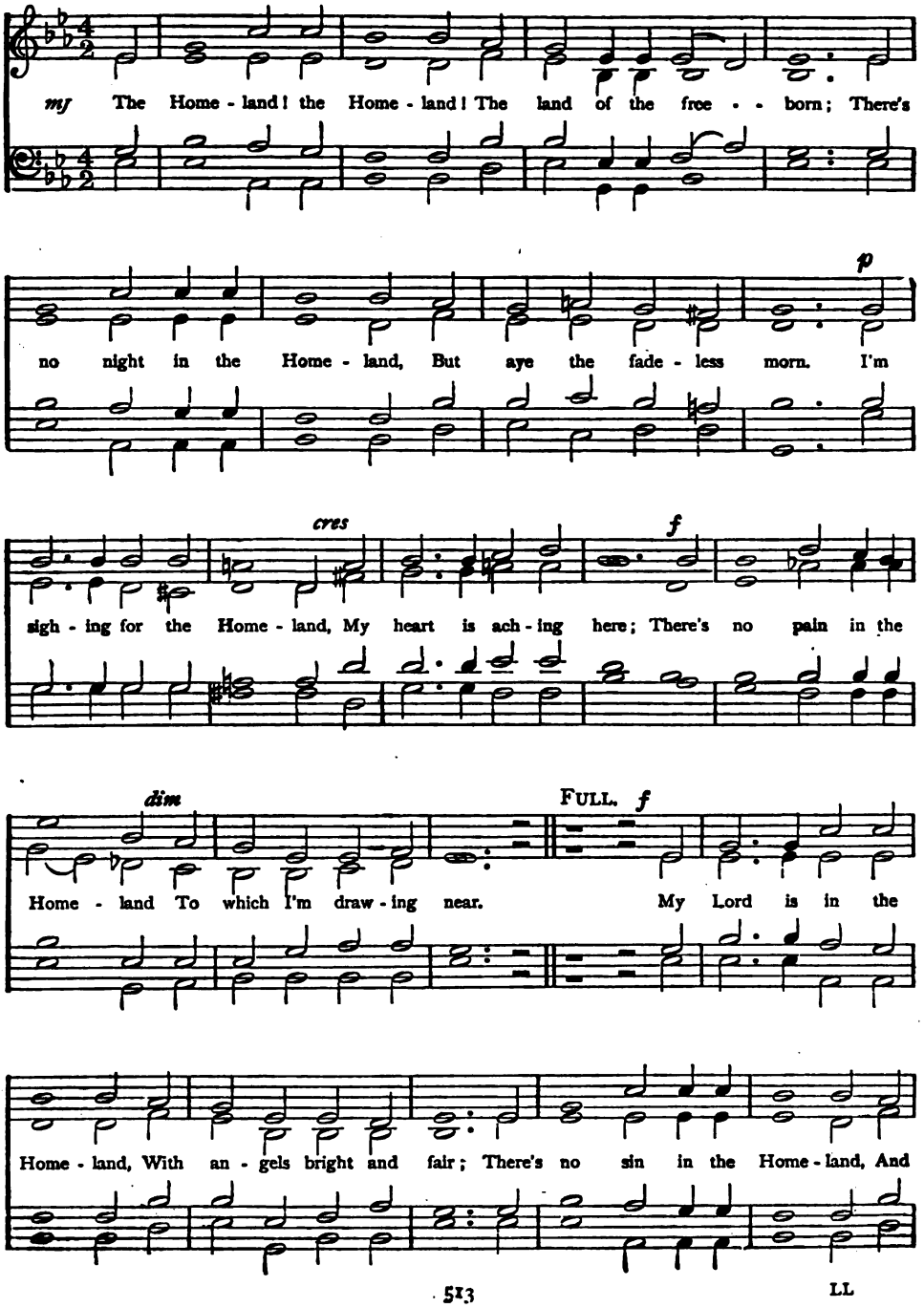
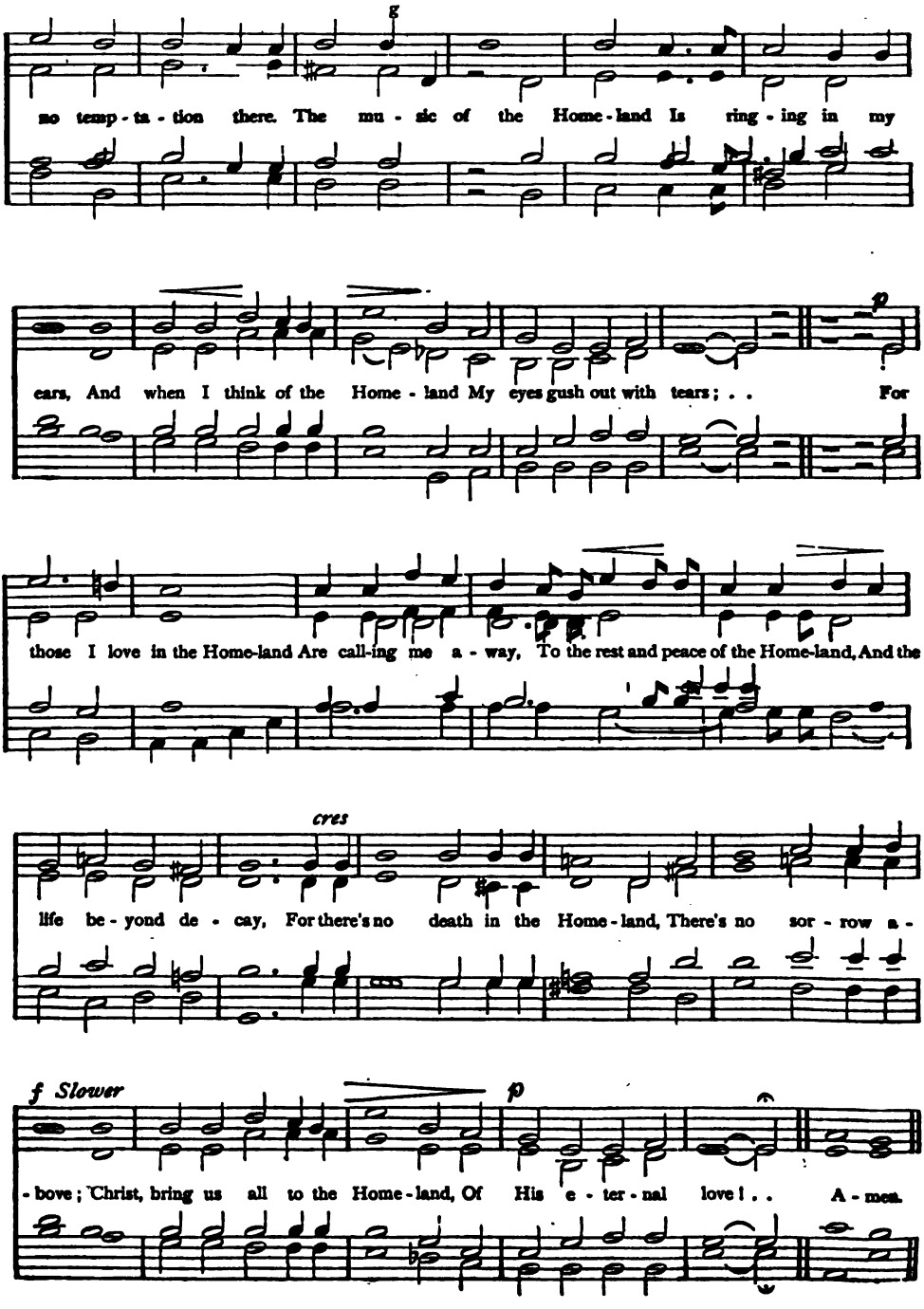
E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

CHORUS. *p* TREBLE VOICES.

Let us now go e-ven un-to Beth - le - hem, and see this thing which is
come to pass, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un-to us, which the Lord hath made
known made known un - to us, which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un - to

mf
us. Let us now go e - ven un - to Beth - le - hem, and see this
cres
f
thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known, hath made
known un - to us, which the Lord hath made known, made known un - to us, which the
which the
dim
Lord hath made known un - to us, For the An - gel said
un - to us, Fear not, For be - hold I bring you good ti - dings of great
joy, which shall be to all, to all . . peo - ple, I bring you good ti - dings, I
which shall
joy, which shall be to all . . peo - ple, I bring you good

bring you good ti - dings, which shall be to all, to all peo- ple. For un - to
ti - - dings,
For un - to you
you is born this day, is born this day, in the ci - ty of Da - vid, a Sa -
f
dim
- viour, which . . is Christ the . . Lord. I bring you good
cres
ti - dings of great joy, which shall be to all peo - ple. For un - to you is
Sa - viour,
f
born this day, is born in the ci - ty of Da - vid, a Sa - viour, which is
p
rall
Christ the Lord, a Sa - viour, which is Christ . . the Lord.

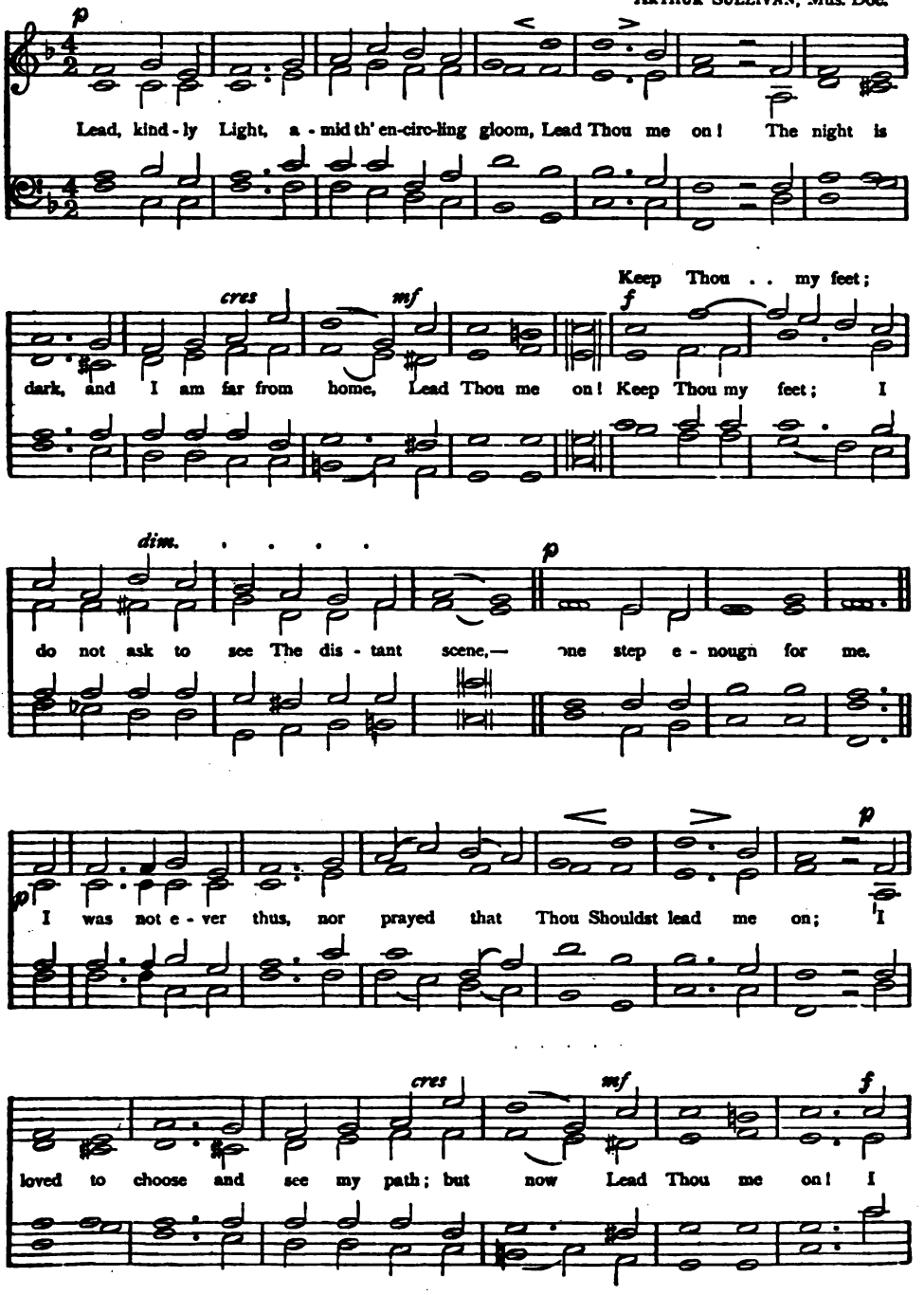
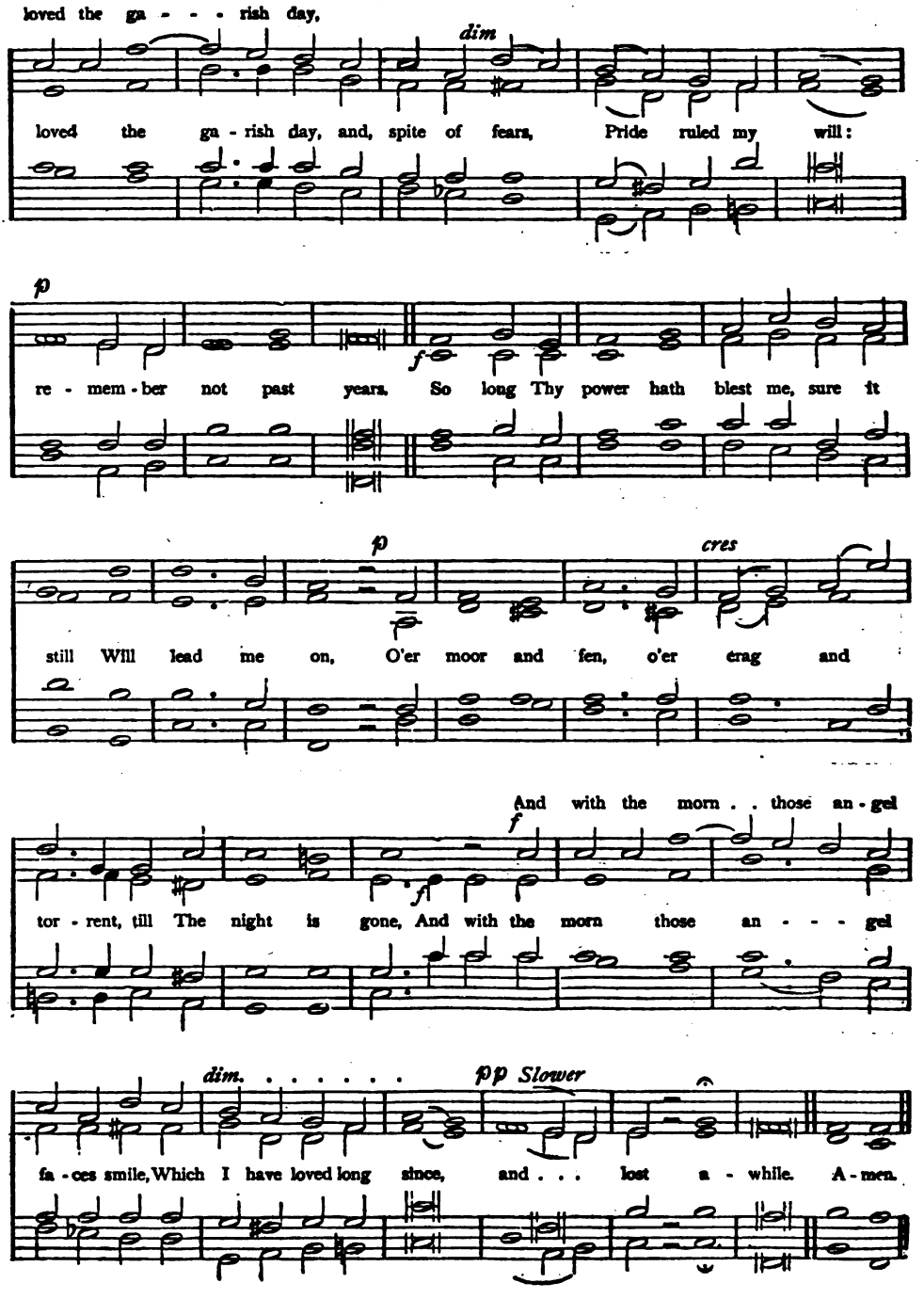
24 ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

Isaiah lx. 1, 2, 3. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

f
a - rise,
A - rise, a - - - rise, shine, for thy light is come, shine,
shine, . .
a - rise,
shine,
p
cres
. . for thy light is come, and the glo - ry of the Lord is ri - sen up - on thee, is
is ri - - - - sen
ri - - - - - sen up - on . . thee.
f
p
ri - sen, is ri - sen up - on thee. For be - hold,
dark - ness shall co - ver the earth, and gross dark - ness, and gross dark - ness,
gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness the
f
peo - ple; but the Lord shall a - rise, the Lord shall a - rise, the

seen, His glo -
Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, and His glo - ry shall be seen, His
- ry shall be seen, His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee,
glo - ry shall be seen, His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee, And the
glo - ry shall be seen, shall . . be seen up - on thee, And the
glo - ry shall be seen, His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee,
and kings . . . to the bright - - -
Gen - tiles shall come, shall come to thy light, and kings . . . to the
- - ness . . of thy ri - sing, and kings . . to the bright - ness, the
bright - ness of thy ri - sing, and kings to the bright - ness,
of kings . .
bright - - ness . . . of a - rise,
the bright - ness of of thy ri - sing. A - rise, a - - - rise,
shine, .
shine, for thy light is come, shine, for thy light is come, thy light . . is come.
shine, . .

25 THE HOMELAND.

TREBLE SOLO OR VERSE *ad lib.* ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

mf
The Home - land! the Home - land! The land of the free - - born; There's
p
no night in the Home - land, But aye the fade - less morn. I'm
cres
f
sigh - ing for the Home - land, My heart is ach - ing here; There's no pain in the
dim
FULL. *f*
Home - land To which I'm draw - ing near. My Lord is in the
Home - land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin in the Home - land, And

no temp - ta - tion there. The mu - sic of the Home - land Is ring - ing in my
ears, And when I think of the Home - land My eyes gush out with tears; . . For
those I love in the Home-land Are call-ing me a - way, To the rest and peace of the Home-land, And the
cres
life be - yond de - cay, For there's no death in the Home - land, There's no sor - row a -
f Slower
p
- bove; Christ, bring us all to the Home - land, Of His e - ter - nal love! . . A - men.

26 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

p
Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en-circ-ling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
cres
mf
Keep Thou . . my feet;
f
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
dim.
p
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me.
p
I was not e - ver thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I
cres
mf
f
loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I

loved the ga - - - rish day,
dim
loved the ga - rish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will:
p
f
re - mem - ber not past years. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
p
cres
still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
And with the morn . . those an - gel
f
f
tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - - - gel
dim. . . . . .
pp Slower
fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and . . . lost a - while. A - men.

27.—AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—ISAIAH xl. 5.

28.—FOR unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!—ISAIAH ix. 6.

29.—THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, fear not; for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth; good will towards men.—ST. LUKE ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14.

30.—BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.—ST. JOHN i. 29.

31.—LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of Glory.—PSALM xxiv. 7, 8, 9, 10.

32.—HALLELUJAH: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever. King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!—REV. xix. 6; xi. 15; xix. 16.

33.—SINCE by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 COR. xv. 21, 22.

34.—WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.
Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.—REV. v. 12, 13.

35.—TO God on high be thanks and praise,
Who deigns our bonds to sever;
His cares our drooping souls upraise,
And harm shall reach us never.
On Him we rest, with faith assured,
Of all that live the mighty Lord,
For ever and for ever.

36.—HOW lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace! To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words; throughout all the lands their glad tidings.—ROM. x. 15, 18.

37.—TO Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content,—for Thou art ever nigh.

38.—SEE what love hath the Father bestowed on us in His goodness, that we should be called God's own children.—1 JOHN iii. 1.

39.—SLEEPERS, wake, a voice is calling;
It is the watchman on the walls,
Thou city of Jerusalem.
For lo, the Bridegroom comes.
Arise and take your lamps. Hallelujah!
Awake: His kingdom is at hand.
Go forth to meet your Lord.

40.—HAPPY and blest are they who have endured: for though the body dies the soul shall live for ever.

41.—O GREAT is the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of the Father! How deep and unerring is He in His judgments: His ways are past our understanding! Sing His glory for evermore. Amen.—ROM. xi. 33.

42—O THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night;
And bring them 'neath Thy shelt'ring care,
To find their blest redemption there.

Illumine those who blindly roam;
O call the wanderer kindly home:
The hearts astray that union crave,
And those in doubt, confirm and save.

43.—BLESSED are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.—PSALM cxxviii.

44.—CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He never will suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy mercy, Lord is great; and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!—PSALM lv. 22; cviii. 5; xxv. 3.

45.—HE, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

46.—HE that shall endure to the end shall be saved.—ST. MATTHEW xxiv. 13.

47.—ABOVE Him stood the seraphim, and one cried to another:
Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord Sabaoth! Now His glory hath filled all the earth.

48.—I WAITED for the Lord, He inclined unto me, He heard my complaint. O blessed are they that hope and trust in the Lord.—PSALM xl. 1, 4.

49.—GOD is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship Him.—ST. JOHN iv. 24, 23.

50.—ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, then abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

51.—COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
"Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!" Amen.

52.—HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear,
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where Thou dost dwell so near!

My soul doth long and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for Thee.

There, even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow, there to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest.

Even by Thy altars, Lord of hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts,
Toward Thee, my King, my God!

53.—ALL ye who weep, O come unto Me ; I will comfort you.
All ye who suffer, O come to Me ; I will console you.
All ye who mourn, O come to Me ; I am your Peace.
All ye who die, O come to Me for life eternal.

54.—HOW dear are Thy counsels unto me, O God : O how great is the sum of them ! Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart : prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. —PSALM cxxxix. 17, 23, 24.

55.—HEAR the voice and prayer of Thy servants which they make before Thee this day. That Thine eyes may be open toward this house day and night, even toward this place of which Thou hast said, My name shall be there. And when Thou hearest have mercy upon them.—2 CHRON. vi. 19.

56.—INCLINE Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me. O save me for Thy mercies' sake.—PSALM xxxi. 2.

57.—ENTER not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord ; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.—PSALM cxliii. 2.

58.—AS the hart pants after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul for Thee, O God.—PSALM xlii. 1.

59.—O COME, let us worship and kneel before the Lord, and bow down to Him ; come bow the knee to the Lord our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the flock of His pasture, and the people of His hand.—PSALM xcv. 6, 7.

60.—O HOW amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts. My soul hath a desire and a longing to enter into the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house : they will be alway praising Thee. Hallelujah.—PSALM lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4.

61.—I WAS glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord. For there is the seat of judgment : even the seat of the House of David. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls : and plenteousness within thy palaces. Glory, &c.—PSALM cxxii. 1, 5, 6, 7.

62.—O LORD, how manifold are Thy works : in wisdom hast Thou made them all ; The earth is full of Thy riches. The valleys stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—PSALM civ. 24 ; lxv. 13 ; ciii. 2.

63.—BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. —LUKE ii. 10, 11.

64.—CHRIST is risen from the dead. Hallelujah ! In that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God.—1 COR. xv. 20; ROM. vi. 10.

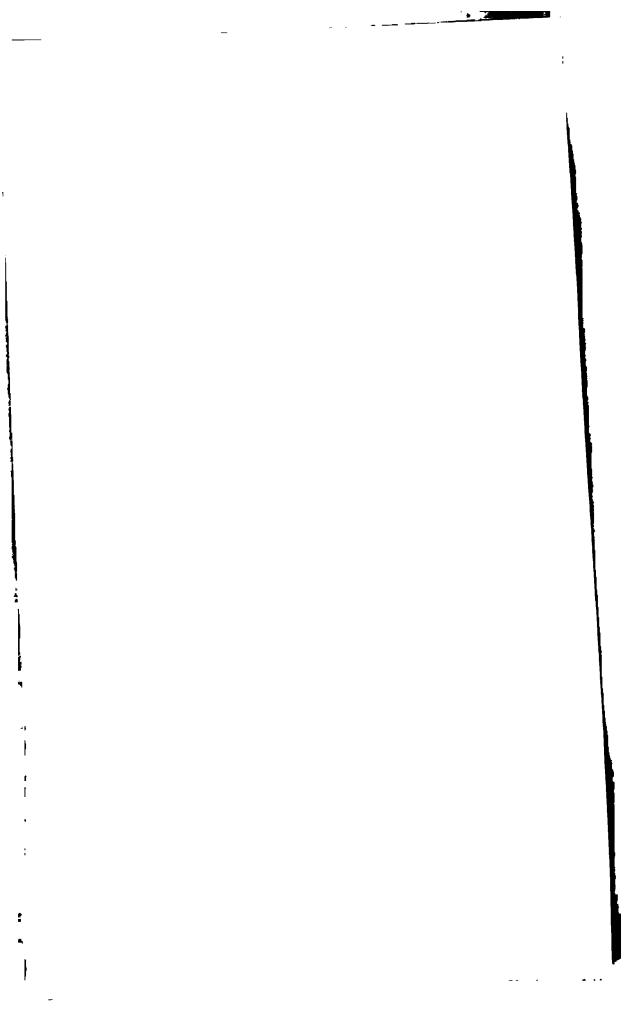
65.—IF we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words. —1 THESS. iv. 14, 18.

66.—HOLY, holy, holy Lord God of hosts ! God Almighty who wast, and who art, and art to come.—REV. iv.

67.—ALL glory to the Lamb that died, exalted now at God's right hand, in blessing and wisdom, and honour and praise for ever.

68.—BLESSING, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.—REV. vii. 12.

69.—BLESSING, glory, wisdom, and thanks, power, and might, be unto our God for evermore. O praise the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the height : O praise the name of the Lord. His name is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting, and world without end. And let all the people say, Amen.—REV. vii. 12 ; PSALM cxlviii. 1, 13 ; cvi. 48.



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